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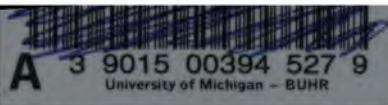
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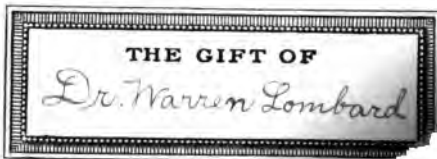
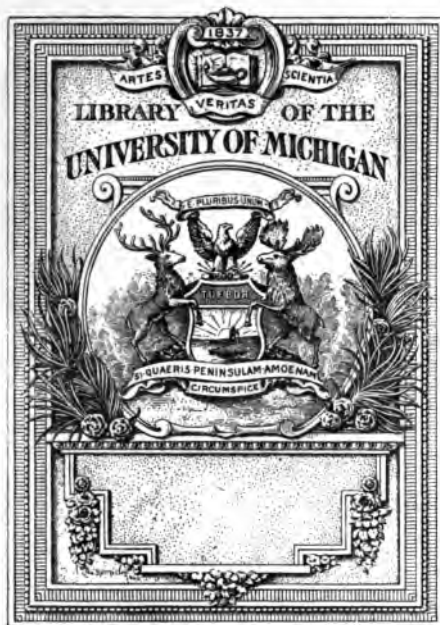
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THE GIFT OF
Dr. Warren Lombard

C42

C44,









* His youth and ingenuous looks moved the young damsel's pity, and she bestowed on him, once and again, the contents of her little basket, until the practice became regular and constant.'—VOL. XIII., *page* 85.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.



PHILADELPHIA:
LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.
1854.



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


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CHAMBERS'S
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CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY.

THE COMPANY OF OFFICERS.

THERE are some feelings of an enthusiastic kind, which are not themselves virtues, though often erroneously called so, but are yet so based on a spirit of self-abandonment, that they tend greatly to exalt the character, and sometimes produce the most noble actions. Loyalty is one of these feelings—that ancient and now little-heard-of sentiment, which once was as a sort of second religion in the bosoms of a part of the community, only having an earthly instead of a heavenly deity for its object. In the seventeenth century, this so-called virtue was at its height in England; and no one can deny that, whatever were the follies it committed, and however opposed many of its movements might be to the real good of the nation, it was then capable of every kind of self-sacrifice for the sake of what it thought politically right, and only was wrong from want of knowledge and sound judgment. It was, as might be expected, a much more ardent, and perhaps also more pure sentiment, in the northern than in the southern part of the island; the people of the former district being much the simplest and least

sophisticated, and therefore the most liable to any possessing and disinterested emotion. Hence the resistance successively presented in that part of the island to the parliament and Cromwell, to the Revolution settlement, and to the Hanoverian succession. We may smile at the unreflecting ardour which prompted these courses ; but when we learn some of the particulars of the deeds which it dictated, and the sufferings which it taught its votaries to endure, we are apt to substitute for our smiles, tears of admiration and of pity.

When the Viscount of Dundee endeavoured, after the Revolution, to maintain the interest of the expatriated James II. in Scotland, he was joined by not only a considerable number of the Highland clans, but by the younger sons of a great number of Lowland families of note, and by not a few of the younger clergy of the disestablished Episcopal Church, to most of whom he gave commissions in his little army. After his death at the battle of Killiecrankie, in July 1689, the cause was maintained for about a year in a languid manner, by commanders of less genius ; but at length, when the affairs of the exiled king were ruined in Ireland, and no further hope of his immediate restoration was entertained, the Scottish insurgent army was dissolved by capitulation, and its officers transported, at their own request, to France. About 150 landed there, and, as allies of the French monarch, were immediately placed in garrison, at the pay appropriate to their respective ranks. They so continued till September 1692, when, reflecting on the severe losses experienced by Louis at Cherbourg and La Hogue, and that there was no immediate prospect of their proving of service to their own master, they resolved to be no longer a burden on the French government, but to convert themselves into a company of private sentinels, and serve in the army for ordinary pay. James, on receiving a petition from them to this effect, remonstrated with them against their design ; representing that in his first exile during the Commonwealth, he had commanded a similar company of officers, which had come to no good ; but, their

resolution being fixed, he at length gave way to it, and selected from their number the gentlemen who should act as captain, lieutenants, and ensign. They then repaired from their garrisons in French Flanders to be reviewed by the king at his palace of St Germain, near Paris, preparatorily to being modelled into the French army. A few days after they came, James rode out with the intention of enjoying the chase, an amusement of which he had become passionately fond since his arrival in France. He was surprised to find himself passing through a double line of *mousquetaires*, and asked who they were. He was informed that they were the same Scottish officers who, in garments better suited to their ranks, had the day before conversed with him at his levee. In uniforms borrowed from a French regiment, they had taken this opportunity of presenting themselves to him for the first time in their new character. The unfortunate monarch was struck by the levity of his amusement, in contrast with the distress of those who were suffering for him; and he returned pensively to the palace.*

On a future day, when they had received the route for active service, the king reviewed them in the garden at St Germain. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'my own misfortunes are not so near my heart as yours. It grieves me beyond what I can express, to see so many brave and worthy gentlemen, who had once the prospect of being the chief officers in my army, reduced to the station of private sentinels. Nothing but your loyalty, and that of a few of my subjects in Britain, could make me willing to live. The sense of what you have done and undergone for me, hath made so deep an impression on my heart, that, if ever it please God to restore me, it is impossible I can be forgetful of your services and sufferings. Neither can there be any posts in the armies of my dominions but what you have just pretensions to. . . . At your own desires, you are now going a long march, far distant from me. I have taken care to provide you

* Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain*.

with money, shoes, stockings, and other necessaries. Fear God, and love one another. Write your wants particularly to me, and depend upon always finding me your father and king.' He then passed along their ranks, and, writing down the name of every individual in his pocket-book, gave him his thanks in particular. Then removing to the front, he took off his hat, and bowed to them. After he had gone away, still thinking honour enough was not done them, he returned, bowed again, and burst into tears. They kneeled before the discrowned monarch, bent their eyes on the ground, and then starting up, passed him with the usual honours of war, as if it was only a common review they were exhibiting. He prayed that God might bless and prosper them, and mournfully left the ground.

Having been destined to serve against Spain, they now commenced a march of between 400 and 500 miles for Perpignan, in the south of France, where they were to join the rest of the troops. In every town they passed through, their history, as well as their gentle and correct deportment, interested all magistrates and other dignitaries in their behalf, so that they were always billeted on the best people in the place. Each morning, also, before commencing their march, they were seen walking on parade with the ladies of the houses in which they had lodged, whose favour they never failed to gain. When they arrived at Perpignan, and drew up before the residence of the lieutenant-general, all the gentlewomen of the town assembled to honour them; and if we are to believe their historian, 'wept bitterly to see so many worthy gentlemen, for their loyalty and honour, reduced to the condition of private sentinels.' These ladies were said to have made up a purse of 200 pistoles for them; but this tribute, owing to some base dealing, never reached them. They were now greatly in need of supplies of money, for their own was all spent, and their pay was but 3d. a day, with a pound and a half of bread. They were therefore reduced, while spending the winter here, to the necessity of selling their watches, rings,

Holland shirts, and embroidered clothes, in order that they might enjoy some share of the comforts to which they had been accustomed. Their fellow-soldiers, meanwhile, paid them greater respect than if they had still been possessed of their original commissions, and it was generally said, that a detachment from all the officers in France could not excel them in all soldierly qualities. They were here joined by two other companies of expatriated Scotsmen, but not composed, like theirs, of officers. When about to commence the campaign in spring, the whole three were reviewed by the Maréchal de Noailles, who was so much pleased with the appearance of the Company of Officers, that he asked them to pass once more before him, and presented them with a valuable mule to carry their baggage.

On the 1st of May 1693, they commenced their march across the Pyrenees, into Catalonia, where it was the design of the French commander to invest the town of Rosas. Obligated, notwithstanding the kindness of the maréchal, to carry their tents and camp-utensils, and taking more than the usual share of the duty of foraging, they suffered more on the march than the rest of the army. The Valley of Lampardo, in which Rosas is situated, is so unhealthy, that the king of Spain, when he heard of the French troops having entered it, remarked, that he had no need of an army to fight them. Many of the Officers' Company took fevers and other severe diseases; yet no entreaties could prevail on any of them to retire to the Perpignan hospital, or remit any part of their duties. The Spaniards having learned the story of the Officers' Company, made three several sorties at the time when they were on duty in the trenches, and were on each occasion met by that company singly, and beaten back to the drawbridge. After the siege had continued for a few days, and a breach was made in the walls, the garrison suffered so severe a fire from a particular part of the trenches, that they beat a *chamade*, and would have surrendered the town if they could have obtained tolerable conditions. The firing was renewed on both sides, and

still the severest and most incessant discharges of shot came from one particular spot in the trenches. The governor soon after gave up the town, under the apprehension, as he afterwards informed the opposing general, that the grenadiers in that part of the trenches designed to attack the breach. He asked the Maréchal de Noailles who these men were, and was answered: 'Ces sont mes enfans: they are,' added the maréchal, 'the king of Great Britain's Scottish officers, who, to shew their willingness to share his miseries, have reduced themselves to the carrying of arms, and chosen to serve under my command.' The commander next day publicly thanked them for their gallantry, and the service they had done in obliging the governor to surrender the town, of which he lost no time in apprising his master. Louis no sooner received the intelligence, than he took coach for St Germain, and thanked King James for the brave conduct of his subjects, which had gained for him the town of Rosas, in Catalonia. The unfortunate monarch heard the news with joy, and said they were all of his officers that had been left to him, but they were such as could not easily be excelled.

The maréchal expressed his sense of their merits by at this time presenting each of them with a couple of pistoles and a supply of clothes; King James also was now able to make them an allowance of 5d. a day each, from his slender resources. It is painful to mention, that of much of these benefits they were deprived by the officers placed over them, who seem to have been as dishonest as the men were brave. All that was done for them having failed to preserve their health, they were requested by the commander to leave the camp, and go to any garrison they chose; but thanking him for his offer, they told him that they would not lie idly within walls whilst the king of France, who had been so kind to their master, had any occasion for their services, and they were determined not to leave the camp while one of them was alive. About the middle of June, the army left Rosas, and marched for Piscador, where, of 26,000 who commenced the journey, not more than 10,000

arrived in health, in consequence of the great heat and the want of water. One day, during this march, when some apprehensions were entertained of an attack on the rear-guard, and a sufficiency of pickets could not be obtained, all the officers who were present turned out for their comrades, and were the first who arrived on the ground. The general-officers, seeing them alone on the parade of the picket, where it was not their duty to be, remarked to each other: '*Le gentilhomme est toujours le gentilhomme, et se montre toujours dans le besoin, et dans le danger.*' *

Most of the remainder of the season was spent by the officers at Perpignan, where sixteen of their number died of various diseases. One had previously been killed at the siege of Rosas, and three more soon after perished of sickness, so that twenty in all died during the first campaign. At the request of King James, who lamented this mortality amongst men he admired so much, they were now ordered from the south of France; but, unfortunately, Alsace was the place to which they were commanded to remove. They had thus to encounter a journey of 400 miles 'at the commencement of winter, and when their bodies were in general much debilitated by disease. The *Maréchal de Noailles* was taken by surprise by the order, and, fearing it was the result of some dissatisfaction with his command, offered to make them all fitting concessions, saying that, from the great respect he bore them, he had designed to get all of them introduced in time into the army in their original ranks. They assured him, that they had been entirely satisfied with the treatment they had experienced from him, and were reluctant to leave his corps. The order being, however, imperative, they commenced their march on the 4th of December, along with the other two Scottish companies already mentioned. The most frugal of them could now carry his baggage in a handkerchief, while many had none at all; from their meagreness of body

* The gentleman is always the gentleman, and so always shews himself in the hour of trouble and of danger.

and poorness of clothing, many looked rather like shadows and skeletons than men. Their coats were old and thin, their lower garments wanted lining, and their shoes were worn to pieces ; so that by the time they reached Lyon, their miseries were such as no gentleman could express. Yet no one could ever observe the least discomposure or regret in their conversation : on the contrary, they bore themselves cheerfully, and when they chanced to be able to supply themselves with a little liquor, they would drink the health of the king, queen, and prince, and indulge in the fond though fallacious hope that rightful royalty would still be restored to the British throne.

At Romans, in Dauphiné, Colonel Brown, their unworthy commander, parted from them to proceed to St Germain, without leaving them any money, although he had in his possession two months of that pay which King James had provided for them. To add to their very great distresses, a three days' snow overtook them in the country of Brace, and, remaining on the ground, produced a famine throughout all that part of France. So great was the scarcity of provisions, so severe the cold, and so imperfect their clothing, that they were all apparently on the point of being starved. One was actually taken ill at Besançon, where he soon after died. At length they reached Schelestadt, in Alsace, the garrison in which they were to take up their quarters. The officers there received them with the utmost civility, and administered much to their necessities ; but they were, nevertheless, reduced to great want, bread being 6d. a pound, while their pay was only 3d. a day. They opened a market for the sale of certain articles which they formerly could not think of parting with, as rings which had been given them by mistresses, seals which had long been used in their families, and such like ; yet, for a long period, the only food they could afford themselves was a few horse-beans, turnips, and colewort, or a little yellow seed, boiled in water. Still, it was observed with astonishment, they never uttered a repining word,

nor accused their unhappy monarch of either his own or their calamities.

They spent the summer of 1694 in Schelestadt, unable to enter into any species of active service; and here other five of their number died. The king, hearing of their misfortunes, sent orders that all who chose should be discharged; but their colonel in a great measure frustrated this kindness. At length, in November, fourteen of them, unable any longer to submit to their base commander, took their discharges, and proceeded to St Germain, where they met with a gracious reception, and had it put in their choice either to stay there upon suitable pensions, or to return to their native country. While deliberating about their future course, these gentlemen succeeded in exposing the iniquitous conduct of Colonel Brown, and in getting the pay of the company put upon a proper footing, at 10d. a day. We now lose sight of the fourteen retired officers, and must return to the rest left in garrison at Schelestadt.

During the summer of 1694, Prince Lewis of Baden passed the Rhine with an army of 80,000 men, and stayed three weeks in Alsace, with the design of bringing it under contribution. The governor of Schelestadt, apprehensive of a siege, was frequently heard to declare, that, if such should take place, he would depend more upon the Company of Officers, than on his two battalions. Afterwards, on some alarm, Lewis of Baden retreated across the Rhine in such a hurry, that 3000 of his men were drowned. There was a detached troop of his hussars, consisting of about 100 men, who, having been engaged in plundering the country, were completely isolated in Alsace before they knew of their commander's retreat. They made a bold attempt to reach Basel, in Switzerland, but in vain. The governor of Schelestadt planted the Scotch company in the way, and the hussars, being apprised of the reputation of that body of troops, fell back, and gave themselves up at Strasbourg, though no other such party, they declared, could have prevented them from cutting their way through into Switzerland.

The Officers' Company afterwards spent upwards of a year at Fort Cadette, on the Rhine. In December 1696, 16,000 of the enemy under General Stirk appearing on the opposite bank, as if for a new invasion, the French general, the Marquis de Sell, drew out all the garrisons of Alsace, amounting to 4000 men, and planted himself opposite to the German army, with the purpose of preventing its passage. There was an island in the Rhine, which the marquis conceived the Germans might employ in facilitating their transit across the river; and he resolved, if possible, to anticipate them in the possession of it. But ere he could obtain boats, they had constructed a bridge, and sent 500 men to form an intrenched post upon the island. The Company of Officers immediately sent their commander, Captain Foster, to request permission that they might wade into the island, and attack it. The Marquis said, that when the boats came up, the Scots should be allowed to lead the attack; for which the captain thanked him, but added, that it was their wish 'to wade into the island.' The French general, at so extraordinary a request, only shrugged up his shoulders, prayed God to bless them, and desired them to do as they pleased. The gentlemen, with the other two Scottish companies, immediately made ready for their enterprise, tying their clothes and arms about their necks, and then, it being night, advanced quietly to the brink of the river, into which they waded in the Highland fashion, holding each other's hands. It took them as high as their breasts, but all got over in safety. As soon as they had passed the depth of the river, they halted, untied their cartouch-boxes and fire-locks, and prepared for the onfall; the Germans being in the meantime busy intrenching themselves, and altogether unsuspecting of an attack. The company then advanced in the same quiet manner as before, and suddenly poured in a volley of shot upon the enemy, who instantly fell into confusion, and fled, breaking down their bridges as they went, whereby many of them were drowned. The officers soon cleared the island of the

whole corps, and took possession of it for their own commander, who, when he heard what had been done, crossed himself on the face and breast, and declared that it was the bravest action he had ever known. He immediately sent to inform them that, as soon as the boats came, he should send them provisions and additional troops; but they, thanking him for his offer, assured him that they required no troops, that they had no time to take provisions, and that all they wanted was a quantity of pickaxes and shovels, with which they might intrench themselves. In the morning, the marquis went in person to the island, and embraced every one of them, with a profusion of thanks. He afterwards wrote a minute account of the transaction to his sovereign, who, as formerly, went to St Germain to thank King James for the gallant services of his subjects.

The officers remained encamped on this island for six weeks, under deep snow, although no fires were allowed during the night, and no man could sleep at that time, under the penalty of death. General Stirk made several attempts to surprise the post, and pass the Rhine; but the officers were so watchful, that all his efforts were vain, and he was at length obliged to decamp, and retire into the country. The island obtained the name of L'Île d'Ecosse, in honour of its heroic defenders, to whom alone it was owing on this occasion that the French territory was preserved inviolate. The Company of Officers next spent some time in garrison at Strasbourg, where nothing of consequence occurred until the peace of Ryswick, in 1697, when, by virtue of one of the articles which King William was said to have himself suggested and insisted upon, this noble little troop was dissolved, and the men allowed to go where they pleased. They were now much reduced in numbers by the hardships and other casualties of their service. When their history was written a few years after,* there were only sixteen alive, and of these, it is added by Sir John Dalrymple, probably

* *An Account of Dundee's Officers after they went to France.* Reprinted in *Miscellanea Scotica*. 4 vols. Glasgow: 1820.

from hearsay, not more than four ever revisited their native country. Their tale is thus a tragical one; but, while the human mind can be exalted and fortified by the recital of sufferings heroically encountered and firmly borne, it can never be a useless one. It is also precious for its shewing in so lively a light the independence in which really noble minds stand with regard to circumstances. These gentlemen never forgot that they were gentlemen; and notwithstanding the humble character which necessity or honour led them to assume, their being so was never overlooked for a moment by any who came in contact with them. No real degradation could ever befall men who stooped from their proper sphere under the influence of such exalted feelings, or for such generous and disinterested objects. If any grudge remains for the fate of these brave men, so hapless and so wretched, while thousands of the sordid and selfish were drawing out lives of comfort in peace and security, let all now be absorbed in the one reflection—'The glory ends not, and the pain is past.'

SAMUEL FOOTE.

FOOTE—the unscrupulous Mathews of the last century, and one of the most singular men ever produced in England—was born in 1721, at Truro, in Cornwall. He could boast of being at least a gentleman by birth, for his father was a land proprietor and magistrate of ancient descent, while his mother was the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart., who at one time represented the county of Hereford in parliament. His wit was developed in his very childhood; and his power of mimicry is said to have been suddenly brought into play, when a boy of twelve, in consequence of a discussion arising at his father's table respecting a rustic who had fallen under the observation of the parochial authorities. He on this

occasion gave so lively an image of the demeanour and language which three of the justices were likely to assume when the culprit should be brought before them, that his father, one of the individuals taken off, rewarded him for the amusement he had given the company, and thus unintentionally encouraged a propensity which was afterwards to lead the youth into a mode of life which no father could have helped regretting. He was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, which had been founded by one of his near relations, and of which the superior, Dr Gower, was unfortunately an apt subject for his humour. Observing that the rope of the chapel bell was allowed to hang near to the ground in an open space where cows were sometimes turned for the night, he hung a wisp of straw to the end of it; the unavoidable consequence was, that some one of the animals was sure to seize the straw in the course of the night, and thus cause the bell to toll. A solemn consultation was held, and the provost undertook with the sexton to sit up in the chapel all night, for the purpose of catching the delinquent. They took their dreary station; at the midnight hour the bell tolled as before: out rushed the two watchmen, one of whom, seizing the cow in the dark, thought he had caught a gentleman commoner; while the doctor, grasping the animal by a different part of its body, exclaimed that he was convinced the postman was the rogue, for he felt his horn. Lights were speedily brought, and disclosed the nature of the jest, which served Oxford in laughter for a week.

Foote was an idle student, for which he was sometimes punished by having severe tasks imposed on him, as if one who would not study the ordinary proper time could be expected to give his mind to an uninteresting pursuit for an extraordinary time. When summoned before the provost, in order to be reprimanded for his junketings, the wag would come with a vast folio dictionary under his arm; the doctor would begin using, as was his custom, a great number of quaint learned words, on hearing which Foote would gravely beg pardon.

for interrupting him—look up the word in the dictionary—and then as gravely request him to go on. There could be no reasonable hope of such a youth as a student; yet he was sent to the Temple, with a view to his going to the bar. He is said to have here made no proficiency except in fashionable vices and dissipation. In 1741, he married a young lady of good family in Worcestershire, and immediately after went with his spouse to spend a month with his father in Cornwall.

Foote, having shortly after outrun his fortune, was induced by a bookseller, on a promise of ten pounds, to write a pamphlet in defence of his uncle Goodere, who was at this time in prison, previous to his trial for the inhuman murder of his brother, and for which he was afterwards executed. Perhaps some of the amiable prejudice called family pride aided in making him take up his pen in behalf of one who seems to have been as ruthless a monster as ever breathed. It must also be recollected, that he was now only twenty. Whatever was the morality of the transaction—and indeed it is almost absurd to discuss such a point, considering the general nature of the man—it is related that when he went to receive the wages of his task, he was reduced so low as to be obliged to wear his boots to conceal that he wanted stockings. Having got the money, he bought a pair of stockings at a shop as he passed along. Immediately after, meeting a couple of boon-companions, he was easily persuaded to go to dine with them at a tavern. While the wine was afterwards circulating, one of his friends exclaimed: ‘Why, hey, Foote, how is this? You seem to have no stockings on!’

‘No,’ replied the wit, with great presence of mind; ‘I never wear any at this time of the year, till I am going to dress for the evening; and you see’—pulling out his recent purchase—‘I am always provided with a pair for the occasion.’

His mother succeeded by the death of her brother, Sir John D. Goodere, to L.5000 per annum, but does not seem to have remained free from pecuniary embarrassments

more than her son. The celebrated correspondence between her and Foote, given in the jest-books, is quite authentic, but rather too laconically expressed. A copy is subjoined :—

‘DEAR SAM—I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother,
E. FOOTE.’

‘DEAR MOTHER—So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son,
SAM. FOOTE.’

P. S.—I have sent my attorney to assist you; in the meantime, let us hope for better days.’

It is not impossible that Mrs Foote’s imprisonment took place before her accession of fortune was realised, and when she was a widow, for her husband died soon after Sam’s marriage. This lady lived to eighty-four, and is said to have been much like her son both in body and mind—witty, social, and fond of a pretty strong joke. From the character of her brothers, it seems not unlikely that, with the humour she gave her son, she also communicated a certain degree of insanity, the source of the many eccentricities which he displayed through life.

The necessities arising from pure prodigality drove Foote to the stage in 1744. He appeared at the Haymarket Theatre as Othello, Macklin supporting him in Iago; but the performance was a failure.

‘But when I played Othello, thousands swore
They never saw such tragedy before’—

says a rival wit in a retributory burlesque of the mimic. He tried comedy, and made a hit in the character of Fondlewife. His salary proving unequal to his expenditure, he again became embarrassed, but relieved himself by an expedient, of which we will not attempt to estimate the morality. A lady of great fortune, anxious to be married, consulted the wit as to what she should do. He, recollecting his boon-companion Sir Francis Delaval, who

was as embarrassed as himself, recommended the lady to go to the conjurer in the Old Bailey, whom he represented as a man of uncommon skill and penetration. He employed another friend to personate the wise man, who depicted Sir Francis at full length, and described the time when, the place where, and the dress in which, she would see him. The lady was so struck with the coincidence of all the circumstances, as to marry the broken-down prodigal in a few days. An ample reward signalised the ingenuity of the adviser, and enabled him once more to face the world.

It was in spring 1747 that Foote commenced, in the Haymarket theatre, his career as the sole entertainer of an audience; and thus was the originator of that kind of amusement which Dibdin, Mathews, and others afterwards practised with success. The piece, written by himself, and styled the *Diversions of the Morning*, consisted chiefly of a series of imitations of well-known living persons. It met with immense applause, and soon raised the jealousy of the two great theatres of the metropolis, through whose intervention his career was stopped by the Westminster justices. In this dilemma, he took it upon him to invite the public one evening to TEA: multitudes came; and while all were wondering what he would do, he appeared before them, and mentioned that, 'as he was training some young performers for the stage, he would, while tea was getting ready, proceed, if they had no objection, with his instructions.' This, it may easily be conceived, was nothing else than a plan for taking off the players who were persecuting him, at the same time that he evaded the consequences of their rancour. His invitations to tea brought splendid audiences and much money, but were interrupted by his receipt of a large legacy, which kept him for five years in the condition of an idle voluptuary. In 1753, he once more became connected with the stage, for which he produced a comedy in two acts, entitled *Taste*, which experienced great success, and was followed by a similar production, entitled *The Author*. He had here

caricatured, under the name of Cadwallader, a Welsh gentleman of his acquaintance, who was noted for pride of pedigree. Honest Mr Aprice, for that was his real name, was present at the play several times, without suspecting that, in Cadwallader, he saw another self; but at length, when he found everybody calling him by that name, he began to perceive the joke, which enraged him so much, that he applied to the Lord Chamberlain for an interdict against the play, which was granted. It is rather odd, that the wit himself was characterised by the same foible, and not less blind to it than Mr Aprice. Some of his friends knowing this, resolved to make it the subject of a jest at his expense. As they were laughing at persons piquing themselves on their descent, one of them slyly observed that, however people might ridicule family pretensions, he believed there never was a man well descended who was not proud of it. Foote, snapping the bait, replied: 'No doubt, no doubt; for instance, now, though I trust I may be considered as far from a vain man, yet, being descended from as ancient a family as any in Cornwall, I am not a little proud of it, as indeed, you shall see I may be;' and accordingly ordered a servant to bring the genealogical tree of the family, which he began to elucidate with all the absurdity that he so felicitously ridiculed in Cadwallader.

The spirit of these and other early compositions of Foote, was to seize some point of fashionable folly, and expose it in a few scenes of broad humour, with the addition of the mimetic representation, by the author himself, of some noted real character. There was little of plot or contrivance in the pieces, but strong caricature painting, and ludicrous incidents, which rendered them extremely diverting. He took a somewhat higher aim when, in 1760, he burlesqued Methodism in the *Minor*; a play which excited some angry controversy, but proved attractive to the public. His *Mayor of Garratt*, produced in 1763, was the nearest approach he made to legitimate comedy: its merits have kept it in vogue as one of the

stock-pieces of the British stage down almost to the present times.

In 1757, Foote paid a visit to Dublin, along with Tate Wilkinson, and the united mimicry of the two attracted large audiences. On this occasion, Wilkinson mimicked even his companion, who, with the usual thin-skinnedness of the professed jester, did not relish the joke, and said it was the only attempt of his friend which did not succeed. At the end of this year, we find Foote engaged in a totally new speculation in the Irish capital. He set up as a fortune-teller, in a room hung with black cloth, and lighted by a single lantern, the light of which was scrupulously kept from his face; he succeeded so far, it is said, as to realise on some occasions L.30 a day, at half-a-crown from each dupe. In 1759, when out at elbows in London, he paid his first visit to Scotland, borrowing L.100 from Garrick to defray the expenses of his journey. He was well received in Edinburgh society, and by the public in general. Yet the Scots did not escape his sarcasm. One day, an old lady who was asked for a toast, gave *Charles III.*—meaning, of course, the Pretender.

‘Of Spain, madam!’ inquired Foote.

‘No, sir,’ cried the lady pettishly—‘of England.’

‘Never mind her,’ said one of the company; ‘she is one of our old folks who have not got rid of their political prejudices.’

‘Oh, dear sir, make no apology,’ cried Foote: ‘I was prepared for all this, as, from your living so far north, I suppose none of you have yet heard of the Revolution.’

He afterwards paid several visits to Scotland, where, during 1771, he was manager of the Edinburgh theatre for a season, clearing L.1000 by the venture. He found that the Scotch, with all their gravity, have some little drollery amongst them. Robert Cullen, son of the eminent physician, and a noted mimic, and the Laird of Logan, not less distinguished as a wit, became his intimate friends. Another of the native humorists encour-

tered him in a somewhat extraordinary way. This was Mr M'Culloch of Ardwell, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, whose sayings are to this day quoted in his native province. In travelling from his country residence to Edinburgh with his own carriage, Mr M'Culloch spent, as usual, a night in the inn at Moffat, and next day proceeded to ascend the terrible hill of Erickstane, which connects two great districts of Scotland, and forms decidedly the most difficult and dangerous piece of road in the whole country. A deep snow had fallen during the night, and Mr M'Culloch, after proceeding three or four miles, was compelled to turn back. When he regained his inn, he found a smart carriage, with a gentleman in the inside, standing at the door, while the horses were getting changed; this he ascertained to be the equipage of Mr Foote, the celebrated comedian. The Laird of Ardwell immediately went up to the panel, and wrote upon it in chalk the words—

'Let not a single foot profane
The sacred snows of Erickstane.'

Foote, surprised to see a punch little man writing on his carriage, came out to read the inscription, which amused him so much, that he immediately went and introduced himself to the writer. Further explanations then took place, which readily convinced him of the impossibility of proceeding further that day; and the consequence was, that the two gentlemen resolved to make themselves as happy as possible where they were. The snow lay long; the terrors of Erickstane relented not for a fortnight; but the viands and liquors of the inn were good, and the conversation of the two storm-delayed gentlemen was like knife sharpening knife. In short, they spent the fortnight together in the utmost good-fellowship, and were friends ever after.

One other trait of the Scottish wit which came under Foote's attention may be noticed. At the close of an unsuccessful piece of law-business, when the agent of the opposite party called to get payment of the expenses,

observing that that person was prepared for a journey, the comedian inquired where he was going.

'To London,' was the answer.

'And how do you mean to travel?' asked the manager.

'On *foot*,' replied the wily agent, significantly depositing the cash in his pocket at the same moment.

As Foote was always ready to seize on any passing folly, either of the public or of individuals, as a means of attracting audiences, it is not surprising that the hoax of the Cock Lane Ghost, which took place in 1762, furnished him with a theme. Samuel Johnson being one of those who inclined to believe in the statements of the deceiving party, Foote resolved to bring that august character upon the stage. Johnson, dining one day at the house of Mr Thomas Davies, the bookseller, was informed of the design entertained by Foote, and knowing very well the kind of remonstrance to which alone the mimic was accessible, he asked his host if he knew the common price of an oak-stick. Being answered sixpence, he said: 'Why, then, sir, give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity, for I am determined the fellow shall not take me off with impunity.' Foote soon received information of this avowal of the Herculean lexicographer, and was further told, that it was Johnson's intention 'to plant himself in the front of the stage-box on the first night of the proposed play, and if any buffoon attempted to mimic him, to spring forward on the stage, knock him down in the face of the audience, and then appeal to their common feelings and protection.' It is almost unnecessary to add, that Johnson's character was omitted. Johnson was not an admirer of Foote. He, very absurdly, we think, termed his mimicry not a power, but a vice; and alleged that he was not good at it, being unable, he said, to take off any one unless he had some strong peculiarity. He allowed, however, that he had wit, fertility of ideas, a considerable extent of information, and was 'for obstreperous broad-faced mirth without

an equal.' 'The first time,' said Dr Johnson, 'that I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out.' He also told the following anecdote, still more strongly illustrative of the power of the wit :—' Amongst the many and various modes which he tried of getting money, he became a partner with a small-beer brewer, and he was to have a share of the profits for procuring customers among his numerous acquaintance. Fitzherbert was one who took his small-beer, but it was so bad that the servants resolved not to drink it. They were at some loss how to notify their resolution, being afraid of offending their master, who they knew liked Foote much as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favourite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr Fitzherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small-beer no longer. On that day, Foote happened to dine at Fitzherbert's, and this boy served at the table: he was so delighted with Foote's stories, that when he went down stairs, he told them: "This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small-beer." * * *

When in Dublin in 1763, Foote produced his play of the *Orators*, in which he burlesqued Sheridan the elocutionist, and George Faulkner, an eminent printer in the Irish capital. This last gentleman, who, from egotism and every kind of coxcombry, is said to have been a rich subject for Foote's genius, prosecuted him for libel, and gained large damages. Here also some hot

Hibernian spirit so far resented being made a subject of ridicule by the wit, as to kick him openly on the street. Dr Johnson's remark on this last circumstance was bitterness steeped in bitterness—'Why, Foote must be rising in the world: when he was in England, no one thought it worth while to kick him.' By his various talents, Foote was now in the enjoyment of a large income; but his invincible extravagance kept him always poor. He had a maxim, that to live in a state of constant effort to restrain expenses, is the nearest thing to absolute poverty. He had a town and country house, and a carriage, and entertained great numbers of all kinds of people in the most superb style. On one occasion, after the successful run of one of his plays, he expended L.1200 on a service of plate—remarking, when the act was spoken of by a friend with surprise, that, as he could not keep his gold, he was resolved to try if he could keep silver. On another occasion, when at Bristol, on his way to Dublin, falling into play, in which he was at all times a great dupe, he lost L.1700, being all that he had to commence operations with in Ireland, and was obliged to borrow L.100 to carry him on his way. In 1766, when riding home from a gentleman's house where he had been entertained in Hants, he was thrown, and had one of his legs broken in two places. He bore the amputation of the limb, not only with fortitude, but with jocularly. While the accident did not materially mar his efficiency as an actor, it procured him a positive advance in fortune. The Duke of York, brother to George III., having been present when it happened, was so much interested in consequence in behalf of the unfortunate mimic, that he obtained for him a royal patent, which enabled him to keep the Haymarket Theatre open for the four summer months as long as he lived.

With Garrick our hero was occasionally on such good terms as to borrow money from him. At other times, professional rivalry made them bitter enemies. In the year 1769, Mr Garrick made a great hit by bringing out the celebrated Stratford Jubilee on the stage, himself

appearing as one of the most important persons in the procession. Foote, pining with envy, resolved to burlesque an affair certainly very open to ridicule, and in a mock procession to introduce Garrick with all his masquerading paraphernalia; while some droll was to address him in the following lines of the jubilee laureate—

‘A nation’s taste depends on you,
Perhaps a nation’s virtues too!’—

whereupon the puffed-up manager was to clap his arms like the wings of a cock, and cry out

‘Cock-a-doodle-doo!’

Garrick heard of the scheme, and for some time was like to go distracted with vexation, anticipating the utter ruin of his fame. Foote meanwhile borrowed from him £500, which Garrick was probably glad to give, in the hope that his kindness would soften the satirist. Soon after, Foote pettishly gave back the money, on hearing it reported that he was under obligations to Garrick. The situation of the latter gentleman was now so miserable, that some friends interfered to obtain assurance from Foote that he would spare Garrick. If it be strange to contemplate a man of such secure reputation as Garrick writhing under the fear of ridicule, it is infinitely more curious to learn that Foote, who was so impartial, as Johnson called it, as to burlesque and tell lies of everybody, never took up a newspaper without dreading to meet with some squib upon himself.* After the two managers had been reconciled, Garrick paid Foote a visit, and expressed some gratification at finding a bust of himself above the bureau of his brother-actor.

‘But,’ said Garrick, ‘how can you trust me so near your gold and bank-notes?’

‘Oh, because you have got no hands,’ replied the irrepressible Foote.

In 1775, Foote being understood to have written a play

* *Davies’s Memoirs of Garrick.*

called the *Trip to Calais*, in which he had ridiculed the Duchess of Kingston as Lady Kitty Crocodile, that eccentric lady commenced a fierce altercation with him, which it would now be vain to describe at length. Its consequence was the withdrawal of the character from the play. When the piece was subsequently presented, a Dr Jackson, who conducted a newspaper, and was secretary to the duchess, took deadly offence at being ridiculed in it, and commenced a course of vindictive proceedings against the author. A servant of Foote was tempted to make a charge against him of so degrading a nature, that the poor mimic, although honourably cleared, sank under the pain of mind which it had occasioned him. He scarcely afterwards could muster strength to appear on the stage, and it soon became necessary that he should seek health in a milder climate. Having sold his interest in the theatre to Mr Colman for an annuity of L.1500 a year, he prepared to leave London. About an hour before stepping into his chaise to proceed to Dover, he walked through his house, and took a careful survey of his pictures, which were numerous and excellent. On coming before the portrait of a deceased intimate and fellow-actor, he gazed on it for ten minutes, and then turned away, saying: 'Poor Weston!' Immediately he added in a tone of self-reproach: 'Poor Weston! It will very soon, I fear, be Poor Foote!' He was right. After an ineffectual visit to Paris, he returned to London, and expired on the 21st of October 1777. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

It would be absurd to weigh such a man as Foote in ordinary balances. Such persons are mere sports of nature, which she sends apparently for no other purpose than to promote the salutary act of laughter among the species. Yet, while Foote wanted all moral dignity, he is allowed to have been, upon the whole, a humane and generous man. That impartiality, also, in the distribution of his ridicule, of which Johnson spoke, might be considered as in some degree a redeeming clause in his character. And it really seems to have

often served to obviate the offence which would have otherwise been taken against him. Cumberland tells in his Memoirs, that, having four persons one day at dinner, and one having gone behind a screen, Foote, conceiving he had left the house, began to play off his jokes against him; whereupon the subject of his ridicule cried out: 'I am not gone, Foote; spare me till I am out of hearing; and now, with your leave, I will stay till these gentlemen depart, and then you shall amuse me at their cost, as you have amused them at mine.' With such a man it was vain to fall into a passion. He was a being to be laughed *at* or *with*—serious censure would have been thrown away upon him, and playful sarcasm would have only vexed him, without teaching him from his own to pity another's pains. If it be thought proper to condemn poor Foote upon the score of principle, we frankly own that ours is not the pen which can frame the verdict.

THE DEAD-HOUSE OF PARIS.*

LA MORGUE—or the Dead-house—of Paris is a retired gloomy building, situated on that part of the left bank of the Seine which lies between the city quay and that of Orfevres. The object of the establishment, as its name partly implies, is to receive the bodies of all those who have come to a violent end, by land or water, and either to retain them till they are claimed by friends, or to bury them if they remain unknown. It is strange how the existence of this building influences the district in its immediate vicinity. La Morgue is the centre-point of attraction, the source of news and novelty. The neighbours there talk not of politics or revolutions. 'A fine corpse was that brought in this morning.' 'He was fair,

* Abridged from the French of Leon Guzman, in the Book of the *Hundred and One*.

wasn't he?' 'Did you see the girl to-day?' 'What long black hair she had! It trailed on the ground as she passed on the hurdle!' Such is the general nature of the gossip in the neighbourhood of the Dead-house.

I visited La Morgue twice. On the first occasion, François, the receiver of the bodies, could not shew the establishment to me in the absence of the recorder, M. Perrin. These two persons dwell with their families in the upper floor of this house of death, and have the sole charge of it. François, with whom I became somewhat familiar, desired me to return at a certain time, and I should see the whole. Accordingly, I went again to La Morgue.

'Ah, you are there!' said François, rising to receive me, and introducing me to his wife and another person who was present. 'This is a neighbour,' continued François, alluding to the latter individual, 'who comes, out of sheer friendship, to help me when I require assistance; and on this morning his services have been much required. Your visit has been timed most luckily, sir. We have to-day a woman who hanged herself with her garters; a man who has been four hours in the water; and a third—a little female child, an infant—who was suffocated last night by accident in a stage-coach. They mistook her for a packet, and crushed her. Poor thing! how lovely she is!'

'Ah,' said the wife of François, 'perhaps she had a mother, who waited anxiously for her return from the country! By the by, François, where did you lay her?—on the dissection-table!'

'No, no; why, what use could there be in opening her? Who could think of that dear little child having been poisoned? Go and look at her: she is as clean as if she had come out of a bath. And then the young nurse, who brought her here in her apron, wept as if the little one had been her own. She told me that she had been returning from her native village in Normandy, whither she had gone to nurse the child, and that the stage-coach, in which she was, was so full of people, that she was

compelled to put her little nursling between her knees. She was then much fatigued, having slept none for two days. When night came, she fell asleep. The child slipped from her grasp. She slept still. The child moved, and perhaps cried, but the rattle of the coach stifled the sound; and the nurse slept on. In the morning, when she awoke, she found that she had but the body of her babe!

‘Is this all, François?’ said his wife.

‘The rest may be conceived. On reaching Paris, where the mother lives, the nurse durst not go to the house, and thus she thought of bringing the body here for interment. But she would scarcely part with the child. She kissed its cold brow, she kissed its hands, she kissed its shoulders, its feet, saying all the while: “Oh! can it be true that she is dead, sir?” Then she gave the body to me, took it back again, shook it, called it by its name, and strove with her fingers to open its eyes. “Oh! do you know no way to open its eyes for me? Ah, they were such pretty eyes, so round, so blue! Its eyes! My girl had blue eyes like her mother—oh, she will kill me, that mother! I will tell her the child died from its teething; but all our village will say it is not true. I will say they took her from me in the coach; but the coachman will say it is not true. No, no; I will tell nothing. I will go back to my village, and wait till her parents come to see the child. Perhaps they may not come for three—for six months—perhaps not for a whole year! But ah, I can never go back to my village—never more, if I have not my infant, my little Leonore!”’

Here François interrupted his account of the poor nurse’s exclamations, to tell his wife to note the name Leonore. ‘Remember, wife, to repeat it to Monsieur Perrin, that he may inscribe it in his register.’ François then resumed the nurse’s soliloquising.

‘“Ah, I cannot return to my village in Normandy. Everybody there was so fond of my Leonore. Sugar-plums and cakes were showered upon her—Monsieur the Curate was distracted about my girl! O sir, could we

not bleed her, and bring her back? Or put her feet into warm water! Ah, you know many cases of children being restored—don't you now? Ah, you do! No! Oh, tell me—tell me what to do! Her mother will kill me; yes, certainly she will kill me! Or if I go home to my village, they will stone me—they will throw dirt upon me like a toad! O sir, bring my Leonore back to me, and I will—yes, I—I will give her to you!”

François paused, and then continued in his own words: ‘When it was absolutely necessary to depart, the nurse again kissed the infant’s cheeks, and besought leave from me to take away with her the cap and kerchief that were upon it. It is not our custom to permit this, but I was always too soft-hearted. I bade her take them; and, after snatching them up, the poor woman threw her apron over the babe’s features, and ran out of the house.’

This was all François had to say about the nurse and child, and his wife summed up by the remark: ‘You see, one ought always to take two places in such a case in a stage-coach.’ This was all Madame François’s thought about the matter.

A knock at the door was now heard, and François, opening it, introduced M. Perrin, the recorder of La Morgue—a little old man, who coughed incessantly. He politely professed his willingness to shew me his establishment, and away we went for that purpose. We went up a flight of steps, and in doing so, were obliged to stand by the wall, in order to allow a bevy of showy, pretty young girls to pass us. ‘These are four of my daughters,’ said M. Perrin: ‘I have eight children. François has had four, and he has been so fortunate as to see them all married. He is a good father, François.’

So, thought I, twelve children have been born in the Dead-house! Conjugal and domestic joys, marriages and baptisms, love, religion, virtue, all have a place in this funereal abode as well as elsewhere. Meanwhile, we passed on through chambers which it is not my purpose to describe, until we came to the administrative cabinet, or register-office of M. Perrin. I asked and

received permission to look over the book containing the records of the dead. It was in double columns—the one for the Known, and the other for the Unknown. The numbers of the unknown greatly predominated. Such entries as these were abundant: ‘Brought at three in the morning; skull fractured; *unknown*.—Brought at midnight; drowned under the Bridge of Arts; a pack of cards in the pocket; *unknown*.—Child newly born; found dead from cold at the door of a hotel; *unknown*.’ And so on.

‘Ah!’ said M. Perrin to me, ‘don’t you find our registers kept very nicely now? My hand does tremble a little, but you may see that it is still a firm handwriting for my age. I have cultivated a flowing dash with some success. There is a capital M now—neatly turned, is it not?’

Good, simple man! Proud only of the turn of a capital letter, whilst heedless of the fact, that that very letter was the commencement of a *prince’s* name—of a name inscribed upon an Italian coinage! How came the name of a prince into the pages of a dead-house register? I remember the occasion, though I know not the cause. One night, when a proud mansion was lighted up in Paris, when its magnificent halls were crowded with the gay and fashionable, all thinking only of life and its enjoyments, a domestic, with haggard look, rushed up to the mistress of the dwelling, who was surrounded by the guests entertained by her in her husband’s temporary absence. The lady had no sooner listened to the servant, than she flew from the assembly. The music ceased, the dancers stopped, whispers passed among the crowd, a voice cried: ‘To La Morgue!’ and away rushed the whole, some of them uncloaked, some with their very heads uncovered, and all in confusion. A strange sight it was to see that lately brilliant throng flying in disorder through the open streets, in a night of storm and darkness. They reached La Morgue one by one; and there, stretched on a table, they beheld the lord of the mansion they had left, cold and lifeless. The body of

the Prince —— had been found in a wood in the environs of the capital. How he died was undiscovered. But, opposite to his name in the register, there was, as M. Perrin made me remark, the words *Well known*.

To return, however, to M. Perrin. From the chamber of registry we went to another apartment—that in which the *clothes* of the dead were kept. There they hung upon the wall, of all forms, kinds, and dimensions; hideously coupled together; a spatterdash joined by a pin to a sleeve, or a shawl resting upon the collar of a man's coat; dresses of gentlemen, ladies, workmen, and, in short, of every class, mingled together, all dirty and defaced, and exciting the most painful impressions in the mind. One could even mark the aprons of the workmen, still rolled up, and showing that death had surprised them at the end of a day's common toil.

François, who followed my eyes, in looking at these objects, in order to observe the effect made by them upon me, here drew a profound sigh. 'What! *you*, then, are moved at this sight?' said I to him; 'your condition is unsatisfactory—repugnant to you, then, is it?'

'Not precisely that, sir,' replied François. 'But you must know, sir, that hitherto the clothes of the Unknowns have fallen to us after being exposed for six months. We then sell them. Now they speak of *taking the clothes from us*!'

Strange callousness of habit! I consoled François by the assurance, that neither the government nor the world at large spoke of taking away the perquisite of the clothes. From this apartment we now went to the room where the bodies are exposed; and here, upon a marble table, its sole furniture, I beheld the three bodies spoken of. The infant which had fallen from the grasp of its poor nurse, and been suffocated in the stage-coach, was beautiful! The other bodies were disagreeable objects, and I hurried from the sight of them. I said to M. Perrin, when we came to his register-room again, that I feared he must find his situation tedious in the long nights of winter.

'No, no,' said he, in a lively tone; 'my daughters sing and work. François and I join our wives at a game of piquet. The misfortune is, that our little party is often put into disorder. A knock comes below; we are obliged to descend, to receive and undress the new-comer, and to put the case in the register. This disturbs our game; *we forget to mark the points.*'

'But your daughters, are they perfectly'—

'Oh, you mistake much if you imagine that the common spectacles to be seen here distress them at all,' said M. Perrin. 'They pass the night here with the greatest composure and cheerfulness. One grows to anything.'

He might well say so. The rooms which his family occupied were in the floor immediately above that where the bodies were laid. Nay, the piano of the young ladies stood directly above the table on which the unfortunates were exposed, before being reclaimed or buried. So much was I struck with the wonderful *searing* of habit in this instance, that I could not help fancying it possible for these girls, so familiar with the idea of dead bodies, so accustomed to the domestic spectacle of their existence—to forget themselves on some occasion, and to ask strangers whom they visited, just as one would inquire for a garden or a kitchen: 'But where do you keep your dead bodies here?'

I now prepared to leave La Morgue. After bidding farewell to M. Perrin and François, they opened the gate for me, and I was about to issue, when I was driven back by an advancing crowd. These people were following, or rather surrounding a man, who was wheeling a handbarrow to the door of La Morgue. As it entered, a track of water marked the course of the vehicle. The cover which was over the body—for body it was which the barrow contained—was taken off, and it was plain that the young woman who lay there had died recently, from the clasped hands and compressed lips. From one of her hands, François found some difficulty in withdrawing a kerchief which she held. He had no

sooner got it, than he cried: 'Good Heaven! let me look at this woman!'

He gazed for a moment at her countenance, and exclaimed: 'It is she!'

'Who? what she?'

'The visitor of the morning—the Norman nurse!' was the reply of François.

I had been affected by the story, and was more so now, when I saw what despair had driven the poor nurse to. François said quietly: 'Ah, well, we shall lay her beside the body of the little one.'

M. Perrin put on his spectacles, opened his register, and wrote with a superb dash: 'UNKNOWN!'

STORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER.

TOWARDS the close of last century, there lived on the western frontier of the state of Pennsylvania, two families, bearing respectively the names of Mayne and Waters. Though dwelling within a couple of miles of one another, and more than double that distance from any other settlers, it so chanced that these families were on the worst of terms. The heads, at least, of the two households were so, and the cause of their mutual dislike had reference to a distant period. Both had taken part in the war which gave independence to their country, but they had chosen opposite sides. William Mayne had thought it his duty to maintain his loyalty to the British sovereign, while Waters had been one of the most ardent supporters of the revolutionary party. Perhaps the mere circumstance of having adopted different sides would not have excited the hostility alluded to, had not Waters been the instrument of procuring the imprisonment of Mayne at an early period of the contest. Waters had conceived himself to be but fulfilling the part of a true lover of his country in doing so, and

declared himself free from all feelings of personal enmity. Mayne's confinement had proved in the end rather a fortunate event than otherwise, for at the close of the war he was held to have incurred so little guilt, that his liberty, as well as property, was restored to him, which might not have been the case had he been allowed to enter more largely into the contest.

William Mayne, however, was far from considering himself as a debtor on this score to his countryman; and when the two accidentally removed, after the war, to the same district on the western borders of Pennsylvania, sentiments the reverse of friendly existed between them. It must be owned that the hostility lay chiefly on Mayne's part, for Waters felt the consciousness of having been actuated by pure motives in the transaction at which Mayne took offence, and was rather anxious to conciliate his loyalist neighbour, than to nourish any feeling of dislike towards him. Neither of them being bad-hearted men, it is probable that, had they conversed freely together, they might have attained to a better knowledge of each other's character, and have become good neighbours. But, near neighbours as they were, no intercourse was kept up between them. Their families, too, shared in this estrangement, with the exception of two members of these retired households.

Mayne had one only son, Hugh, who had just reached the bloom of youthful manhood at the period when the incidents we have to relate took place. Hugh Mayne loved the daughter of Waters with his whole heart and soul. Often had this pair met on the lonely mountain-side, when no human ear was at hand to listen to the outpourings of their simple affection. Mary Waters did not conceal these meetings from her parents, who, if they did not approve, at least did not check or forbid them. On the other hand, knowing well the dislike that rankled in his father's mind, Hugh Mayne did not venture for a long period to reveal the attachment that had sprung up in his breast. Blinded by the strength of his passion, he at last ventured to speak on the subject to his father.

The astonishment of the elder Mayne at the disclosure was only equalled by his anger. 'Again and again,' he said, 'have I told you of the cause I have to dislike that man and all that belong to him. He inflicted on me an injury, for which he has not deigned ever to make an atonement, even in words. You knew this, and yet you have—— Hugh Mayne, you have ever been a dutiful son, and I now lay my commands on you never to'——

The son interrupted his father. 'Do not pronounce a command,' he said, 'which it will be impossible—which it will destroy my peace—to obey. And not *my* peace only, but that of another will be ruined by it.'

'You are too simple, Hugh Mayne,' replied the father; 'you know not the temper of that man and his whole breed. Mary Waters can have no true affection for a son of mine. Hate to all of our name would be instilled into the minds of that family from their cradle. It is our money they look to.'

'You are wrong, father,' returned Hugh; 'this is your own prejudice that speaks.'

'And have I not cause to be prejudiced?' said the father, warming with the recollection of his wrong. 'Did not I suffer imprisonment for years through his means? I have ever been a kind parent to you, Hugh, but I know not that I would not sooner see you wedded to a negro slave, than to a daughter of Henry Waters. Never will one of that man's offspring be a good and loving wife to son of mine.'

Though conscious, in the depths of his soul, of the erroneous nature of his father's assertion, Hugh saw the necessity of giving up the point, for the time at least, before his father should be irritated into a more positive expression of anger or discouragement. With a sigh, he turned away to put on his hunting-gear, feeling that solitude would be most congenial to his present state of mind. Erelong he was on his way to the hills, with his hunting-belt across his shoulder, and his rifle in his hand—a weapon which the half-farmers half-hunters of the border seldom went without.

It was verging towards noon when Hugh Mayne left his home. On the evening of the same day, Mary Waters sat in her father's cottage, with her knitting on her knee, working, and at the same time conversing with her invalid mother, who lay upon a small bed in the same apartment. 'I hear the dogs barking, Mary; why has not your father taken them with him to the hills to-day?' asked the old woman.

'He thought, mother, that their noise might bring the Indians on his track, if the savages have really returned to this neighbourhood, which I pray to Heaven may not be the case!' As the young woman made this reply, she rose from her seat, and saying: 'The dogs know his hour—my father should be coming home now,' she went to the door of the cottage. She returned in a minute or two with the information that her father was not yet visible. After an affectionate inquiry into the state of comfort of the old woman, the young maiden turned once more to her homely labours.

Her anxiety did not permit her to sit long, ere she again went to the door, to look along the hill-side in front of the cottage for the form of her returning parent. On her third visit, her mother was greatly startled by a wild shriek from her lips, followed by her hurried re-entrance into the cottage. 'Merciful Heaven!' she exclaimed in an agony of alarm, 'Hugh Mayne is pursued! The savages are at his heels! O mother, mother! what is to be done?' The powerless invalid to whom this vain appeal was made, fell back on her couch, while the daughter rushed again to the door. A dreadful sight was indeed before her eyes. Along the side of the hill already mentioned, her lover was seen making at full speed for the cottage, trusting, doubtless, to receive assistance, or to effect a stand there at some advantage, against those who pursued him. These were three in number, dusky sons of the wild, terrible with their war-paint, and uttering fearful yells, as they bounded, at short distances from one another, like deer-hounds after their prey. Hugh had the advantage of them by

not more than thirty yards, a distance that seemed fearfully short to the straining eyes of poor Mary. All parties were armed, the Indians both with gun and tomahawk, and Hugh with his rifle only. But, as it appeared, the firearms of the savages chanced not to have been loaded when they first set eyes on their victim. The weapon of the white hunter, fortunately, was in a different condition; and while he was still a considerable way from the cottage, he turned round, raised his rifle with instant and unerring aim, and the foremost of his pursuers tumbled on the sward a lifeless corpse.

Some time was lost by this act, rapidly executed as it was. In truth, the loss seemed likely to be fatal to the white hunter, who recommenced his flight with the distance between him and his surviving foes alarmingly diminished. But help was at hand, and from an unexpected source. Being more than six miles distant from any other settlers, and neither her father nor any others of the family being at hand, Mary Waters had spent some moments in maddening anxiety, hopeless of all aid, until she bethought her of *one* chance of help, such as it was. She flew to the place where her father's two dogs, for the reason noticed, had been temporarily shut up, freed them, and led them in the direction of the chase, exerting all the speed which her limbs were at the moment capable of. The faithful creatures, of a powerful breed, and accustomed to bear-hunting, speedily recognised the approach of strangers and enemies, and needed not the cries of the maiden to send them at full speed in the required direction. They reached the spot just as the Indians seemed to be gaining and closing on Hugh. The wily savages had not seen the advance of the dogs without some preparation for their reception. Poising his tomahawk with scarcely even a momentary abatement of his speed, the foremost of the two Indians throw the weapon at one of the advancing animals, when a few feet from him, and buried it in the creature's body. The other Indian was not so fortunate in a similar aim at

other dog. The tomahawk missed its mark, and in instant the animal had sprung at the throat of the dog, and pulled him to the ground. A single glance behind him told Hugh that the dogs had effected a change, and rid him for the time of one pursuer. Panting and exhausted, he resolved to make stand against his now single foe, and terminate the contest, if possible, by a struggle hand to hand, ere the voracious savage could free himself from the dog, and come to his companion's aid. With this determination, he suddenly wheeled round, grasping the barrel of his rifle with both hands. At this instant, the pursuing Indian was not ten yards distant. On seeing the white hunter's movement, the savage also made a sudden stop, and assumed the same attitude. Each equally fatigued, and with breasts heaving high with toil and excitement, the two adversaries stood gazing on each other, as if by mutual consent, to regain breath for the deadly struggle. Both of them were men of tall stature, and with forms combining, in an extraordinary degree, power with agility. After a pause, the men appeared at one and the same moment to think of loading their guns as the preferable mode of determining the contest, in the exhausted state in which they were. Their hands moved simultaneously to their powder-horns, and a most mentious trial of quickness in loading began. Both of them handled their arms with the dexterity of practised marksmen. In the same second of time they rammed their cartridges, and threw their ramrods on the ground. With the quickness of lightning, the Indian applied his powder-horn to the priming, and in that moment of awful import it is not surprising that his hand trembled, as he was. But Hugh did *not* apply his horn to the same use : he staked his life upon a chance. Striking the breech of his rifle violently upon the ground, he seized the weapon, aimed, and his bullet went through the heart of his enemy ! By the plan he had adopted, he had trusted to his rifle *priming itself*, and the second time which he had thus gained, had decided the

struggle. It was but a second that he had gained, for, as the Indian fell, the bullet from the mouth of his ascending rifle touched the very hairs upon Hugh's head!

All this had passed before the eyes of poor Mary, who had continued, in the unthinking agony of fear and love, to fly in the direction in which her lover's danger lay. She reached the scene of the contest we have described before Hugh had raised his eyes from the body of his fallen adversary, and she fell into his arms with an exclamation of mingled terror and joy. Her presence, which would have been fatal to both at an earlier moment, now reminded Hugh of the necessity of preparing his arms for the possibility of another encounter. He laid the insensible form of his mistress gently upon the grass, and loaded his gun carefully but quickly. Seeing no movement, however, on the part of the prostrate Indian, who lay at no great distance, he concluded that the faithful dog had mastered the savage, and held him still in its power. Hugh then applied himself to the task of recovering Mary from her swoon. She opened her eyes with a shudder, and on seeing the well-known countenance of her lover bending over her, she murmured: 'Has this been a dream—a fearful dream?'

'No, my dearest Mary,' replied Hugh; 'it is no dream that you have been a preserving angel to me this day! It is no dream that you have snatched me from the brink of the grave!'

A glimpse of the dark body of the Indian did more than these words to bring back to the young maiden's mind a sense of the reality of the dreadful scene that had passed, and the remembrance was so terrible that for a time she relapsed into a state almost of insensibility.

While Hugh was endeavouring to restore her to perfect consciousness and composure, by the use of every endearing term that love and gratitude could suggest to him, a third party, breathless and exhausted, came up to the spot. This was Hugh's father, who had seen from a distance the danger of his son. The agitated parent's first question was, if Hugh 'was unhurt.'

'That I am alive at all, father,' was the reply, 'you have to thank, after Heaven, this dear girl's love for me, which made her regardless of her own life when mine was in danger.'

'I partly beheld what she did, and I do thank her,' said the elder Mayne, with tears in his eyes. 'May God bless her for this day's act! I have been unjust to her, and for her sake I will be the first to drown all unkindness between her father and myself.'

Mary Waters was sufficiently recovered by this time to hear these words, and a blush of pleasure suffused her cheek as she raised her head from the arm that had for a time sustained her.

Hugh had kept his eye occasionally on the spot where the dog and its adversary lay, and after the conversation with his father, the young man went up to the spot, with steps rendered cautious by his knowledge of the cunning of the savages. No motion appeared on the part of the Indian. In truth, he was dead. The dog also was lifeless, having been stabbed repeatedly with the long knife of the Red Man; yet even in death its teeth relaxed not their hold of the bare throat of the savage, who had been choked, as appeared from the ground, only after the most violent struggles. On ascertaining this fact, which put an end to all danger for the moment, Hugh Mayne and his father, at the desire of the latter, accompanied Mary Waters to her home. Her mother had passed the moments of Mary's absence in a state of great anxiety, proportionate to which was her relief when the happy result of the adventure was made known to her. Her husband, as has been said, was from home, but he returned before the elder Mayne's departure, and a reconciliation took place, which was a blissful sight to the youthful pair, to whose happiness the previous estrangement had been so obstructive.

No long time afterwards, Hugh Mayne was united to Mary Waters. To them, therefore, this perilous adventure with the Red Men became a still more memorable occurrence than it would otherwise have been, and was rendered a retrospect as much of joy as of terror.

THE TREASURE-FINDER OF MARSEILLE.

THE evil consequences of a superstitious belief in *the supernatural*, have been, in modern times, shewn up to mankind in many lights. The following story, however, seems to us to place the subject in a somewhat novel point of view, and to shew how widely and grossly justice might be perverted, in discussions relative to affairs of every kind, when its ministers were biassed by superstitious prejudices:—

Honoré Mirabel, a young peasant of Pertuys, a small country district in the neighbourhood of Marseille, came—in the year 1726—before the judicial authorities of the city mentioned, and demanded justice for an injury that had been done to him. On being asked to narrate the particular grounds of his complaint, he did so to the following effect.—[The reader is to regard this as in the main a grave information laid before grave judges, though we preserve in part, for his amusement, the ironical style which the French writer employs in giving his report of the peasant's deposition.]—Honoré Mirabel stated, that he chanced, one night in May, about eleven o'clock, to be lying under an almond-tree, near the farmhouse where he was resident as a servant. From the spot where he lay, he saw, by the light of the moon, the figure of a man at the upper window of a neighbouring cottage, which was not five or six steps from him. This cottage was inhabited by a woman; and the sight of a man in that place surprised Mirabel. He thought himself necessitated to ask the man what he did there; but to all questions of this kind, the figure gave as little reply as the statue of St Peter on a holiday when his health is drunk. The obstinate silence of the man piqued Mirabel; with a Quixotish desire to redress wrongs, he resolved to penetrate the mystery. The door leading to the cottage was open; he entered, and mounted some steps leading

to the spot where he had seen the figure, but the figure was to be seen no more! The peasant then began to think he had seen a spectre, a phantom, an apparition, or whatever you may choose to call it. When this idea struck him, he got mightily afraid, and descended the steps, taking four of them at every bound, after which he made for a well in the vicinity, in order to draw up some water; for fear is a sad exciter of thirst. While he was drinking, he heard behind him a broken voice—such a voice as all your apparitional gentry are said to have, of a kind by no means musical—saying: ‘Mirabel, there is a treasure buried here; thou hast but to dig for it, and it will be thine: all that thou hast to do in return, is to cause some masses to be said for my soul.’

This language discovered to the peasant that the apparition was a poor suffering Catholic soul in want of prayers. He also saw a stone drop close by him, and concluded that it was intended to mark the spot where he was to dig.

The mind of Mirabel could not sustain alone the weight of so much good-fortune. Before doing anything further, he went to a neighbouring farm, and communicated the whole affair to a servant named Bernard, and to the mistress—Magdeleine Caillot—whom Bernard served. These three, at five o'clock in the ensuing morning, went to the spot to dig for the treasure. Scarcely had they broken the earth, when they found a packet of dirty linen, on striking which with the pickaxe, they heard something tinkle. They were greatly overjoyed at this, but did not dare to touch the packet with their hands, for fear of catching from it some infectious disease, of which the late owner might have died. By breaking an almond-branch, however, they managed to lift the parcel, and to swing it privately—keeping it all the while at a goodly distance from their persons—to Mirabel's place of abode. Here they fumigated it, or rather sprinkled it with wine—for want of vinegar—and then took courage to open it. What a glorious sight met their eyes! More than 1000 large

gold pieces, of Portuguese coinage! Mirabel's eyes were enraptured; he thought to himself, that for the rest of his life he had nothing to do but to eat, drink, and be merry. How he got rid of Bernard and the dame who had been present at the discovery, does not appear. He did get rid of them, seemingly, however, and had all left to himself. And now his only thought was, how to keep it secure; how to keep it from robbers and all intromittents of the kind.

In prosecution of this object, Mirabel went—to continue his own statement—to a storekeeper of Marseille named Auquier, and asked his counsel as to the disposal of the treasure. Auquier immediately formed the desire of tricking Mirabel out of the gold. To effect this, the storekeeper frightened the peasant, by telling him that all the gold would be confiscated by the king's officers, if they could get a sight and a hold of it. Mirabel, therefore, did not dare to use his treasure, but Auquier lent him money, went with him everywhere to gain his confidence, and took other ways of effecting the desired object. Auquier also shewed to Mirabel his own money, consisting of gold and silver pieces kept in an *osier-basket*, in order to induce a reciprocal act on the peasant's part. At last, Mirabel was induced to give over his gold to the custody of Auquier. It was put—on the 6th of September 1726—into the storekeeper's hands in two bags, one of which was tied by a *gold-coloured ribbon*. Auquier gave, Mirabel averred, a receipt for the gold in these terms: 'I acknowledge myself to owe to Honoré Mirabel the sum of 20,000 livres, which I promise to return to him at his option, deducting the sum of forty livres due by him to me. At Marseille, 27th September 1726.—Signed Auquier.' Some few days after this transaction, Mirabel, in passing along the highway, was attacked by a man of great strength and bulk, who struck the peasant a blow with a sword, and pierced his vest and shirt. Mirabel became suspicious that Auquier was the author or instigator of this assault, and demanded back the treasure, or the payment of the obligation.

Auquier denied the receipt of the gold—in short, denied all knowledge of the affair.

Such is the substance of the deposition made by Honoré Mirabel before the criminal authorities, or lieutenant-criminal, as the public prosecutor is called, of Marseille. The peasant demanded justice against Auquier, who had cheated him out of his money. Will it be believed, that little more than a hundred years ago, this ridiculous story of an apparition and a found treasure was listened to by the judge with the greatest gravity, and that steps were immediately taken for an inquiry into the case, with as much seriousness as if Mirabel had been suing for the recovery of a property which had descended to him regularly from his ancestors! This part of the story seemed at once to be set down as possible and probable; and the point into which inquiry was really first made, was the existence or not of the gold in Auquier's hands. The house and premises of the storekeeper were examined. No gold, either in coins or otherwise, was found there; but two things were found, which were thought to be evidences of Mirabel's veracity: one of these articles was an *osier-basket*, such as Mirabel deposed Auquier to have kept his own gold in; and the other article was a *gold-coloured ribbon*, such as Mirabel asserted to have been about the mouth of one of his bags of gold. When Auquier himself was interrogated, he stated, that he had known Mirabel since the previous month of May; that he had twice—once in his own house, and once at an inn—eaten with the peasant, and had lent him two crowns; and that Mirabel had declared himself the finder of a treasure, which he proposed to put into his—Auquier's—hands for safety, upon the security of a regular obligation before a notary. But all that Mirabel had asserted regarding the actual delivery of the treasure, and other circumstances, Auquier declared to be utterly and entirely false.

Such were the results of the first investigations. The osier-basket and the gold-coloured ribbon, as well as the admission of a proposal, at least, to lodge a treasure with

him, were held by the judge in the matter as strong testimonies against Auquier, who was taken into custody. Witnesses were *then* examined relative to the story of the treasure-finding. Magdeleine Caillot, the woman whom Mirabel asserted to have been present with the man Bernard and himself at the time, was brought forward, and *corroborated* the peasant's story. She said she had seen Mirabel dig, and find the linen packet; that she had *seen one*, at least, of the gold pieces in it; and she identified the gold-coloured ribbon that had been found at Auquier's, as one which Mirabel had shewn her. This woman also said, that Mirabel had shewn her a cut in his vest and shirt, and told her that he had been attacked. Several other points in the peasant's story were confirmed by Magdeleine Caillot, but they were all got on hearsay from himself, with the exception of those particularised. Another witness on Mirabel's part, by name Gaspard Deleuil, deposed, that on the 6th of September he had met Mirabel, and, from a little distance—being desired by the peasant to wait—had seen the latter deliver a packet to a man, who handed him a bit of paper in return. Deleuil further stated, that, on being joined again by Mirabel, the latter told him that the person who had received the packet was Auquier, and that it contained a treasure which he, Mirabel, had recently found. A third witness deposed to having heard the treasure and apparition story at the time from Mirabel, and also to having seen one of the pieces of gold contained in a bag which was full of them. The same witness further deposed to having reproached Auquier for his treachery to Mirabel, on which the store-keeper grew *pale as death*, and desired the witness not 'to speak so loud.' Mirabel further presented in evidence the obligation already mentioned. It appeared either to be an imitation or a disguise of Auquier's handwriting. Mirabel affirmed it to have been purposely disguised by the accused.

These were the principal depositions made before the chief-judge at Marseille, and they appeared to that functionary

so strongly to prove the guilt of Auquier, that that unfortunate person, who unflinchingly maintained his entire innocence, was sentenced to the *torture*, in order that a confession might be extracted from him. Happily, before this decree could be executed, an appeal was made by Auquier to the local court, called the Parliament of Aix, a town at no great distance from Marseille. Here the cause was again heard, counsel appearing for both parties. The Parliament of Aix, after listening to serious and long arguments, directed that Bernard, one of the original treasure-finders, should be summoned to appear and give evidence. It seems unintelligible why this man was not called at the very outset; but, indeed, the wise judge of Marseille seems to have taken that part of the story almost for granted.

By the summoning of the man Bernard, the first clue was given to the unravelling of this strange affair, and the life and honour of an innocent man were saved. Bernard deposed before the Parliament of Aix, 'That Mirabel, on a certain day, came and told him of an apparition having pointed out a treasure in the earth; that they went out to dig for it, but saw nothing; that Mirabel, however, persuaded him to go a second time, along with Magdeleine Caillot, and assist in digging for the treasure, which digging proved a foolery again, *neither linen nor anything else being seen.*' Bernard, moreover, stated that Mirabel had shewn him a paper which had cost a crown in drawing up. On the billet—purporting to be an obligation from Auquier to Mirabel for 20,000 livres—being shewn to Bernard, the latter declared it to be the *same*, to the best of his belief, as that which Mirabel had shewn to him as having cost a crown.

Here was a new light thrown on the treasure-finding and the treasure-finder, and in a short time other circumstances were discovered, which shew this to have been a most skilfully-planned deception, and one rendered the more wonderful, from the seeming simplicity of its author, who *was but a plain, unlettered peasant.* After Bernard *had made his deposition*, Magdeleine Caillot came forward,

and confessed that she had never seen any treasure or gold found by Mirabel, and that she had affirmed the contrary solely at his pressing entreaties. Auquier also, having had time to consider, procured proof that on the day when Mirabel affirmed him to have received the bags of money, he was eight leagues distant from the spot. The billet, also, or obligation, seemingly from Auquier to Mirabel, was distinctly shewn to have been forged. Other evidence, which it is needless to recapitulate, finally brought it plainly to view, that corruption of witnesses, forgery of handwriting, skilful selection of time and place, and, in short, every possible means of deception, had been provided and prepared by Mirabel for the success of this scheme. On becoming satisfied of this, the parliament fully acquitted Auquier, sentenced Magdeleine Caillot to pay a fine, and doomed Mirabel to the galleys—or hulks, as they are named in England—for life. As he still persisted, however, in asserting the truth of his whole story, he was sentenced to undergo the torture before going to the galleys. The torture changed his tone. He confessed the whole to be a deception, and declared the idea to have occurred to him as a means of exciting notice, and relieving him from the hard labour to which his situation in life subjected him. But the conversion of his deception to the purpose of injuring Auquier, Mirabel declared to have been the suggestion of another person, a man named Barthelemy, who had suborned the witness Deleuil and others to carry out the plot.

Barthelemy, a man known to be the bitter enemy of Auquier, was immediately arrested, and the charge brought clearly home to him. He was sentenced, like Mirabel, to the galleys for life; while Deleuil, and another of the most criminal of the perjured witnesses, were doomed to be hung by the armpits for a time in the public streets—a severe mode of pillorying people, long practised in the country where these scenes took place. *Thus ended the treasure-finding of Honoré Mirabel—a man who shewed talents in conducting it worthy of a*

better cause. Anquier regained his place in society; but it is lamentable to think what might have been his fate, had the Parliament of Aix been guided in their decisions by the same superstitious prejudices which actuated the supreme judge of Marseille. We may really with some cause flatter ourselves, that the lapse of one century has made a beneficial change on the world in this respect; for certainly, any man who came forward now-a-days to claim restoration of property got after the fashion of Mirabel, would find some difficulty, in the first place, in persuading a French or English court that he had ever possessed it.

CHRISTIAN NIMMO:

AN EDINBURGH FIRESIDE STORY.

IN the grounds immediately surrounding the ancient and ruinous castle of Corstorphine, long the seat of the noble family of Forrester, and situated a little to the west of the capital of Scotland, there stands an old pigeon-house, with a tree, also of great age, at the distance of a few yards from it. At this day, superstition has in a great measure lost its hold of the minds even of the peasantry of the land, yet not many years have passed away since the villagers of Corstorphine, within sight of whose cottages the scene lies, could not turn their eyes after nightfall towards that pigeon-house and tree without feelings of awe and dismay. For there, they averred, was to be seen on moonlight nights the figure of a woman, clothed in a white garment speckled with drops of blood, and carrying in her hand a sword dripping with gore. Round the tree and dovecot, said the tradition, she wandered hour after hour, weeping and wailing continually, from the setting in of night till cock-crow.

This superstition had its foundation in a lamentable

tragedy, which actually took place on that spot, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The family of Forrester was of great antiquity, and derived their name from the first of their house having been *forester* or keeper of forests to one of the early Scottish kings, as the hunting-horns indicate, which form the armorial-bearings of the family. Sir Adam Forrester, a wealthy burgess of Edinburgh in the fourteenth century, was the founder of this line of the Forresters, or, at least, the first of the name who held the lands of Corstorphine. The tenth baron in direct descent from him was George Forrester, who was first created a baronet by Charles I., and afterwards, in the year 1633, was advanced to the peerage by the style of Lord Forrester of Corstorphine. This nobleman had five daughters, the fourth of whom, the Honourable Joanna Forrester, was married to James Baillie, eldest son of General W. Baillie of Torwoodhead. Having no male issue, Lord Forrester, before his death, got a new charter from the king, by which the peerage was devised to James Baillie and his heirs by Joanna Forrester, and on the same parties was settled the Corstorphine estate. Why the three elder daughters, who were all of them well married, were passed over in this manner, it would be difficult now to discover; but the circumstance was probably not without its influence, as will be seen, in producing the melancholy catastrophe, to the elucidation of which these genealogical particulars are necessary preliminaries.

On the death of the first Lord Forrester, James Baillie, according to the terms of the patent mentioned, took the name of Forrester, and succeeded to the peerage, in the year 1654. His lady, Joanna Forrester, brought him one son, who died in infancy, and was followed to the grave soon afterwards by his mother. Lord Forrester married, as his second wife, a daughter of the Earl of Forth, but was again left a widower, after several children, who took their mother's name of Ruthven, had been born to *him*. Lord Forrester was not more than forty years of *age* when his second lady died, and it was subsequently

to that event that he formed the unhappy and criminal connection which is the main object of our present narration.

In the days to which we allude, many of the merchants of Edinburgh were cadets or younger sons of good families; and history tells us, that the civic honours of the city were then not despised by the landed gentry around. Intermarriages, also, were more common between the more respectable portions of the mercantile order and the families of the landed gentry. There is no cause for marvel, therefore, when we find a granddaughter of the first Lord Forrester married to a merchant of Edinburgh. The name of that merchant was James Nimmo, and his wife's name Christian Hamilton, a daughter of Hamilton of Grange by the Honourable Mary Forrester, third daughter of the first Lord Forrester, and one of those children who were passed over by the deed of entail. Christian Hamilton or Nimmo was a woman of great beauty, but of a haughty disposition and violent temper. Though the wife of a merchant, she appears to have been proud of her birth, and, in particular, of her relationship to the noble family of Corstorphine. From the close neighbourhood of the seat of the Forresters to Edinburgh, Lord Forrester was frequently in the city, even when it was not the season for the residence of the nobility and gentry in their town mansions. Hence it was that habits of intercourse sprang up between Lord Forrester and the family of James Nimmo. His lordship, as has been said, was still far from being old when left a widower a second time, and, unfortunately, he was struck with the youthful bloom and beauty of the wife of Nimmo. Her relationship to him—maritally or in law, though not in blood—as the niece of his first lady, did not deter Lord Forrester from encouraging the growth of such a passion, and the opportunities which that very relationship gave him of visiting the house of Nimmo, were erelong productive of the dishonour of the merchant's wife. From the after-conduct of Christian Nimmo, it is to be feared that her mind was a

stranger to the feelings which might have averted this disgrace.

This guilty intercourse continued for a number of years, and appears, as is not uncommon in such cases, to have become ultimately almost open and undisguised. No divorce, however, took place between Nimmo and his wife, although, on the part of Lord Forrester, such an event was anticipated, and at one time even wished for. His lordship had been noted as one of the supporters of the Presbyterian party; yet, strange to say, he had applied for and obtained, there is good reason to believe, a dispensation from the pope to marry Mrs Nimmo—after a divorce, of course, should have taken place. One can scarcely conceive of any other terms upon which such a dispensation can have been procured or could be useful, except upon the condition of his lordship becoming a Catholic, and giving his influence to that cause. But ties such as that existing between Lord Forrester and Mrs Nimmo are seldom permitted to have even the appearance of a happy issue. Based upon one unregulated passion, they excite and nourish others of even a worse nature. So was it in this case.

On the morning of the 26th of August 1679, Mrs Nimmo left Edinburgh, attended by her serving-woman, to visit Corstorphine Castle. On reaching the castle, where her presence was but too familiar a spectacle, Mrs Nimmo found that his lordship was not at home; but on making inquiry, she learned that he was at the inn of the village, and had been drinking there since an early hour. She sent for him, and he came at her request. They entered together the garden of Corstorphine Castle, and walked in it for some time. It is believed that the divorce and dispensation formed the subject of the lady's discourse, and that she vehemently pressed his lordship to set on foot the process of separation, and to fulfil his purpose of making her his wife, which, the proud woman thought, her descent from an elder sister of the late Baroness Forrester rendered little less than her due.

scited by the liquor he had taken, and irritated by the

violence of her reproaches, Lord Forrester answered her with bitterness and violence equal to her own. The altercation grew more and more angry in its tone, and at length his lordship applied a name to Mrs Nimmo the most degrading that can be used to one of her sex. The miserable woman could not say with the innocent Desdemona: 'Am I that name which he did call me?' But the sting was not the less severe from being merited, and fell with tenfold force when coming from the lips of him who had been in some measure the cause of her meriting the epithet. All the fiery passions of Christian Nimmo's nature were aroused. In the revengeful madness of the moment, she snatched at the sword which hung by his lordship's side, pulled it from the scabbard, and in an instant stabbed him through the body. Lord Forrester did not fall with the blow, but the enraged woman repeated it, and he dropped to the ground. He died almost immediately. The spot on which he fell was directly under the *tree* by the side of the *pigeon-house*.

The guilty woman fled from the scene of death as soon as she could recall her thoughts sufficiently to be sensible of the consequences of her act. She gained one of the doors of the castle, and made her way unperceived up the long flights of stairs till she reached an old lumber garret-room, where she secreted herself among the useless furniture and other articles, in such a way as might have rendered it no easy matter to discover her retreat, had not an accident betrayed it. The deed in the garden was seen from a short distance by three persons, who rushed to the spot, and found Lord Forrester covered with blood and lifeless. The alarm was immediately given, and ere long the horror-struck servants of the family were on the search for the murderess. She had been seen to run towards the castle, and to that quarter was the attention of the pursuers directed. They sought long in vain, until in one room the slipper of the wretched woman was found on the floor. The closets of that apartment were then examined, in the full assurance that Mrs Nimmo must be there. But this proved not to

be the case, and the pursuers were still at fault, when it chanced that one person, standing on the very spot where the slipper was found, cast a glance upwards to the ceiling, and beheld a hole in the floor above. It immediately struck this person, that the slipper had fallen through, and that the object of their search would be in the garret above. That conjecture was correct. Being rotten, and long untrodden, the floor of the garret had given way under Nimmo's foot, and though she had retracted the foot, the slipper had fallen into the room below. The unhappy creature was dragged from her concealment, and the ministers of justice being made acquainted with what had occurred, she was taken to Edinburgh, and lodged, before the sun went down that had witnessed her crime, in the Tolbooth of the city, or, to give it its more famous name, the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

It may well be supposed, that the rank and station of the victim of this dreadful act, as well as the relationship of the parties, and the unhappy circumstances in which they stood with regard to each other, caused the affair to make an extraordinary impression on the public mind. On the second day after the deed, the 28th of August, Christian Nimmo was examined by the sheriffs of Edinburgh. 'She confessed the fact,' says Lord Fountain-hall in his *Decisions*, 'but pretended that she was provoked thereto, because he, Lord Forrester, in his drink had abused her with the vilest terms of reproach.' She retained complete presence of mind, and made 'a long discourse of the circumstances and manner of the act, seeking to palliate and extenuate it.' The tenor of her statement was, that it was well known that Lord Forrester, when under the influence of drink, was very furious; that he was so on this occasion; that he drew his sword and ran at her with it; that she took it from him to preserve herself from hazard; and that he ran in his blind fury upon the sword's point, and thereby gave himself the mortal injury whereof he died.

The three witnesses—two men, and Christian Nimmo's

own woman—proved this statement to be totally false. They had seen her draw the sword with her own hands from his lordship's side, and stab him with it. Moreover, one wound only would have been inflicted, in all likelihood, had the matter occurred as described by her, whereas several wounds appeared on his lordship's body, shewing the furious passion by which the murderess had been actuated. This plea failing, therefore, Christian Nimmo, though she held obstinately to the last by the same assertions, betook herself also to other schemes for averting the consequences of her act. She declared herself likely to become a mother; but a medical commission which was thereupon appointed, deponed, to the best of their judgment, that no signs existed of this averment being true. It was accordingly regarded as a 'mere shift to procure delay.' Before the fate of Christian Nimmo was decided by the courts of the period, she made another attempt to evade justice, and was to a certain extent successful. Having been supplied by some of her emissaries with man's apparel, she contrived to make her escape in that dress from the Tolbooth, on the 29th of September, about five o'clock at night, in 'tho gloaming.' Her intention was to cross the English border, and she bent her course in that direction. Being on foot, however, she was able only to reach Fala-mill, about fifteen miles from Edinburgh, on the night of her escape. She remained here till the morning, and, before she could resume her flight, was taken by the officers of justice, who had discovered her route, and followed closely on her footsteps. Tradition says, that she was aware of their approach before they seized her, and that she fled, and might possibly have escaped through her great bodily activity, had not a man, from mere wantonness, put out his foot as she passed him, and tripped her. Whether this part of the story be true or not, she was certainly taken, and reconveyed to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh.

No further incident occurred to impede the course of justice in this remarkable case. Christian Nimmo was

tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be beheaded. One point came out in the evidence, worthy of notice as exemplifying the natural violence of this wretched woman's temper. It was discovered, to use Fountainhall's words, that 'she ordinarily carried a sword beneath her petticoats,' though from her using his lordship's weapon, this does not appear to have been the case at the time of the murder. The closing scene of Christian Nimmo's life took place on the 12th of November 1679, at the Cross of Edinburgh. She appeared on the scaffold dressed 'all in mourning, with a large wail (veil), and, before the laying down of her head, she laid it (the veil) off, and put on a whyte taffetie hood, and bared her shoulders with her own hands, with seeming courage enough.' The stroke of the *maiden*—a well-known instrument, resembling the guillotine—terminated the guilty career of Christian Nimmo.

In the closet of Lord Forrester, after his decease, was found the dispensation from the pope already alluded to, if we may trust to the authority of a work called *Popery and Schism equally Dangerous in the Church of England*. In closing his account of this striking case, Lord Fountainhall notices that the females of the house of Grange appear to have been of a peculiarly unhappy temperament in other instances than this. Christian Nimmo's 'cusing germane, Mrs Bedford,' murdered her husband under circumstances of great aggravation; 'and they say that the Ladie Warriston, who about 100 years ago strangled her husband Kincaid of Warriston, was of the same family.'

Such is the story of the pigeon-house and old tree of Corstorphine, and such the basis of the superstition relative to the white lady, said to wander and wail by moonlight with the bloody sword in her hand, around the scene of her guilt. The whole connection between Lord Forrester and Christian Nimmo was, indeed, peculiarly criminal, since she was, to use again the words of Fountainhall, 'my lord's first lady's niece; so t the visible judgment of God may be read both upon

her and him.' The family of Forrester of Corstorphine was not continued through this unhappy lord, but through William Baillie, his brother, who married the fifth daughter of the first Lord Forrester, and succeeded, by the terms of entail, to the title and estates. His descendant by the female side is now Lord Forrester of Corstorphine, being at the same time Viscount Grimston in the Irish, and Earl Verulam in the British peerage.

THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA.

THEODORE BARON NEUHOF was one of the most extraordinary characters of the last century. He was born in the district of Marck, in Westphalia, and succeeded to a considerable patrimony, which had been for several generations in the possession of the noble family whose title descended to him. Theodore was educated in the French service, and afterwards travelled, in pursuit of various objects, into England, the Netherlands, and Italy. He shewed himself to be possessed of excellent abilities, and had a strong liking for daring and romantic enterprise. While travelling in Italy, he was forcibly struck with the unsettled state of the island of Corsica, then, as it had been for several centuries, a dependency of the republic of Genoa. The Genoese had ruled the Corsicans most tyrannically, and had roused them on various occasions to insurrection. In 1729, shortly before Theodore's attention was particularly directed to the subject, the islanders had risen against their oppressors. The immediate cause of the movement was a very slight one. A *paolo*, or coin about the value of fivepence (English), being due by a poor elderly woman to a Genoese tax-collector, the latter had the cruelty to seize on the poor debtor's whole effects, which exasperated her countrymen to such an extent, that they flew to

arms. The Genoese were only able to reduce them by calling in the assistance of the Emperor Charles VI., who guaranteed the preservation of a treaty, signed by the Corsicans and Genoese in 1733. The Genoese, however, returned to their old system of despotism in a very brief period, and the islanders again openly resisted their authority.

Things were in this condition when Theodore Baron Neuhoﬀ became interested in the Corsican cause. Seeing that the island had very considerable natural resources, being about 100 miles in length and 50 broad—at its longest and broadest parts—and having a productive soil, several pretty large cities, and a considerable population, Theodore conceived that Corsica might readily reach and maintain an independent position among the European states. His romantic ambition led him to form the desire and hope of mounting its throne himself. Accordingly, he cast his eyes around him, to prepare the means and pave the way for attaining this object of his ambition. He went to Tunis, where he contrived—partly, no doubt, by the use of his own fortune, and partly by other means not very well understood—to obtain a supply of arms and ammunition. He was also successful in procuring a supply of money. He then repaired to Leghorn, whence he wrote a letter to the two chiefs Giafferi and Paoli—father of Pascal Paoli—whom the Corsicans had placed temporarily at the head of affairs, and with whom Theodore had had some slight correspondence previously. In this epistle, the baron made large offers of assistance to the Corsican people, provided they would elect him their king. He also assured Giafferi and Paoli that he had received promises of countenance from various European states—which is understood to have been really the case. In consequence of the very favourable manner in which his proffer was received, Theodore sailed for Corsica, and landed in the spring of 1736. He was at this time *in the prime of manhood*, was gifted with an *admirable address*, and had a very noble and stately personal *appearance*, to the dignity of which the Turkish dress

worn by him added very considerably. He brought with him about 1000 zechins of Tunis—above L.3000 sterling—besides arms and ammunition. Struck by his engaging manners, his generosity, and his assurances of foreign assistance, the Corsicans, when he was introduced to them by their chiefs, immediately proclaimed him king.

After the assembly of the island had regularly and solemnly ratified the choice of the popular voice, Theodore assumed every mark of royal dignity. He had his guards and officers of state; he conferred titles of honour, and coined money, both silver and copper, stamped with his regal lineaments. Though he indulged himself too much, certainly, in toying with these externals of majesty, he did not neglect other and more important matters. The Genoese were in possession of the fortified towns on the island, and these King Theodore immediately blocked up, besides taking other warlike and politic steps for securing and confirming his sovereignty. But, though not unsuccessful in these measures, the play, for such it may be called, drew to an end when none of the promised succours arrived from the continental states, and Theodore's own means were expended. The Corsicans grew discontented, and exhibited this feeling so strongly, that their king found it expedient to leave them. He was not deposed, however, nor did he resign his throne. He professed merely to go in person in search of the expected assistance, and settled a plan for the administration of affairs in his absence. He then quitted the island, after having reigned in it for the short space of eight months.

King Theodore found, to his regret, that the courts of Great Britain and France had forbidden their subjects from furnishing any kind of assistance to the malcontents of Corsica. France, indeed, had a strong party in the island, and was not averse to taking possession of it for herself. Theodore wandered up and down, trying to procure assistance from other European courts, but was *unsuccessful*. At last, a party of rich merchants in *Holland*, allured by his plausible story, gave him credit

to a large extent, and furnished him with cannon and other warlike stores, which they, for more security, intrusted to the charge of a supercargo. Accompanied by this person, Theodore returned in 1739 to Corsica, where, to his lasting dishonour, he put the supercargo to death—if we may trust to James Boswell, in his *Account of Corsica*—‘that he might not have any trouble from demands being made upon him.’

Though Theodore threw in his warlike stores into the island, the Genoese, aided by the French, had recovered their authority too fully to permit him to remain upon it with safety. A high price had been set upon his head, and the poor king was obliged to relinquish his throne, and to secure his personal safety by returning to the continent. After this period, Theodore roamed for many years among the European states, striving to procure assistance for his reinstatement on his throne, and experiencing many vicissitudes of fortune. At last he came to Britain, where he was soon reduced to great distress. He got into debt, and was finally thrown on that account into the prison of the King’s Bench.

Here the unfortunate sovereign of Corsica—for such he had undoubtedly been made by the legitimate agency of the people’s unanimous voice—for many years lay an unheeded captive, until his case became known to several persons of eminence in Britain. Among others who took an interest in this remarkable example of human mutability, was Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. Walpole was at that time a contributor to the *World*—a series of weekly essays upon the plan of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; and in the eighth number of this periodical, issued on the 22d of February 1753, he called the attention of the British public to the unhappy circumstances of the fallen potentate. This appeal is elegantly written, and in some parts in a humorous strain; while in others, one cannot help thinking that Theodore’s elevation is *spoken of in a tone of seriousness, which, under the circumstances, wears a little of a mock-heroic cast.* ‘*This island (Britain),*’ says Walpole, after a few preliminary

remarks, 'ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majesty as it has been the scourge of offending majesty. How must I blush, then, for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch—an unhappy monarch—now actually suffered to languish for debt in one of the common prisons of this city! A monarch, whose courage raised him to a throne, not by a succession of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, and the uncommon resolution of determining to be free! This prince is Theodore, king of Corsica!—a man whose claim to royalty is as indisputable as the most ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be—that is, the choice of his subjects.'

After describing Theodore's bravery in defence of his subjects, Walpole states, that he bore the loss of his crown with philosophic dignity, and makes a comparison between him and Charles V., Cassimir of Poland, and James II., in a style most unfavourable to these three discredited dignitaries. 'The veracity of a historian,' Walpole then continues, 'obliges me not to disguise the situation of his Corsican majesty's revenues, which has reduced him to be a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench; and so cruelly has fortune exercised her rigour upon him, that, last session of parliament, he was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons on the hardships to which the prisoners in that jail had been subject. Yet let not ill-nature make sport with these misfortunes! His majesty had nothing to blush at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his distresses. The debts on his civil list were owing to no misapplication, no improvidence of his own, no corruption of his ministers, no indulgence to favourites or mistresses. His diet was philosophic, his palace humble, his robes decent; yet his butcher, his landlady, and his tailor, could not continue to supply an establishment which had no demesnes to support it, no taxes to maintain it, no Excise, no lotteries, to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies.'

'A nation so generous, so renowned for the efforts it

has always made in the common cause of liberty, can only want to be reminded of this distressed king, to grant him its protection and compassion.' After observing that he does not expect fleets to be fitted out, and volunteers raised, to reinstate Theodore, the writer goes on: 'I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity of majesty to accept of such a supply as might be offered to him by that honorary (and, to this country, peculiar) method of raising a free gift—a benefit play. In the meantime, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to so narrow a sphere as the theatre, I must acquaint my readers that a subscription for a *subsidy* for the use of his Corsican majesty, is opened at Tully's-head in Pall-Mall, where all the generous and the fair are desired to pay in their contributions to Robert Dodsley [publisher of the *World*, and a clever writer himself], who is appointed high treasurer and grand librarian of the island of Corsica for life—posts which, give me leave to say, Mr Dodsley would have disdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles.' At the close of the paper, Walpole says: 'Two pieces of King Theodore's coin, struck during his reign, are in the hands of the high treasurer aforesaid, and will be shewn by the proper officers of the exchequer of Corsica, during the time the subscription continues open at Tully's-head above mentioned.'

This subscription actually took place, and a very handsome sum was collected. It is remarkable, that Theodore, who retained to the last a conviction of his indefeasible right to the crown of Corsica, and whose brain, it is probable, had become tinged with a degree of monomania on the subject, behaved, on receiving the subscribed money, in a style harmonising with the tone of Walpole's paper. He had been informed that some gentlemen would wait on him with the sum, and made preparations accordingly. In his garret-lodging, he caused *his bedstead* to be turned up; placed an arm-chair under the *tester*, which served as a canopy to this *substitute for a throne*; and, sitting down in this show of royal state,

gave the deputation a gracious reception. This *subsidy* added much to his comforts, and he was at last freed from prison by an act of insolvency, in consequence of which he made over his kingdom of Corsica to his creditors! There was an actual registration made of this consignment, which, with the great seal of Corsica, fell into Horace Walpole's cabinet of curiosities.

Theodore did not long survive his liberation. He was buried in the church-yard of St Anne's, Soho, and a plain monument placed over his remains, with the following inscription:—'Near this place is interred Theodore, king of Corsica, who died in this parish, December 11, 1756, immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison, by the benefit of the act of insolvency; in consequence of which, he registered his kingdom of Corsica for behoof of his creditors.'

'The grave, great teacher! to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings;
But Theodore this moral learnt, ere dead:
Fate poured its lesson on his living head,
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread.'

This monumental inscription came, we believe, from the pen of Walpole, and it saves the necessity of any further moralising upon the story of poor Theodore, king of Corsica.

A STEAM-BOAT ROMANCE.

THE signal-bell at the end of the Chain Pier of New-haven was tolling its final peal, announcing the arrival of the hour for the departure of the good steam-boat the *Morning Star* for Stirling, when a young lady hurried forward just in time to be received into the number of the vessel's passengers. The ding-dong ceased, the pure white vapour issuing from the chimney of the steamer was exchanged for a stream of sooty smoke, and in a few moments the prow of the *Morning*

Star was briskly pushing its way through the waves of the firth. The morning being a beautiful one of June, crowds of passengers filled the deck, presenting a most promiscuous assemblage, and one that afforded much curious food for a contemplative eye and mind. Here sat a merry group, gay and smiling, laughing ever and anon 'the heart's laugh.' There stood a sorrowing widow, her eye fixed upon the bright waves, but all unobservant of their beauty; for her thoughts were wandering at the moment through the long vista of departed years, and conjuring up hours of bliss—fled for ever! Hard by sat a gray-haired countryman, stroking with affectionate hand the shaggy coat of his faithful dog, beloved the more at that instant because affording a memorial of herds and flocks far, far away. By the countryman's side sat his daughter, bending with looks of unutterable love over the rosy face of the infant that slumbered on her knee. This pair looked as if returning from a visit—perhaps their first—to the capital; and, judging from the pleased yet arch smile which played upon the old man's countenance, we might imagine him musing upon the looks of wonder which would attend his fireside descriptions of all the grand things he had seen.

To describe, however, all the individuals and groups assembled on the deck of the *Morning Star* on this sunny day of June, would be tiresome, and, moreover, unnecessary, since it is with two personages only that we have at present to do. One of these was a young man dressed ambitiously and elaborately, and who made himself conspicuous by walking up and down the deck, humming a little French air, which seemed to please himself remarkably. At times he would stop and examine his boots, pointing his toes, and turning the foot outwards and inwards, as if the contour of the whole appeared to his eye a fine exemplification of those 'lines of beauty' spoken of by artists. At other moments the *points of his fingers*, and the buttons of his surtout, became the objects of equally satisfactory examination.

By way of varying these processes, he would occasionally switch his fishing-rod in the air, or raise his pendent eyeglass, and examine, with a smile of patronising condescension, the faces of all on board. Such was one of the two individuals already alluded to. The other was a young lady—the same whose entrance into the steam-boat had taken place immediately before the final tinkle of the Chain Pier bell. Mary Græme—for such was her name—had just reached the interesting age of seventeen. She was now returning home, after having spent a winter in Edinburgh, whither she had gone for the purpose of receiving her educational finish, or getting finished, as the more common phrase is. Unfortunately for herself, Mary, who was naturally warm-hearted, sensitive, and generous, had been left an orphan in infancy, and had fallen under the care of a maiden aunt, a person who had long survived the sentimental period of life, yet who had accustomed herself to depend for daily food and excitement upon the pages of romance. This lady most injudiciously permitted her niece to resort from childhood to the same quarter for mental occupation. Naturally fond of reading, Mary devoured all the marvels of fiction that came before her; and hence it was, that, as she grew up to womanhood, her little brain became a most extraordinary labyrinth, where ideas of ‘crossed affections,’ ‘ill-fated love,’ and ‘broken hearts,’ were mixed and mingled in most admired disorder. The winter which Mary had spent in Edinburgh had given her a taste of somewhat better training, but the period was too short to eradicate the ideas which had been planted in her mind for years. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that one of the principal causes of regret to Mary Græme at this very time, while she was on her way homewards in the *Morning Star*, was, that all her days had hitherto passed away without her ever having been once in love, or having met with a single adventure.

Mary Græme had not been long on board the steam-boat, until the gentleman with the fishing-rod, surtout, and boots, became the object of her especial observation.

She at once traced a resemblance between him and the hero of the last novel she had read—a tale, by the by, which had particularly delighted her, from the circumstance of its ending with the deaths of no less than four unhappy couples, who were immediately followed to the grave, according to rule, by their sorrowing parents; thus creating a mortality of some twenty-four persons in all, not to mention a few grandfathers and grandmothers, who were extinguished on the same lamentable occasion. The leading character of this tale of woe was just such a person, Mary was sure, as the gentleman with the fishing-rod. Perhaps this disciple of Walton had seen the young lady's glance of interest, for, ere the vessel had gone far, he came near her, and, opening a volume of engravings, offered them for her inspection. How could she refuse a piece of civility accompanied by a bow so graceful, so respectful, and so insinuating! The plates were looked at. Remarks on the scenery they depicted were unavoidable. Then followed some converse on the weather, on the scenery of the Forth; and in less than an hour, Mary and the stranger were discoursing with the animation and intimacy of old friends. He of the fishing-rod spoke, with the taste of an amateur, of the effects of light and shade, and the harmony of colours; he related many anecdotes of adventure, and told how often he used to wander alone in the lonely Highland glens, where no living being was within miles of him, though he often longed, he confessed, for the company of some one to sweeten solitude—for the society, in short (and here he looked tenderly upon Mary), of a 'kindred spirit.' The pair talked of music, and on this subject the stranger delivered himself in terms of rapture, dilating on the beauty of foreign music, and speaking of 'amor mio' and 'di tanti palpiti' in a way that proved to Mary his complete familiarity with the arcana of this elegant art. When the young lady gave her preference to the Scottish music, the stranger only looked an interesting negation. 'He is good-tempered, as well as intelligent and accomplished. And then so elegant in appearance he is! So pale—so interestingly

pale! Such dark locks! And eyes so expressive! Such were Mary's thoughts of this casual companion of the steam-boat.

The subject of novels served the pair to talk about till Stirling Castle came in view, and found Mary more impressed than ever, for she had discovered her new acquaintance to be as well read as herself in works of fiction. When the vessel neared the castle, the stranger's looks became overcast with sadness. Nor was the cause left in doubt or mystery. He would fix his eyes on the young lady, repeat emphatically some line upon *separations* and *farewells*, openly express the hope that they would meet again, and repeatedly declare the passing day to have been the happiest of his life. All this was new, as it was pleasing, to the girl of seventeen. Her timidity kept her silent; but the stranger read her feelings in her looks. He told her again and again how severe a pang it gave him to part from her. The unsophisticated and romantic Mary dropped a tear—and this was all her reply. At length the vessel reached the shore, and Mary saw happy faces smiling and nodding to her from the old phaeton which waited her arrival. They were the family of her elder sister, who now inhabited with her husband the house in which Mary had been born. The stranger turned to her and bade her adieu, and in a few moments Mary had landed and found herself whirling along the road towards the home of her infancy, which she had not visited for some years, and then only for a short time along with the aunt formerly mentioned. It was with some difficulty that Mary could rouse herself from thoughts of her late adventure so far as to reply with attention to the numerous questions which were put to her by her present companions. The sight of her ancient home, which they came in sight of after a drive of considerable length, was effectual for a time in withdrawing Mary from all thoughts of the stranger of the fishing-rod. She could not look on the ivy clustering around the window of the room—the nursery where a deceased mother had hung over her cradle—without feelings of

fond regret and veneration being awakened in her bosom, to the exclusion of all others for the moment. Even an incident which occurred before the phaeton reached the door of the old house, could not banish these natural remembrances. A gentleman on horseback passed the carriage, so like, so very like the stranger, that Mary was almost sure it was he. But the phaeton next moment turned up the avenue, and Mary was speedily in the arms of her sister.

It was late in the same evening when Mary retired to rest. Before she laid her head on the pillow, the whole details of the steam-boat adventure were poured into the ear of her intimate friend Miss Stanley, a young lady of congenial disposition, and who had come on a visit to the house for the very purpose of meeting Mary. Miss Stanley listened with breathless attention, and then the friends entered with their whole heart and soul into the question: '*Who can he be?*' Various professions were suggested as suitable to the character he had displayed. He might be a poet or an artist, either professionally or as an amateur. Whatever he might be, Mary was sure that he was a gentleman, because he had related so many anecdotes connected with people of rank and fortune. 'I know of no one,' said Miss Stanley, 'at all suiting his description in this neighbourhood, excepting Lord Castlefynne, the eldest son of the Earl of Moredun. This young nobleman came over the other day from the continent, and I haven't had a chance of seeing him yet, but they say he is handsome and accomplished. By the by, I heard a servant say that he rode past the house to-day just about the time of your arrival. What a pity that you did not see him!' 'I *did* see him,' cried Mary: 'it must be Lord Castlefynne!' She then told Miss Stanley that a person, at least extremely like the stranger of the boat, had passed the carriage just when it arrived. The friends were brought to conviction by this circumstance. The interesting gentleman with the fishing-rod *must* have been Lord Castlefynne, and he *must* have procured a horse for the very purpose of following the carriage and

discovering Mary's residence. Mary went to bed, and dreamed all night of castles, coronets, and fishing-rods.

On descending at rather a late hour next morning to the breakfast-room, the two friends found a basket of fruit on the table, which had been sent to Miss Mary Græme at an early hour, without note or name. 'It must be from *him*,' whispered Miss Stanley: 'you know the distance from Moredun Park is a mere trifle.' The idea was delightful; and as Mary indulged the ambitious thoughts which followed in its train, she almost wondered how her sister could look so happy with a husband who had neither wealth nor title. On the evening of the same day, Mary and Miss Stanley took a ramble to a neighbouring hill, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. From its summit, Moredun Park was visible, glowing in beauty beneath the western sun. Being, as we have said, equally romantic as her friend, Miss Stanley's converse only served to nourish in Mary's breast the hope of being one day mistress of this beautiful region—Countess of Moredun. On returning home, the young ladies heard a proposal made that they should go on the following Sunday to a church at some distance. As it was the church attended by the Moredun family, Mary consented to the proposal with an eagerness which she could with difficulty conceal. Sunday came, and, arrayed in her most elegant attire, our heroine set out for church with her friends. The morning was delightfully tranquil, and invited naturally to the thoughts which are congenial to the Day of Rest; but Mary's thoughts were all turned upon one point—the anticipation of seeing the unknown one. The party entered the church. Mary looked timidly at all the principal pews. He of the fishing-rod was not to be seen. The service was about to begin, and at the same moment the sunbeams burst through the old windows with golden splendour, shedding a sidelong light upon the time-worn pulpit and its crown-like canopy. The rays played among the white locks of the venerable clergyman, as he rose and read the psalm. When he had finished, the precentor rose, and in doing

so brought his head also fully into the line of the sun's radiance. As his voice sounded the first note, Mary Græme raised her startled head, and saw—in the precen-tor's box—the unknown! At first, she doubted. 'No! it cannot be he!' she thought: 'it *must* be merely a resemblance!' But she looked and looked again, and conviction of the identity of the man before her with the hero of her late dreams, fell crushingly upon her mind and heart. It was too much for the poor girl to bear. The dream was too abruptly broken! Her breast heaved, and a dazzling sensation passed over her eyes. All seemed moving; the pulpit receded from her view; and in a few moments after the discovery, she fainted.

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself in the cottage of an old dame who lived near the church. Mary's sister and Miss Stanley were with her, and pressed her to explain to them the cause of her swoon. Mary attributed it to a little sickness merely from some trivial cause, for not even to her dear confidante could she reveal the mortifying discovery which she had made. Shame for her folly and weakness pressed heavily on the mind of the poor girl. To divert attention from her own situation, she listened to the talk of the old woman, who shewed the garrulousness of age in sufficient force. Mary encouraged her in the desire she evinced to tell all about herself. She had been the wife of a sailor, who had perished in the deep sea, and left her alone in the world—but for Johnny. 'Is Johnny your son?' asked Miss Stanley. 'Deed an' he is, mem,' replied the old woman; 'he's just my son. But he docsna care for me—that is, he docsna care for me as he might do.' 'Is he not your own child?' exclaimed Miss Stanley with surprise: 'not care for his aged parent!' 'I'm no braw enough for him, mem,' returned the dame. 'He's no a bad-hearted callant, but he wad fain be a gentleman, and I hae nae buik leary; sae Johnny thinks na muckle o' his auld mither. It maun be nae great thing to be a gentleman, if to be sae ano maun lichtly her that bore him. Oh, had he but 'he true heart o' his faither—his brave, honest faither!'

As she said this, the poor woman put her apron to her eyes ; and in a minute or two afterwards a lady came from church, and entered the cottage. She was an old friend of Mary and of the family, and now expressed her regret at observing Mary's swoon, which had caused herself to leave the church before service was concluded. ' I have not had time to call for you yet, my dear Mary,' continued the lady ; ' but the moment I heard of your arrival, I sent a basket of fruit, as a token that I had not forgotten you. I was sure, my love, you would at once know from whom it came. . Why, Mary, my dear, you are still very pale ! ' ' O no ! better, better ! thank you,' murmured Mary ; but in reality her emotion was renewed by this speech, which, she knew, would reveal to Miss Stanley the folly of their mutual conjectures, in one point at least.

What with Mary's indisposition, and the old woman's talkativeness, more than an hour had passed away since the party had entered the cottage. When our heroine felt herself able to go away, the congregation were seen leaving church. The old woman went with her visitors to the door of the phaeton, which was waiting for them. Mary turned to bid the dame a grateful adieu, when, behold ! the object of her last week's idolatry appeared in the act of crossing the street towards them. A suspicion on the instant passed through Mary's mind. Almost involuntarily she kept her eye upon him. He approached the poor old woman ; and one look, one word, was sufficient to assure Mary of the relationship between the parties—to convince her, in short, that the interesting stranger—her perfect gentleman—her exalted hero—her insinuating attendant of the steam-boat—was no other than the widow's ' Johnny' and the precentor !

As in these utilitarian days a story is naught without a moral, we are happy to have it in our power to say, that these incidents formed a memorable lesson to the party chiefly concerned, and we may therefore hope that others may extract from them the like benefit. They taught poor Mary to long less eagerly for romantic adventures, to form acquaintances and attachments with more caution,

and to seek always for better grounds of judging than appearances. In fact, the young lady—for she is still a very young lady—is now in a fair way of becoming a good, commonplace sort of a body ; and a certain worthy gentleman, of the most quiet and domestic habits, is firmly of opinion that she will make an excellent wife. He means shortly, we believe, to put his opinions to the proof ; and from what we have observed, we are strongly impressed with the belief, that Mary will grant him the opportunity of witnessing the practical operation of the conjugal virtues he conceives her to possess.

NAPOLEON IN HIS COUNCIL OF STATE.

WHILE the military talents and exploits of Napoleon have been amply described, his not less extraordinary abilities and triumphs as a legislator have been scarcely touched upon, even by his greatest admirers. Nevertheless, Europe is at this day, and must long continue to be, greatly affected by the codes of law which the hero of so many fights has left to his own and several other nations. We propose to remedy the defect of popular knowledge on this subject, by presenting a brief account of Napoleon's Council of State, and of his proceedings, and personal demeanour, as its president. It took its rise at the commencement of his life-consulship, and included some of the most eminent men of science then in France—as Chaptal, Gassendi, Fourcroy, Gay-Lussac, and Tronchet. When he became Emperor, he added to it the princes of his own family, the grand dignitaries of the empire, and the ministers of state. It met twice a week, in one of the halls of the Tuileries ; and, what may be an unexpected piece of intelligence to many, the public were as freely admitted to it as to the courts of law. Cambacères, the High Chancellor, presided in the absence of the Emperor.

The council-chamber was a large room, having a door at one of the extremities, communicating with the palace, and it was by this that the Emperor always entered. The members entered by two small doors at the opposite end. The walls of the room were embellished with various allegorical paintings, representing Justice, Commerce, Industry, &c.; and in the front of the Emperor's seat was a painting of the battle of Austerlitz, as if to denote that the chief personage of the state held with equal firmness the scale of justice and the sword of the warrior. The councillors were seated around, according to seniority, commencing from the right. At the extremity of the hall, opposite to the Emperor, were seated the Masters of Requests, on a set of carpeted steps, slightly elevated above each other, and running across the room; and behind them sat the auditory, upon benches still more elevated; the Emperor's seat faced the great entrance. A table, covered with a cloth of plain green velvet, and an arm-chair elevated on a platform of four steps, represented the imperial throne. On the platform were also the places for the High Chancellor and the High Treasurer—the first on the right, the second on the left; and right in front of the Emperor's platform was a small table placed upon the floor of the room for M. Locré, the secretary. The sittings were generally announced for mid-day, but they seldom commenced before one o'clock; they generally lasted until six, but frequently till nine, ten, and even eleven at night. On such occasions, a table, covered with eatables and other refreshments, was always brought into the little saloon, that served as an antechamber to the council-chamber; thither the members would adjourn to refresh themselves at six o'clock, and the Emperor would himself set the example, by soaking a biscuit in a glass of Madeira wine. It was seldom, too, that, on the close of any of these sittings, he did not retain some of the members to dine with him.

When the council had met, the rolling of drums under the arcades of the Tuileries was the signal of the

Emperor's approach; then the folding-doors of the chamber were thrown open, and his arrival was announced by a military officer crying 'L'Empereur!'

He was always attended by two aides-de-camp, and as many pages, and all present arose on his entrance, and remained standing, until the Emperor, having actively ascended the platform, bowed to the right and left, and signed to them to be seated, saying: 'Now, gentlemen, let us begin.' The order of the day was always presented by the High Chancellor; and the Emperor having signified the subject with which he wished to commence, the member charged to report upon it gave in his report, and the discussion opened. Never was there greater liberty of speech at the Parisian tribunes, nor in any legislative assembly, than at these councils of state. Every member might speak when he pleased, and freely give his opinion; there were no written discourses, and every one was expected to speak from the impulse of the moment. This frequently gave rise to animated discussions; and in order that the members might be freed from all restraints, the Emperor generally took no part in the proceedings, but, leaning back in his chair, hacked his pencil to pieces with a penknife, or amused himself with stabbing the table-cloth before him. At other times, he would amuse himself with drawing grotesque figures upon the paper placed on his table. These manual occupations of the Emperor were always the signal for the discussion to become more and more animated, and each speaker then gave full way to his feelings. All of a sudden, however, Napoleon would put an end to the wordy warfare, by rising and saying 'Enough!' He would then give a clear, faithful, comprehensive, and concise summary of the whole proceedings, and put the question at once to the vote. When it happened that the will of the majority was at variance with his own opinion, he never resisted it, but would say: 'Well, I must endeavour to persuade myself that I am in the wrong.' After these sittings, the more juvenile portion of the

auditory generally had a scramble for the bits of paper upon which the Emperor had been scribbling.

Frequently, when the Emperor saw that a proposition which he had submitted to the council did not meet the reception he wished, there was a sort of impatience manifested in all his movements. Unable to remain still in his elbow-chair, he endeavoured, by a thousand innocent distractions, to divert from its object the curiosity which invariably attached itself to him. In these cases, so soon as he saw the eye of one of the members fixed on him, he would hold out his arm, and agitate his thumb and forefinger, to indicate that he wished for a pinch of snuff. The person addressed would of course pass his snuff-box to him with the usual rapidity with which an emperor's wants are satisfied. Napoleon would take a pinch, and then turn the box round and round in his hands, throwing about the snuff which it contained: in his abstracted mood, he always concluded by putting the box into his pocket. So many as four snuff-boxes have in this manner disappeared during a single sitting; and it was only after going out of the council-chamber that he would become sensible of his inadvertency. The snuff-boxes always returned to their owners, and in doing so, would sometimes undergo a very agreeable metamorphosis. On coming out from the imperial pocket, a wooden or tortoise-shell box was usually converted into one of gold set round with diamonds, or into one of the same material, having the Emperor's miniature upon the lid.

Notwithstanding this munificence, some of the council, whose snuff-boxes—from being either family-pieces, or presents from foreign princes—were considered to be particularly valuable, by themselves and families, hit upon the plan of carrying *papier-maché* or wooden boxes, such as are exposed in the shops for twenty-five sous, or about one shilling sterling. The Emperor pocketed these all the same; and one day on going out from the chamber, where he had experienced more than ordinary contrariety of opinion, he attempted to put his

handkerchief into his pocket, and continued to fumble with it, until he entered the Empress's apartment, where it tumbled on the ground. Josephine picked it up, gaily remarking: 'How clumsy you have become, my dear!—permit me to replace your handkerchief.' She attempted to force it into the Emperor's pocket, and in doing so discovered that the same was crammed with snuff-boxes. 'What have you got here?' cried she in astonishment, pulling out six large snuff-boxes, one after the other: 'do you intend to deal in these articles!'

Napoleon explained the matter to his wife; she laughed heartily at her husband's absence of mind; and next day six golden snuff-boxes, by her own orders, replaced the six paper ones which he had unwittingly purloined.

Napoleon did not seek to *shine* by the roundness of his periods, the choice of his expressions, or the laboured style of his perorations. He spoke without preparation, without embarrassment, and without affectation. His addresses were never inferior to those of any member of the council, and he often surpassed the most able among them in the facility with which he seized and untied the knot of an argument, in the justice of his conceptions, and in the strength of his reasoning. Nay, he was invariably *superior* to them in the turn of his phrases, and in the wit and delicacy of his repartees.

One day that Cambacérès endeavoured to give weight to his opinion by citing that of the Abbé Sièyes, Napoleon contented himself with replying by a negative motion of the head; on which the High Chancellor added: 'And yet, sire, Sièyes possesses great *depth*.'

'Depth! depth!' exclaimed the Emperor; '*hollowness* you mean. That man is as hollow as a drum, and has made as much noise in the world with as little cause.'

General Gassendi, who was charged with the division of artillery at the War-office, one day fortifying his opinions with reasons drawn from the doctrines of the *Economists*, Napoleon, who was very fond of this councillor

of state, but detested the Economists, interrupted him, by exclaiming with impatience : ‘But, my dear fellow, who made you so very well acquainted with these subjects ? Where did you pick up such principles ?’

The general, who was not in the habit of speaking, made the best of the matter by saying : ‘Sire, it was from yourself that I learned them.’

‘Cent mille de cannons!’—his usual and favourite exclamation—cried the Emperor with animation ; ‘what nonsense you talk ! Such principles from me ! who have always maintained, that if there existed a monarchy of granite, the vagaries of your Economists would of themselves suffice to reduce it to powder ! Come, come, my dear Gassendi !—you have been sleeping at your post, and have dreamed all this.’

Gassendi, by nature passionate, replied sharply : ‘Sleep, indeed !—sleep at my post ! I defy a marmot to sleep where you are. The turmoil that you keep us in is sufficient to banish sleep from the world !—ay, from the eyelids of Morpheus himself !’ This *boutade* excited a general laugh, in which the Emperor joined heartily.

Napoleon, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, did not like flattery. During the debates on the organisation of the Illyrian provinces, which had but recently been annexed to France, it was proposed in the council to suppress the regiment of Croats. This militia, which had a peculiar organisation, had been created to protect the frontiers from the incursions and brigandages of the Turks, and had always satisfactorily executed its service. ‘Are you all mad ?’ cried the Emperor ; ‘do you well understand the excellence of the institution—its utility—its importance ?’

‘Sire,’ replied one of the council, ‘the Turks would not at present *dare* to recommence their excesses.’

‘And wherefore should they not, monsieur ?’ inquired Napoleon.

‘Because your majesty has become their neighbour,’ returned the councillor.

'Well, Mr Wiseacre, and what has that to do with it said the Emperor.

'Why, sire,' stammered the councillor: 'it is—th they have too much *respect* for your majesty's august person to dare to'—

'Indeed!' interrupted the Emperor, at the same time mimicking the speaker: "'Sire! your majesty!—an august person!"—Sarpelote! Monsieur, carry to th Turks "your majesties" and "august persons," and ye will see what a pretty reception of musketry they wi give you! You would have to tell us another tale, think, if ever you came back!' The regiment of Croas was continued in their service.

Many of the *improvisations* of Napoleon in his council of state have been partially preserved; the followin are a few fragments:—

One day, speaking of political rights being accorde to foreigners of French extraction, the Emperor said 'The proudest title which any man can possess, is th of being a Frenchman by birth. It is a title devolvin from Heaven, and which no person on earth should hav it in his power to take away! For my own part, I wis that a Frenchman by extraction, were it even to th tenth generation, should be admitted to be a Frenchman the instant that he claimed the right; and ths were he to present himself even on the other side of th Rhine, and say: "I am a Frenchman!" his voice shoul be stronger than even the law itself: that the barrier should fall down before him; and that he should ent with triumph into the bosom of his mother-country I will, with God's help, ere I have finished my wor! have it so, that a Frenchman travelling througho Europe shall find himself everywhere at home!'

One of the most ardent of Napoleon's improvisation was that which he made on the project for organisin into three bands the whole of the National Guard, b which project we may now see to how high a pitch h had carried his foresight. This project was presented t the council at least a year before the Russian expediti

The first band, composed of unmarried young men was, in case of invasion, to march upon the frontier; the second, consisting of married men, was not to go beyond the department in which they resided; the third, consisting of elderly men, was to defend the head-quarters of the government. By this vast organisation, more than 2,000,000 of men would have been armed, classed, and regimented, and France thereby rendered impregnable!

Malouet spoke against this project, and declared that, if the measure were adopted, every one would take the alarm, fearing that, under pretext of defending the interior, he might be marched into foreign countries. 'Gentlemen,' cried the Emperor, 'you are most of you fathers of families, enjoying independence, and exercising important offices. You must, therefore, be possessed of a certain degree of popularity, and have, so to express it, a certain number of clients; you must, therefore, be either very clumsy or very lukewarm, if, with such advantages, you do not exercise a great influence over public opinion. Now, how comes it that you, who all know me so well, should suffer me to be so little known to the public at large? And when, let me ask you, have you known me resort to trickery and fraud in order to carry on my government? Am I a timid man? Do I resort to indirect measures? If I have a fault, it is certainly that of sometimes explaining myself too roundly, or perhaps too laconically. I give my orders generally, trusting their form and details to my ministers and officers who execute them; and God knows whether I have much reason to be satisfied with their mode of fulfilling them! But let that pass: I do not mean, here, to censure anybody. If, then, I had need of men, I would boldly demand them of the senate, who would give them to me; and if I did not obtain them from the senate, I would address myself in person to the people; and,' continued he, drawing himself up into a proud attitude, 'you would soon see how the people would join me, and arrange themselves under my victorious eagles! The people, mark you, gentlemen, recognise

me alone. It is by me that they enjoy, without apprehension, what they have acquired; it is by me that they see their brothers and sons impartially promoted, decorated, and enriched; it is by me that they see themselves profitably employed, and their labours rewarded. They always find me free from injustice and partiality; this they see, feel, and hear, and they need go no further than the evidence of their senses. Be assured, then, that the people will always agree with whatever we shall ordain for their good. Support, then, with me, gentlemen, the institution of bands of the National Guard; and let each citizen know by your own example what is the post which he will have to occupy and defend in time of danger: let Cambacères and Count Merlin there, who are chattering without listening to me, and Tronchet, who has not come to the meeting of this day—I say, let these personages put themselves in a condition to take a musket into their hands, and mount guard at the doors of their hotels. We shall then have a nation so cemented, strengthened, and united, as proudly to set at defiance the ravages of time and the hatred of mankind!’

This great project was brought before the council at least twenty times, and notwithstanding these emphatic words of the Emperor, it at length ended by being laid totally aside. Had it been adopted, Frenchmen in all probability would not have had to deplore the disaster on the plains of Waterloo.

It has frequently been a matter of speculation, both in France and other countries, how it was that Napoleon, bred to arms from his boyhood, and pursuing the profession of a soldier up to the last moment of his political existence, could ever have imbibed principles of legislation, or found time to reflect, philosophise, and refine upon them. This question might easily be solved by merely referring to the universality of his genius, his natural love of justice, and his well-known benevolence; *but there was a starting-point from which it appears may be dated the commencement of his career as a*

statesman and legislator; and we shall conclude the present article by a relation of the very singular circumstances which gave rise to the determination in the breast of a young soldier to improve the social condition of the French nation.

One evening, whilst conversing very freely and energetically at his own table, in the Tuileries, on the subject of law-making, he astonished his auditory by his very intimate acquaintance with the several codes of laws which have prevailed in civilised countries, in ancient and modern times. At length, Cambacérès, the High Chancellor, exclaimed: 'I cannot conceive, sire, how it is possible for a person so occupied as your majesty has been, all your life, with warlike affairs—living, as it were, in a camp, from your youth until the present hour, and gorged almost to suffocation and repletion with fire, smoke, and military glory—could have found time or inclination to read and reflect on subjects which usually occupy the whole lives of the wisest men amongst us.'

'Bah! bah!' exclaimed the Emperor; 'whole lives indeed! What more is necessary than to resolve to do justice impartially to all alike, and, where the law happens to be deficient, or not sufficiently explicit, to call in common sense to your aid? As to privileges, local and personal exemptions, prerogatives, and the like, *they* are easily decided or legislated upon, by the knowledge which every man of education has of the constitutions of his country, and the temper of his countrymen. My own maxim has always been, to do the greatest possible good to the greatest number—namely, the people; who assuredly have the best right to the possession of the soil itself, as well as to that of everything which it produces; and, depend upon it, that government must be radically wrong which is not the organ of the will of the nation at large. With the help of Heaven, whilst I live, I will not propose, nor suffer to be passed, any law which does not insure the *interests* and speak the wishes of the *whole French nation*.'

‘I allude not,’ returned Cambacérès, abashed by the energetic manner of the Emperor’s reply, ‘to the administration of your majesty’s government, nor to your majesty’s transcendent abilities in framing new laws or amending old ones; but that which has often excited the surprise of other members of the council, as well as myself, is the frequent reference made by your majesty—even so early as at the commencement of the Consulate—to the Justinian and other codes, long since exploded or fallen into desuetude’—

‘Fallen into desuetude!’ interrupted Napoleon; ‘exploded! No such thing, my friend: the principles of justice are eternal and immutable. Man is the same now as he was five thousand years ago: he has the same wants, the same follies, and the same vices; consequently, civilisation presents him with the same laws in all ages; and it depends on the introducers or legislators only, whether such laws shall be modified or adapted to existing circumstances. But, apropos of Justinian! You are, perhaps, not aware how I became acquainted with him; it is a singular anecdote in my life, and I will now relate it to you.

‘Whilst I was serving in Switzerland as a sous-lieutenant, it seems that—though a very quiet and staid young man, attending to my military duties only, which I performed punctiliously, according to the most rigid rules of discipline—I fell under the suspicion of the government of the canton wherein I was quartered, as one disaffected to liberalism and popular principles! Mark me! at the time, I was essentially in spirit and in heart a republican. That, however, was of no avail; for to be suspected or denounced, was almost to be condemned. Well, I was arrested, my sword taken from me, and I was confined, under a guard, in one of the back-rooms of an old château. Here I remained altogether seven days; when my busy adversaries being *unable to substantiate their suspicions*, I was liberated *without any charge being brought against me*, my sword *restored*, and I attended my military duties as usual,

until events called me to more active service. During the first evening of my confinement in the old château, being entirely alone, and without the least object to amuse me or occupy my attention, I took a minute survey of my dreary apartment, which I found to be wainscoted all over with dark-coloured oak. The tales I had heard in my youth of haunted towers and enchanted castles arose in my mind, as I successively viewed the oaken panels of my prison. I examined them one by one; and in a corner, next to the solitary window of the apartment, I found one which turned out to be a kind of secret cupboard: being unfastened, I opened it; but finding it to be, as I thought, empty, I dashed to the door, and resumed my march up and down my solitary chamber, musing on my hard fate.

Returning to the same spot in about half an hour afterwards, I again opened the cupboard, and from mere listlessness, took another, but a more minute survey of its inmost recesses. An old book, which lay concealed in the corner of the upper shelf, caught my eye. I instantly removed this book from its hiding-place; and on taking it to the window, found it to be the *Institutes* of Justinian! I sat down to peruse it; and in a short time I found myself so much interested in its contents, that I continued my readings from day to day during the whole time of my imprisonment. It was thus that I became acquainted with the Justinian code of Roman law; and, independently of the ennui from which the book itself relieved me, I date from this my arrest and imprisonment, whatever knowledge I possess of the fundamental principles of legislation. Nay, to this lucky incident will France owe the possession of the code which we are all now engaged in compiling.'

THE PRISONER OF THE GRAYFRIARS.

IN the south-west corner of the Grayfriars Church-yard, Edinburgh, there is a recess or walled-in space of considerable extent, stretching behind the Poor's-house, and usually styled the *inner* church-yard of the Grayfriars. Formerly, this place was more open than it now is, vaults and other burying enclosures having of late years been formed along the walls in gradually increasing numbers, so as to leave now only a comparatively narrow stripe of unoccupied ground between. Even to those who are perfectly acquainted with the existence of this place, which is shut in by a grated iron gate, it is not generally known that here took place one of the most remarkable scenes of a most remarkable period of our history. To this subject we advert at present, chiefly on account of a romantic incident in the history of two persons who were connected with the affairs of which this place was the scene, and which incident forms part of the following narrative.

After the unfortunate battle of Bothwell Bridge, great cruelties, it is well known, were practised towards the Covenanters who had taken part in that engagement. About 1200 or 1300 men, who had been made prisoners on the field, were carried from the place of action to Edinburgh, by way of Linlithgow. These unhappy persons were nearly in a state of nakedness, for, when captured, they had not only been stripped of their arms, but for the most part of their clothes also. As they travelled along, only a few women durst appear to offer them provisions, of which they stood much in need; and even when this was done, the humane act was generally rendered vain by the soldiers, who broke the vessels *in which the meat and drink were brought, and abused those who carried them.* If any men came forward on *a like errand of charity,* they were taken prisoners, and

sent along to share the fate of those they would have relieved. Some persons, however, shewed anything but a disposition to pity the prisoners. On reaching Corstorphine, the latter were met by great crowds from Edinburgh, some of whom cried out mockingly : ' Where is your God ? Take him up now ! And where is Mr Welsh, who said you should win the day ? ' Under sufferings and reproaches of this nature, the prisoners, generally speaking, preserved a patient and trustful serenity.

The 24th of June, the second day after the engagement, was the period of their arrival in Edinburgh. The Council of State, which then regulated the affairs of Scotland, issued an order to the magistrates of the city, directing them to receive the prisoners taken at the late fight from the commanding officer, and recommending them to their custody ; ' and that for that end they shall put them into the *inner Grayfriars Church-yard*, with convenient guards to wait upon them, who are to have at least twenty-four sentries in the night-time, and eight in the day-time ; of which sentries the officers shall keep a particular list, that if any of the prisoners escape, the sentries may assure themselves to *cast the dice*, and answer body for body for the fugitives, without any exception ; and the officers are to answer for the sentries, and the town of Edinburgh for the officers. And if any of the prisoners escape, the Council will require a particular account, and make them answerable for them.' In pursuance of this Order of Council, the whole of the prisoners, with the exception of a few who were taken to the Tolbooth, were lodged in the enclosure mentioned. As 200 persons were afterwards added to the numbers originally captured on the field, it is probable that above 1200 persons were at first lodged in that enclosure. They were sadly crowded together, and had no covering to shield them from the atmosphere—from the noon-day heat of a June sun, or from the chilling dews of night. *Their bodies had no protection from the cold ground, on which they were made to lie all night as if they had*

been bound down to it with cords or chains; for 'if any of them,' says Wodrow, 'had raised their head in the night-time, to ease their position a little, the cruel soldiers were sure to shoot at them.' All the allowance of food which was made to these unfortunate persons, consisted of a four-ounce loaf of coarse bread to each of them daily, with a quantity of ale to be distributed equally among them. This allowance was ordered by the Duke of Monmouth, who had commanded the king's forces at Bothwell Bridge, but after his departure from Edinburgh, the bread was often given to them in deficient quantities, and the ale seldom given at all.

In some respects the condition of these poor prisoners was amended in the course of time, and in other points their situation appeared to grow worse. The inhabitants of Edinburgh were forbidden to approach the prisoners, 'save such persons as came with meat and drink, which were to be delivered at the gate, to be distributed equally by persons appointed for that purpose.' The show of humanity presented by this permission was in a measure rendered unreal and ineffective by the conduct of the soldiers on guard. The friends of the captives, and others of the people of Edinburgh who were entire strangers to the imprisoned band, were charitably active in bringing meat, drink, money, and other necessaries to the Grayfriars; 'but so ill-natured,' says Wodrow, 'were the soldiers at the gate, that sometimes they would not permit the women—for no men were suffered to get into them—to enter, but would have obliged them to stand at the entry from morning till night, without getting access; so that some of the prisoners would have been famished had it not been for the daily allowance,' inconsiderable 'as it was. Moreover, 'when sleeping in the night, many of them were robbed of any little money their friends sent them; yea, their very shoes and clothes were stolen away from such of them who had beds and *couches* brought in to them by well-disposed people.' *The soldiers, besides, maltreated and abused the prisoners on the most frivolous occasions, and when the captives*

were moved to resistance, the guard got them punished as inclined to mutiny.

Ere one or two months passed away, the greater number of the persons subjected to these privations and sufferings had procured their liberation by signing a bond not to appear in arms again against the king and his government. About 400 of the prisoners, however, refused to sign this bond, and remained in the Grayfriars enclosure for nearly *five months*, exposed to winds, rains, heat, and cold, for the whole of this time, with the exception of a few weeks at the close of their confinement, when 'some huts made of deals were set up for them, which was mightily boasted of as a great favour.' Among that 400 there was one young man, named Paterson, who came from a place far distant in the west country. None of his friends or acquaintances were in Edinburgh, and, therefore, while the most of his companions in misfortune were enjoying such little comforts as the guard permitted friends and relatives to bring to them, Paterson might have suffered the general hardships and privations of the body in their severest form, had it not been for the extraordinary interest excited for him in the breast of a stranger. From the first imprisonment of the band, a young woman was in the habit of paying a daily visit to the gate, bringing with her a greater or lesser quantity of food of a good though humble kind. It was not long till she perceived that, while others received special attentions, Paterson only shared in such as were of a general kind. His youth and ingenuous looks moved the young damsel's pity, and she bestowed on him, once and again, the contents of her little basket, until the practice became regular and constant. Paterson began to look forward to the time of her daily coming with an anxiety greater than the mere expectation of the necessities she usually brought could have excited, and, on the other hand, the daily visit to the Grayfriars became *the hinge on which all the thoughts of Elizabeth Halliday turned*. In short, a strong attachment sprang

up between the pair. Elizabeth, whose parents, although unconnected with the late outbreak, held sentiments favourable to the Covenanters, admired Paterson for the calm constancy with which, young as he was, he refused to gain his freedom by signing a declaration which he could not conscientiously approve of. Every day, the pair were enabled to hold a brief conversation together, and every day saw their attachment wax stronger, as they grew better acquainted with each other's sentiments and disposition. But the state of their mutual affections was in a measure unknown to themselves, for the condition of Paterson was too precarious to permit them to make love the theme of their discourse. The recusant prisoners were so placed that they might be led forth every day to the scaffold, to expiate there the crime of seeking religious freedom.

Things were in this condition with Paterson and the kind and comely maiden who ministered to his wants, when the fate of the prisoners of the Grayfriars was determined. Before the conclusion of the five months, their numbers had dwindled away to less than 300, some having had effectual interest made for them by their friends, others having escaped by climbing over the walls of the church-yard at the hazard of their lives, and others having got out by dressing themselves in the night-time in women's clothes. Of the recusants who remained, fifteen, thought to be ringleaders among the body, were taken before the Council, and charged with a capital indictment on account of their refusal to sign the bond already mentioned. By the persuasions of Presbyterian clergymen and friends, thirteen of these persons subscribed the bond. Two refused to do so, and one at least of these two was executed in consequence. Some time afterwards, the Council, wearied of the business, passed an act banishing all the remainder of the Grayfriars prisoners to Barbadoes. *In order to effect this transportation, the Council requested a frigate from the king; but a merchant of Edinburgh ultimately undertook the transportation of*

the prisoners, in consequence of an arrangement entered into with him by the government.

No notice was given to the poor captives of this approaching change in their destiny, and therefore they had no opportunity allowed to them of taking leave of their friends. On the morning of the 15th of November, at an early hour, 257 prisoners were taken out of the Grayfriars, and carried down under a guard to Leith, where they were put on board the ship that had been provided. 'The barbarity exercised upon them in the ship,' says Wodrow, 'cannot be expressed. They were stowed under deck in so little room, that the most part of them behoved still to stand, to give room to such who were sickly, and seemingly a-dying; they were pinned so close, they almost never got themselves moved, and were almost stifled for want of air. Two hundred and fifty-seven of them being pent up in the room which could scarce have contained 100, many of them frequently fainted, being almost suffocated.' By the statements contained in a letter written by one of them during the twelve days that they passed in Leith Roads, it appears that all their sufferings since the day of Bothwell were not to be compared to the torment of one day in their present circumstances. The inhumanity of the sailors seems, indeed, to have been singular. Of 14,000 merks collected for the general behoof of the prisoners, in Edinburgh and elsewhere, very little was suffered to reach them by the captain and seamen; and not only did the same parties hinder the friends of the captives from seeing them, or ministering to their necessities, but they also stinted the band in the bread they ought to have had, and allowed them little or no drink, though the captain was bound to furnish both plentifully. Add to this, that, when taken from the Grayfriars enclosure, a number of them had been afflicted with severe maladies, the result of their long exposure to the open air; and it may well be supposed that their situation was the *extreme of wretchedness*. Paterson, who was one of *the parties thus misused*, being young and vigorous,

perhaps suffered less than most of his companions from these multiplied evils.

Upon the 27th of November, the vessel set sail from Leith Roads for Barbadoes, or the *plantations*, as the regions on the other side of the Atlantic were termed in those days. The passage was from the very outset stormy, and on the 10th of December the voyagers found themselves off the coast of Orkney, in as dangerous a part of the deep as any in the known world. The vessel was driven close upon the shore, where it was anchored. At this time, it would have been possible for all parties to have been put ashore; and the prisoners, fearing what afterwards did really occur, entreated to be landed, offering to go peaceably to any prison which might be appointed for them; but the request was so far from being acceded to, that the captain, on its being preferred to him, caused all the hatches, under which the prisoners were, to be *chained and locked*. The consequences of this inhuman act were most lamentable. About ten at night, a violent tempest came on, which forced the ship from its moorings, and drove it upon a rock. The vessel was split in two by the concussion. The seamen quickly got down the mast, and laying it between the broken ship and the rock, were able to reach the shore; yet such was their cruelty, that, heedless of the cries of the unfortunate prisoners, the captain and his men would not open the hatches to give those confined a chance for their lives, which might thereby in all likelihood have been saved. By the dashing of the waves, however, the ship was not long in going to pieces, when the prisoners were left to struggle in the midst of the raging waters, during the darkness of a December night. By seizing planks and other articles, a number of them got on shore, and saved themselves, in spite of the seamen, who carried their cruelty so far as to strike them, and endeavour to throw them again off the rocks. But by far the greater number of the prisoners perished in the sea. Only about 50 it is recorded, of the whole 250, escaped with their

lives. It is a remarkable proof of the trifling value set upon the lives of these ill-fated men, that no inquiry was ever made into this sad affair, though the circumstances now related were perfectly well known, and believed in every particular by the whole country.

Young Paterson was one of those who escaped drowning. After the shipwreck, the party of Covenanters who had got ashore spread themselves in all directions. Paterson and a few companions made their way to Stromness, where they sought a passage to the continent, and, after a time, were successful in procuring one. Their destination was the Hague, where their religious sufferings obtained for them temporary employment in the service of the Orange family.

When Elizabeth Halliday visited the Grayfriars Churchyard on the day which had seen the departure of the prisoners for Leith, the shock which the news of that event gave her, did much to open her simple mind to the true state of her feelings respecting the departed prisoner. As she reflected within herself how improbable it was that she should ever again see or even hear of Paterson, a cloud seemed to her to have fallen on the whole face of nature. She walked repeatedly to the shore during the twelve days of the ship's stay in Leith Roads, and poured forth aspirations for the safety of the vessel and its crew. She made no attempt to see Paterson before his departure, and, indeed, the endeavour would have been hopeless. But Paterson, whose sentiments were in every respect the counterpart of her own, found an opportunity, on his part, to send one word of remembrance—bidding her ‘not forget one who would never forget her and all that she had done for him.’ The scrap of paper on which these hasty characters were marked, was preserved by Elizabeth as the most precious of possessions. After the ship had sailed, and the news arrived of its wreck on the Orkney coast, hope and fear contended powerfully in the maiden's breast. But she was young, and the former feeling prevailed. Nay, it may even be believed that the prospect of seeing

Paterson again was not lessened by the occurrence of the shipwreck, since, if he had, as she trusted, escaped, his residence would most probably be fixed in some region less distant than the shores beyond the Atlantic.

More than three years, however, passed away ere one single word, either of a favourable or unfavourable import, came to Elizabeth Halliday's ears respecting the prisoner of the Grayfriars. At the end of that time she received a letter, in which he wrote that 'he was on his way to Scotland, his friends having procured indemnity for him upon easier terms than that of signing the bond. His object,' he stated, 'in writing her was to inform her of the intention he had for years entertained of offering her his hand. If she was not now in a condition to accept it, a word, a look, on their meeting, would tell him so, and would save a more lengthened or painful explanation.' This letter excited emotions of no unpleasing nature in Elizabeth's mind. When the writer of it, some time afterwards, entered the door of her father's humble dwelling, and advanced to her with a look of anxious inquiry, Elizabeth first changed colour and looked downwards, but in the next instant, banishing all false reserve, she threw herself into his extended arms, and hid her joy and her blushes on his shoulder. There was a happy family by the side of that humble hearth on the evening of the day which witnessed this reunion.

When Paterson and Elizabeth were married, they, by the assistance of friends, were enabled to commence a business which maintained them and the family which was born to them, in comfort through their lives. From one of their descendants, we have heard this account of the manner in which his ancestors of this generation became acquainted. The story we have told is therefore to be looked upon as true, though, on account of its interesting character, we have entered more fully into the general history connected with it, than was absolutely required to elucidate the story of the Prisoner of the Grayfriars.

SUFFERINGS OF GUADELUPE VICTORIA.

GUADELUPE VICTORIA was one of the most distinguished of the leaders in the first Mexican Revolution. At the head of a band of co-patriots, he performed, in 1815, several exploits not less remarkable for daring and success than those related respecting Wallace and other heroes of that class. At length, in 1816, the superior numbers of the Spanish forces, under Miyares and Apodaca, overpowered the patriots of Mexico, and the strength of Victoria became much reduced. To pursue the interesting narrative presented in Mr Ward's Mexico in 1827: 'Notwithstanding the desperate efforts of Victoria's men, their courage was of no avail against the superior discipline and arms of their adversaries. In the course of the year 1816, most of the old soldiers fell; those by whom he replaced them, had neither the same enthusiasm nor the same attachment to his person. The zeal with which the inhabitants engaged in the cause of the revolution was worn out; with each reverse their discouragement increased; and as the disastrous accounts from the interior left them but little hopes of bringing the contest to a favourable issue, the villages refused to furnish any further supplies, the last remnant of Victoria's followers deserted him, and he was left absolutely alone. Still his courage was unsubdued, and his resolution not to yield, on any terms, to the Spaniards, unshaken. He refused the rank and rewards which Apodaca proffered as the price of his submission, and determined to seek an asylum in the solitude of the forest, rather than accept the *indulto*, on the faith of which so many of the insurgents yielded up their arms. This extraordinary project was carried into execution with a decision highly characteristic of the man. Unaccompanied by a single attendant, and provided only with a little linen and a sword, Victoria threw himself in

the mountainous district which occupies so large a portion of the province of Vera Cruz, and disappeared from the eyes of his countrymen. His after-history is so extremely wild, that I should hardly venture to relate it here, did not the unanimous evidence of his countrymen confirm the story of his sufferings, as I have often heard it from his own mouth. During the first two weeks, Victoria was supplied with provisions by the Indians, who all knew and respected his name; but Apodaca was so apprehensive that he would again emerge from his retreat, that 1000 men were ordered out, in small detachments, literally to hunt him down. Wherever it was discovered that a village had either received him or relieved his wants, it was burnt without mercy; and this rigour struck the Indians with such terror, that they either fled at the sight of Victoria, or were the first to denounce the approach of a man whose presence might prove so fatal to them. For upwards of six months he was followed like a wild beast by his pursuers, who were often so near him, that he could hear their imprecations against himself, and Apodaca too for having condemned them to so fruitless a search. On one occasion he escaped a detachment, which he fell in with unexpectedly, by swimming a river which they were unable to cross: and on several others he concealed himself, when in the immediate vicinity of the royal troops, beneath the thick shrubs and creepers with which the woods of Vera Cruz abound. At last, a story was made up, to satisfy the viceroy, of a body having been found, which had been recognised as that of Victoria. A minute description was given of his person, which was inserted officially in the Gazette of Mexico, and the troops were recalled to more pressing labours in the interior.

‘But Victoria’s trials did not cease with the pursuit; harassed and worn out by the fatigues which he had undergone, his clothes torn to pieces, and his body lacerated by the thorny underwood of the tropics, he was indeed allowed a little tranquillity; but his sufferings

were still almost incredible: during the summer, he managed to subsist upon the fruits of which nature is so lavish in those climates; but in winter he was attenuated by hunger; and I have heard him repeatedly affirm, that no repast has afforded him so much pleasure since, as he experienced, after being long deprived of food, in gnawing the bones of horses or other animals that he happened to find dead in the woods. By degrees, he accustomed himself to such abstinence that he could remain four, and even five days, without tasting anything but water, without experiencing any serious inconvenience; but whenever he was deprived of sustenance for a longer period, his sufferings were very acute. For thirty months he never tasted bread, nor saw a human being, nor thought, at times, ever to see one again. His clothes were reduced to a single wrapper of cotton, which he found one day, when, driven by hunger, he had approached nearer than usual to some Indian huts, and this he regarded as an inestimable treasure. The mode in which Victoria—cut off as he was from all communication with the world—received intelligence of the revolution of 1821, is hardly less extraordinary than the fact of his having been able to support existence amidst so many hardships during the intervening period. When, in 1818, he was abandoned by all the rest of his men, he was asked by two Indians, who lingered with him to the last, and on whose fidelity he knew that he could rely, if any change should take place, where he wished them to look for him? He pointed, in reply, to a mountain at some distance, and told them that, on that mountain, perhaps, they might find his bones. His only reason for selecting it, was its being particularly rugged and inaccessible, and surrounded by forests of a vast extent.

‘The Indians treasured up this hint, and as soon as the first news of Iturbide’s declaration reached them, they set out in quest of Victoria; they separated on arriving at the foot of the mountain, and employed six whole weeks in examining the woods with which it was covered;

during this time they lived principally by the chase, but finding their stock of maize exhausted, and all their efforts unavailing, they were about to give up the attempt, when one of them discovered, in crossing a ravine, which Victoria occasionally frequented, the print of a foot, which he immediately recognised to be that of a European. By European, I mean European descent, and consequently, accustomed to wear shoes, which always give a difference of shape to the foot, very perceptible to the eye of a native. The Indian waited two days upon the spot; but seeing nothing of Victoria, and finding his supply of provisions completely at an end, he suspended upon a tree near the place, four tortillas, or little maize-cakes, which were all he had left, and set out for his village, in order to replenish his wallets, hoping that if Victoria should pass in the meantime, the tortillas would attract his attention, and convince him that some friend was in search of him. His little plan succeeded completely; Victoria, on crossing the ravine two days afterwards, perceived the maize-cakes, which the birds had, fortunately, not devoured. He had then been four whole days without eating, and upwards of two years without tasting bread; and he says himself, that he devoured the tortillas before the cravings of his appetite would allow him to reflect upon the singularity of finding them on this solitary spot, where he had never before seen any trace of a human being. He was at a loss to determine whether they had been left there by a friend or a foe; but feeling sure that whoever had left them intended to return, he concealed himself near the place in order to observe his motions, and to take his own measures accordingly. Within a short time, the Indian returned; Victoria instantly recognised him, and abruptly started from his concealment, in order to welcome his faithful follower; but the man, terrified at seeing a phantom, covered with hair, emaciated, and clothed only with an old cotton-wrapper, advancing upon him with a sword in his hand from among the bushes, took to flight; and it was only on hearing himself repeatedly

called by his name, that he recovered his composure sufficiently to recognise his old general. He was affected beyond measure at the state in which he found him, and conducted him instantly to his village, where Victoria was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The report of his reappearance spread like lightning through the province, where it was not credited at first, so firmly was every one convinced of his death; but it was soon known that Guadalupe Victoria was indeed in existence, and all the old insurgents rallied around him. In an incredibly short time he induced the whole province, with the exception of the fortified towns, to declare for independence, and then set out to join Iturbide, who was at that time preparing for the siege of Mexico. He was received with great apparent cordiality; but his independent spirit was too little in unison with Iturbide's project for this good understanding to continue long. Victoria had fought for a liberal form of government, and not merely for a change of masters; and Iturbide, unable to gain him over, drove him again into the woods during his short-lived reign, from whence he only returned to give the signal for a general rising against the too ambitious emperor.'

THE O. P. RIOTS.

THE famous riots which took place in Covent-Garden theatre in 1809, for the prevention of a rise of the prices of admission to that place of amusement, form a not unimportant chapter in the domestic history of England. The object of the contest, and the vigour and pertinacity with which it was conducted, spoke strongly of the national character. The English are a people—we speak as foreigners, and therefore without prepossession—who can endure nothing that seems unfair or overexacting. *In resisting such things, they regard not the trifle which*

may be the subject of dispute; the principle alone affects them, and for that they will fight to their last breath. In the case in question, they battled a matter of sixpences with a perseverance far beyond what to other nations would appear rational; yet it was exactly the same perseverance which made them fight out a twenty years' war, and which reconciles almost every individual in the country, below a certain grade, to spend his life in some narrow course of mercantile pursuit, while others take their ease, and allow their national and individual independence to slip from beneath their feet. Regarding the O. P. Riots in this light, and aware that most of the present generation know them only by name, we have caused the following account of them to be drawn up, with all due care and pains, from the large and now rare volume, published at the time under the name of the *Covent-Garden Journal*.

On the evening of the 19th of September 1808, the play of *Pizarro* was performed in the old theatre of Covent-Garden, and a number of shots were fired on the stage, as required by the business of the piece. The wadding from one of the guns, according to the only rational conjecture on the subject, chanced to lodge unobserved in some part of the scenery, and the unhappy result was the destruction of the whole building, as well as several adjacent houses, by fire. The property destroyed, as far as the theatre itself was concerned, amounted to about L.100,000, and of this the sum of L.70,000 only, it was understood, was recovered by insurances.

On the 31st of December following, the foundation-stone of a new theatre was laid on the same site by the Prince of Wales, as grand-master of the masonic order; and in the short space of ten months a superb edifice was completed, at the cost of L.150,000. Such, at least, was the statement of the proprietors when they announced the opening of the New Covent-Garden theatre for the 18th of September 1809. The same advertisement informed the public, that, in place of the old rates of 6s. for the

boxes, and 3s. 6d. for the pit, the prices in future were to be respectively 7s. and 4s. The box half-price was also raised from 3s. to 3s. 6d. The pit half-price was to remain as formerly at 2s.; and the galleries, first and second, at 2s. and 1s., as before. The announcement of this proposed increase of charges created a most extraordinary sensation in the mind of the playgoing public, which was not diminished by other innovations on the part of the managers and proprietors. One entire tier of boxes, the third of the four forming each side of the theatre, was alienated from public occupancy, being set apart as *private boxes*, to be sold or rented annually; and to each of these private boxes was attached a small room or ante-chamber. These apartments the public regarded as destined for the vilest uses. As some further explanation of the causes of this excitement, it may be premised, that the public in general conceived, and not without grounds, that the theatrical proprietors would be in reality *gainers* by the fire, and also that the increase of prices would never have been proposed, had not Drury-Lane theatre been shut at the time, and no rival in the field to endanger the Covent-Garden monopoly. The engagement for the season of the Italian singer, Catalani, was another circumstance which met with the most marked disapprobation.

On the evening of the 18th of September, the new theatre was crowded to suffocation. The play was *Macbeth*, the principal part being sustained by Mr John Philip Kemble, on whom, as the manager of the theatre, and one of the largest shareholders, the burden of public censure chiefly fell, whether deservedly or not, in the course of this remarkable contest. Before the curtain drew up, the stormy condition of the feelings of the audience was sufficiently evinced by their peremptory mode of demanding the *King's Anthem*. The musicians performed it; but this was not satisfactory, and the audience compelled the whole vocal corps of the establishment to come forward and sing both *God save the King* and *Rule Britannia*, in which the whole house joined.

with deafening effect. Soon after, in the costume of Macbeth, Mr Kemble presented himself to speak an address, of which not one word was heard amid the volleys of hissing, hooting, groans, and catcalls, which were poured forth. The play soon after began, but it was converted into pantomime, scarcely even a tone of Mrs Siddons's voice being heard, though that inimitable performer was then in the zenith of her power. The audience, however, singled out John Kemble as their principal mark, and in the entire second act stood up *with their backs turned on him*. Indeed, during the whole play they kept a standing position on the benches with their hats on. For the first time, the symbolic watchword of 'Old Prices' (afterwards merged in the emphatic contraction O. P.), resounded in alarming unison through the building. 'No imposition,' 'No Catalani,' were also general cries. The only part of the play which gave pleasure to the audience, was that in which Mr C. Kemble, as Macduff, killed the representative of Macbeth. Many cried: 'Well done: kill him, Charley,' as if they would really have rejoiced in such a catastrophe. After the play, the farce of the *Quaker* was performed—in dumb show; and the whole entertainments were over before ten o'clock. But the audience did not then rise. They sat still, expecting the appearance of the managers; and had some conciliation been attempted at this time, all might have been smoothed over. But in place of managers, two or three magistrates appeared, with the Riot Act in their hands. The indignant cries of 'No police in a theatre,' compelled these dignitaries to retire from their ill-judged attempt. The managers erred still further in bringing forward the fire-engine to the stage-doors, as if they had intended to clear the house by means of an artificial shower. This was anything but throwing oil on the waves of commotion. Finally, a posse of constables endeavoured to clear the pit and galleries; but *equally without effect*. It was not till half-past twelve *that the audience, of their own accord, and after singing the King's Anthem, finally left the house clear*. On this

night's exhibition the *Times* newspaper observed: 'It was a noble sight to see so much just indignation in the public mind; and we could not help thinking, as Mr Kemble and Mrs Siddons stood on the stage, carrying each L.500 in clothes on their backs, that it was to feed this vanity, and to pay an Italian singer, that the public were screwed.' The regal robes of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth were said to have actually cost this sum.

On the second night (September 19) the house was not full till half-price, but, nevertheless, not one syllable of the entertainments was heard from first to last, from the unremitting noise of catcalls, howling, whistling, and stamping. Papers were thrown on the stage, and placards, with 'Old Prices,' in large letters, were exalted as standards, or pinned to the front of the boxes. The performances were over by ten o'clock, but the audience again remained to a late hour, roaring for the managers. On a cry of 'Get on to the stage' being raised, a posse of Bow Street officers appeared on the stage, and its trap-doors were opened, with the absurd design, seemingly, of breaking the necks of the crowd, if they attempted to storm it. At a late hour the audience dispersed. On the third night, the same scene was renewed, with additional violence and determination. It seemed to be the proceeding of a well-disciplined corps, acting under judicious and resolute leaders. Trumpets and bugle-horns were added to the vocal instruments of noise; and the play and farce, *Richard the Third* (the tyrant by Cooke) and the *Poor Soldier*, were over, in dumb show, by half-past nine. On this evening, Mr Kemble condescended to appear in answer to the reiterated calls of the house, but he aggravated the mischief by the unfortunate words: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I wait to know *what you want*.' As every box, not to speak of the pit, presented immense placards with 'Old Prices' on them, this speech was not unjustly considered as a piece of 'ridiculous and insulting affectation.' So the house told Mr Kemble, with such a storm of accompanying indignation, that he found it convenient to retire. Several gentlemen afterwards

addressed the audience, and Mr Kemble was again called forward, when one gentleman answered his former interrogatory in three words: 'The Old Prices.' Mr Kemble spoke in reply, and pleaded the insecurity of the concern, but made no concession; on seeing which, the audience hooted him into a retreat.

The fourth night presented again a crowded house, and a dumb-show performance. On this night, a new feature in the affair became apparent. The front of the pit, and of many of the boxes, was occupied by a mob of persons, of squalid look and garb, who supported the cause of the managers, and whom the audience set down as hired for the purpose. Cries of 'No hired mob!' resounded from every quarter. Placards were abundant, bearing such inscriptions as 'Britons, be firm!' 'No Catalani!' 'No annual boxes!' 'Be silent; Mr Kemble's head *aitches*!'—a witty allusion to John Philip's new mode of pronouncing the word *aches*. At the conclusion of the performance, several gentlemen addressed the audience in encouraging words, and Mr Kemble again attempted to speak; but as he shewed no signs of yielding, he was forced to retire, amid a chorus of catcalls, watchmen's rattles, French horns, &c. On the fifth and sixth nights, the audience proceeded in their course with unabated vigour. Many new placards made their appearance, one of which had some wit in it: 'Here lies the body of NEW PRICE, an ugly child, and base-born, who died of the WHOOPING-COUGH on the 23d of September 1809, aged Six Days.' It lived much longer, however. On the fifth night, Mr Kemble announced that the *engagement of Catalani was relinquished*, and that the governor of the Bank of England, and several other gentlemen of unimpeachable character, had consented to look over the affairs of the theatre, with the view of determining whether the proprietors were justified in making the advance of prices or not; and on the sixth night (23d of September), he stated that the theatre would be closed till the committee had completed their inquiry, the results of which would be *published*.

On the 4th of October, the theatre re-opened. The public were not one whit appeased, as the report of the committee dealt only in general statements, and seemed, in short, totally unsatisfactory. The play and farce were still in pantomime, and the disturbances began to be more outrageous, in consequence of the undeniable presence of several hundreds of hirelings, chiefly inferior Jews, who were planted in the pit and boxes to intimidate the audience. The pugilists Mendoza, Dutch Sam, and others, were publicly and openly pointed out in their seats at various times. These persons, it seemed to all, never could have come there without consent of the management, and the feelings of the audience were greatly outraged in consequence. Fights, both in the pit and boxes, now became frequent, and continued every night, though the police often were successful in carrying off parties engaged. Every night some one or other was taken into custody. The Jews repeatedly challenged the O. P.'s to fight, but were finally driven out on the thirteenth night, or perhaps their employers saw the folly of continuing the opposition in this shape. By this time the audience never dispersed without a song, the *King's Anthem* being the favourite; and a final dance was also instituted in the pit, which soon destroyed the green cloth on the benches. Whenever the audience got tired, *God save the King* was their never-failing resource to recruit their spirits. But they often sang it wretchedly out of tune. 'On the seventeenth night,' says a journal of these events, 'a man of taste in the pit took advantage of a stillness—procured with much labour for an orator, whose heart failed him at last—and pitched the song in its proper key, on which he was immediately joined by the whole house standing, and the first verse was really well executed. This done, the audience treated themselves with many rounds of applause, and, in the gaiety of their hearts, ventured upon *Rule Britannia*; but they had tasked themselves too highly, and pitched the song too low. They meant well, however, and applauded themselves accordingly.'

On the eighteenth night, the *Merchant of Venice* was

the play ; but whether Cooke, in Shylock, was the ' Jew that Shakspeare drew,' or any other Jew, it was impossible to ascertain ; the real performers in the house being hissers, groaners, catcallers, trumpeters, &c. On this night, *hats* with the letters O. P. stuck on them, on printed cards, first made their appearance, though the same letters had appeared already on the waistcoats, watch-chains, and other parts of the dresses of the audience. An Orpheus in the upper boxes also drew out a German flute, and commanded an attentive audience whilst he played the Irish air of *Coolun*. On the nineteenth night, the following new placards appeared in the pit:—A striking likeness of Mr Kemble in acute pain, superscribed 'Pity my *aitches!*' 'If Captain Bull continues his nightly cruize, he will regain his old *prices*, and capture the *private-tier*.' 'No hired Jew, or prices new!' The pit on this night was the scene of several conflicts, and there was always room enough to form a *ring* for their performance. They mostly ended in smoke. That the rings, however, might not be formed for nothing, several persons amused themselves by running as fast as they could down the pit benches, from one end to another. After the fall of the curtain, a person having obtained silence, stood up in the pit, and said : 'Ladies and gentlemen, I entreat your profound attention'—— He 'could no more,' and sat down. Tremendous laughs signalled such displays. Often also, when the police made an attack on the boxes, the delinquents escaped by dropping into the pit, to the unbounded delight of the many.

From the twentieth to the thirtieth night, the O. P. uproar continued with undiminished vigour ; while metal ornaments, hats, waistcoats, and placards, all sported the magic letters in abundance. On the thirtieth night, the O. P.'s thought of the new scheme of leaving the theatre in procession, which they did accordingly, visiting the newspaper offices before they separated, and cheering *those which supported the O. P. cause*, while they groaned and hooted *its opponents*. Generally the O. P.'s were in *the greatest good-humour*. On the thirty-second night,

they all joined in expressing a sort of mock indignation at a man who appeared in the garb of a venerable *Jewish Rabbi*. The dress, which was of course assumed for the occasion, added variety to the confusion. He wore a large black beard and slouched hat, and suffered himself to be pushed about the pit, by his companions, without betraying the slightest symptom of displeasure. While he was the object of attack, many exclaimed: 'Turn him out—a Jew, a Jew!' The sham Israelite continued the deception until he was quite exhausted, when his many roaring followers allowed him to sit down and recover his wind. The row was then kept up by a very athletic man, who was at last overpowered by constables, and carried off to Bow Street. On the thirty-fifth night, the Pitites were still more frolicsome. The row, as for some time back, came to its height at the hour of half-price, when the theatre usually filled to overflowing. The O. P.'s commenced operations by clearing the centre of the pit; and when sufficient room had been thus obtained, they practised feats of agility. One man actually made a standing leap over six seats. When tired of this display, they exhibited several single-stick matches, in the gladiatorial style. An old Roman would have fancied himself in the middle of a circus for these exhibitions. A new dance was also performed by the 'extra corps de ballet,' to the tune of O. P. A violent stamp with the right foot was accompanied with the exclamation O, while the left beat the benches to the sound of P. During this heavy fandango, the house absolutely shook. The Pitites also found out the knack of reiterating O. P. in unison, the effect of which upon the ears was tremendous.

All this while the question was exciting as much agitation without the walls of the theatre as within them. The newspapers ranged themselves on various sides, and were daily filled with letters and pasquinades, on one side or other. The coffee-houses were crowded with disputants on the subject, and the manufacturers and shopkeepers took advantage of the affair, to vend all sorts of articles marked with the cabalistic letters. The sense

of the public was against the theatrical people, both among the upper and lower classes. Respectable and grave professional men did not disdain to deck themselves with the O. P. symbols, and appear in the theatre with them; while ladies of rank and character countenanced the same cause. An eminent barrister, named Clifford, appeared with an O. P. hat on the 31st of October, and was taken into custody. He entered a suit against Mr Brandon, the box-keeper, for illegal imprisonment; the issue of which trial, as well as of the trials of others seized in the theatre for rioting, will be alluded to immediately. In the meantime, the course of proceedings within the theatre must receive our continued notice.

‘On the forty-first night,’ says the O. P. historian, ‘the row commenced in the third act of *Speed the Plough*, and, at half-price, increased to the usual pitch. After much pushing and bustling, the Pitites opened their ball with the O. P. dance. Wrestling and broadsword play were practised in the highest style. During the scene of confusion, a party of constables sallied, with the intent of securing a few of the gladiators and dancers. The conflict was severe, but the O. P.’s soon cleared the field.’ A Mr Cowlam, however, was seriously injured by a baton-stroke, and was carried out amid the lamentations of all. On the forty-second night, as they had frequently done before, the O. P.’s directed their outcries against the *private* boxes, and, by their language, speedily caused a few ladies present in them to retire. The fifty-eighth night was an era in the struggle, as on that day, to the indescribable gratification of the O. P.’s, Clifford gained his suit, with L5 damages, against Brandon the box-keeper. New vigour seemed to be inspired into the O. P.’s by this event. On the fifty-ninth night, two persons in the pit appeared in white night-caps, and one of them exhibited a large O. P. cut out of pasteboard. The O he put round his neck, and held up the P in the most comic manner. The other knight of the white cap entertained himself by cracking a whip, and blowing a whistle in the handle. These gentlemen made their

appearance next night in similar style, and were cheered on their entrance; an honour which made them as proud as victors at the Olympic games. On the sixty-third night, the Duke of Gloucester appeared in the theatre, and was loudly cheered. He was, besides, favoured with a sonorous chant of *God save the King*, and with a vigorous specimen of O. P. dancing. On this night, a person with a tremendous false nose, exceeding that described by Slawkenbergius, and a monstrous counsellor's wig, excited much laughter. He occasionally mounted a white night-cap, and heightened the effect of his appearance by the cool gravity with which he talked to a companion, who wore a red silk handkerchief round his head. A desperate but ineffectual attempt was made by the police to seize the gentleman with the nose. They carried off some persons, however, to Bow Street, as indeed they did almost every night. On the sixty-fourth night, the expression of Job Thornberry, in *John Bull*, that 'he would stay till the roof fell on him,' was paraphrased by the O. P.'s, who roared that they would stay till the roof fell for O. P. Then the frolicsome mob set to work, to prove the endurance of their spirit. Sham boxing-matches, among other entertainments, were got up, which usually terminated in a mutual horse-laugh from the combatants, to the no small amazement of the *uninitiated* part of the company.

Though the spirit of the O. P.'s was unabated, it was not so by this time with their opponents. Obstinate as the proprietors had been, their patience was at length worn out. On the announcement of a dinner of the O. P.'s, to be held in the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Mr Kemble expressed a wish to the chairman, Mr Clifford, to appear with *conciliatory* proposals. On the sixty-sixth night (14th of December), a number of O. P.'s arrived at the theatre, and announced to the audience, that Mr Kemble had just entered into a capitulation at the Crown and Anchor, on which the cries for Kemble became loud and long. The great actor did at length appear, and repeated on the stage his proposals for peace. The

private boxes were to be restored to the public, and the pit to return to its old price, while, at the same time, all legal prosecutions were to be stopped. Mr Kemble proposed that the boxes should continue at the advanced price. The majority of the audience were so far satisfied, but there was a general cry for the dismissal of Brandon the box-keeper. This consummation of the wishes of the house was not attained till the succeeding night, when Mr Kemble, after an interval of *sixty-five* nights, reappeared as a performer in the comedy of the *Wheel of Fortune*. On this sixty-seventh night of the O. P. tumult, the house was excessively crowded. As if to give solemnity to the scene, the audience called for *God save the King*, and joined in it with heart and spirit. Kemble was received with general applause, but this applause became universal when he announced, with other apologetic remarks, that Brandon had resigned. Then he had the pleasure of seeing placards waving in the air, with the inscription, 'WE ARE SATISFIED.'

This was the close of one of the most curious scenes of excitement that have ever been witnessed in any country or age. From the very first, the O. P. disturbance did not wear the appearance of a common tumult, but, on the contrary, took and maintained the semblance of an organised and determined resistance to an oppressive change. As Mr John Kemble was but one of a pretty numerous body of proprietors, it was perhaps unfair in the public to concentrate their indignation so much upon his head; yet, from his influential position, and a known spice of haughty pride in his otherwise amiable character, it seems not improbable that he swayed greatly the counsels on the side of the proprietors. But 'Black Jack,' as he was popularly called, was taught in the end, that those who live by the breath of public favour, must sail the way it blows. Unfortunately, such is the length to which these notices have already extended, that we can only give a verse of the many pasquinades which appeared during the O. P. contest. Alluding to a rumoured design on the part of Mr Kemble to leave the

stage, a *Morning Chronicle* poet thus sings—hitting at the same time with all his might at the great actor's rather finical, though generally beneficial, attentiveness to periods and pronunciation :—

' The first of critics—first of actors—
First of semicolon-factors—
Out of patience with the age,
Swears, alas ! he'll quit the stage !

Who shall now, of all his cronies,
To their kind protection take,
All his *vari-a-tions*—
Made for variation's sake ?

Who shall fix, with equal care,
Points—in doublets or in speeches ?
Who adjust, with such an air,
Slashed soliloquies—or breeches ?'

A poet of the *Public Ledger*, on the other hand, speaks of the O. P.'s as the

' loud dunces in boxes and pit,
Of clamour and nonsense the instruments willing,
Who care not a *shilling* for genius or wit,
While their own is confined to the care of a *shilling*.

Ye critics, who jingle your *bells* at your ease,
And flourish on *foolscap* appropriate wit,
Put both round your noddles instead of O. P.'s,
And seem to the stage what ye act in the pit.'

To conclude this long notice of the O. P. convulsion, it may be mentioned that, out of sixty persons brought, on account of the affair, before the Westminster sessions, true bills were found against twenty-five of them. But, by the terms of pacification, as has been mentioned, these charges were departed from by the managers of the theatre. It is somewhat remarkable that, in a tumult continued nightly, and with so much violence, for upwards of two months, only two persons received injuries at all serious or dangerous. Many a black eye, bloody nose, cracked scone, and sore rib, resulted from the contest, but these were not mishaps very heavily to be deplored. After all, one can laugh with much more freedom at the O. P. row, on account of this guiltlessness of blood.

SONG FROM THE DUTCH:

AS TRANSLATED IN THE STUDENT'S ALMANAC OF LEYDEN.

I.

LONG for thy coming I've waited and sighed,
Breathless the air, love, and calm is the night ;
Golden with stars, oh, the heavens are bright :
Long for thy coming I've waited and sighed,
Mary, my love !
Sweet are the perfumes of flowering May ;
Soft through the meadow the brook sighs its lay ;
Tender the moon beams with glittering ray,
Mary, my love !

II.

And is thy name not Angel, maid ?
Thy locks of blackest jet are made ;
More white the lily is thy bosom,
Than on the banks the waving blossom ;
As on the rose the sunbeams play,
So from thy cheek a smile does ray ;
That modest look of thine did move me,
O didst thou love me as I love thee !

III.

My boat is on the wavering sea—
O to my cottage come with me ;
There, lonely, the shade of beeches,
No noise, no human talk, should reach us ;
There, playing with thy curling hair,
For fame nor glory should I care ;
Naught should I sing but sweetest dove, thee,
If as I love thee, thou didst love me !

IV.

A heaven is opened on thy brow,
O don't belie that heaven's show ;
Nor be the sun of bounty thwarted,
Since from me freedom's sun has parted ;
O let no pitying laugh, then, sweet,
Insult the passion I do feed !—
The answer would a kiss of love be,
If thou didst love me as I love thee !

STORY OF QUEEN MATILDA OF DENMARK.

CAROLINE MATILDA, daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales, and sister of George III., king of Great Britain, was born on the 22d of July 1751. In her childhood, she exhibited a most amiable disposition, and many personal graces, which qualities suffered no diminution as she increased in years. When she attained to the age of fifteen, she was, indeed, remarkable for almost every attribute that can adorn her sex ; and this circumstance, conjoined with the exalted rank which fortune had bestowed on her, might have given rise to the anticipation, that happiness would have been her portion in life. But when she had attained to the age of fifteen, one of those royal matches, in which the affections have no share, was provided for the youthful and blooming princess, and her history was thus ultimately rendered a memorable instance of the instability of human greatness.

Christian VII. of Denmark was the husband selected for Caroline Matilda. He was a prince originally weak in mind, and, though but two years older than the princess, had already impaired his constitution by debaucheries. The royal pair were contracted in 1766, and some time afterwards, the princess was conducted to the court of Denmark, with all the high ceremonials befitting the sister of one of the most powerful monarchs of the

civilised world. Queen Matilda, as she was usually named, was not long in Copenhagen ere, at her husband's hands, in place of the kindness due to a wife, a woman, and a stranger, so young and so lovely, she underwent only violence and ill-treatment. Her only peace lay in submitting to his caprices, which he carried to such an absurd and unseemly length, as to compel her to appear on horseback in male attire with him—for yielding to which whim, she was sharply reproved by her mother, the Princess of Wales. In short, the Danish king behaved to her in every way with extreme impropriety, and often with barbarity. Christian's step-mother, the queen-dowager, and her son Prince Frederick, were also jealous of Queen Matilda's influence, and conducted themselves to her with uniform hostility.

Nearly two years passed away in this manner, when the Danish king thought proper to make a tour through Europe. His adviser in this scheme was his favourite minister Stolk, who was also one of the interested enemies of the poor young queen. Some of the elder councillors wished to prevent Christian from entering on any such journey, conceiving that the only result would be the exposure of his weakness and folly to the whole of Europe. The king, however, would and did go. In this tour, which took place in 1768, it chanced that he required the attendance of a physician at Altona, in the duchy of Holstein. Struensee, the son of a Lutheran bishop in Holstein; had just begun at that period to practise medicine at Altona, after having edited a newspaper for some time. He was recommended to the Danish king as a physician, and soon crept into extraordinary favour. Struensee was then twenty-nine years old, possessed of an agreeable exterior and pleasing manners, and neither deficient in talent nor in information. He had, moreover, the proper degree of subserviency, and a power of amusing which sealed his success. In Christian's visit to England, Dr Struensee, as he was termed, formed one of the royal suite.

On the return of Christian to Copenhagen, Struensee,

who had continued to advance in the good graces of the king, was immediately appointed a cabinet minister, and intrusted, in fact, with the supreme power. Struensee was not long in sending for his brother, whom he made a councillor of state; Brandt, another adventurer, was appointed to superintend the palace and the imbecile king; and Rantzau, who had been Struensee's colleague in the editorship of the Altona newspaper, was nominated to the post of foreign minister, though he had formerly been sent in disgrace from the court. The majority of the former officials were at the same time removed. Such was the complete change which the introduction of Struensee—who, with his colleague Brandt, was made an earl or count—effected at the court of Denmark. As far as the political conduct of Struensee is concerned, it need only be remarked here, that, in the course of his term of power, he abolished the torture, emancipated the enslaved husbandmen, and introduced religious toleration into Denmark—acts which must be placed in the balance against many ill-judged measures which his inexperience led him to adopt.

It is in so far as it affected the fate of Queen Matilda, that this change in the face of Danish affairs is to be considered in this place. Struensee made the young queen comparatively happy for the first time since her departure from her home. He exerted his influence to restore to her the good graces and affections of her husband, and this object he easily accomplished. It was natural that the grateful queen should have bestowed her confidence on one who had so materially improved her situation, and whom that very act had shewn to be possessed of the power to change it at will. The confidence thus founded led to unhappy consequences. A strong party in the kingdom looked with distrust and hate on the band of favourites, whose conduct, in many respects, merited reprobation. As became better known afterwards, than it was at the time, the private habits of Struensee were depraved and licentious, and he and his associates were open free-thinkers in religious matters.

The people, who were in general religiously disposed, attributed to them all the masquerading and balling which went on perpetually at court, though this, in reality, arose from the weak king's own tastes, indulged merely by them. Unfortunately, in whatever the ministers did, the young queen was held to be a participator, though, according to the description of a close observer, her disposition was averse from all such revelries as those alluded to. 'Matilda was of a mild and reserved character, and one well qualified to enjoy and impart happiness.' The queen-dowager contributed, it has been said, to the misfortunes of the young queen, by artfully leading her, under the semblance of friendship, into all such steps as were calculated to make her unpopular; while of these very steps, the dowager-queen's emissaries took advantage, by swelling and misrepresenting them everywhere to the young queen's injury.

Such was the condition of things when an attempt to incorporate the royal guards with other regiments, excited a mutinous spirit among them, and the enemies of Struensee saw a favourable opportunity for overthrowing him. On the night of the 16th of January 1772, a masked ball was given at court, where the king appeared, and treated his ministers with the same favour as usual. Conspirators and victims mingled in the festivities, it was afterwards observed, with more than their wonted gaiety. At four o'clock in the morning, a different scene began. The king was asleep in his chamber, when the queen-dowager, her son Prince Frederick, and Rantzau—the ungrateful colleague of Struensee—entered the royal apartment, compelled the valet to awaken Christian, and required his majesty instantly to sign an order for the apprehension of the Queen Matilda and Counts Struensee and Brandt, who, they pretended, were then engaged in a plot to depose, if not to murder him. The king hesitated, perhaps from some remnant of humanity or moral restraint. But the queen-dowager told him, that *his wife and her accomplices were at that moment busied in drawing an act of renunciation, which they would*

immediately come and compel him to sign. The terrified king then yielded so far as to give a verbal assent, and Rantzau rushed, with his sword drawn, to the apartment of the queen, and forced her to rise from her bed, with the infant which was then at her breast. The unfortunate lady was alike alarmed and indignant, and when informed of her arrest, endeavoured to make way to her husband, to hear it from his own lips. But Rantzau, telling his associates that, if she was allowed to see the king, it would cost them their lives, hurried the queen into a carriage, and conveyed her, with her child and Lady Mostyn—her attendant—to the fortress of Kronborg, near Elsinore, a place upwards of thirty miles distant from Copenhagen.

The assertion, that the queen and Struensee were at the moment plotting against the king, was shewn to be utterly false, by the condition in which the queen was found. Struensee, also, and Brandt were found quietly asleep in their own houses when the messengers came to arrest them. They, and the principal of their adherents, to the number of eighteen, were speedily thrown into prison; Struensee and Brandt being chained down to the floor, and otherwise most cruelly treated. The charges made against Struensee were all of a political nature except one, which accused him of an improper intimacy with Queen Matilda. No evidence of this could be brought forward; but it is said that a confession was obtained from Struensee by threats of torture, facilitated by hopes of life held out to him. As the queen-dowager and her son issued to the public anything they chose on the subject, there can be no confidence placed in these statements. Struensee and Brandt died on the scaffold, their right hands being cut off before they were beheaded. One of the principal charges against Brandt shews the atrocious nature of the whole of these proceedings. He was accused of having *struck* the king; but it was proved that the king had a taste for boxing, and had repeatedly engaged in trials of this exercise with Brandt and many others, whence came all the blows ever inflicted on the royal person.

Queen Matilda remained for some time in the castle of Kronborg, ignorant of the fate that awaited her. The first intimation that she was charged with the breach of her nuptial vows, was received by her through Councillor Schack, who was purposely sent to cajole, cheat, or frighten her, by all or any means, into some admission of error. When he spoke to her, says an authentic account of these events, of an intrigue with Struensee, she listened with indignation. He then assured her that Struensee had made a confession, and artfully intimated, that the fallen minister would be subjected to a most cruel death, if he was found to have falsely criminated the queen. 'What!' she exclaimed, 'do you believe that if I was to confirm this declaration, I should save the life of that unfortunate man?' Shack answered by a profound bow. The queen took a pen, wrote the first syllable of her name, and fainted away. Shack completed the signature, and hurried off with the document in triumph. Thus was the half-forged piece of writing obtained, which formed the only colour for the charge against the queen; and when it is considered that she was then only twenty-one years of age, helpless, in fear for her life, and among strangers, it will scarcely be wondered at that she should have been persuaded into this seeming and partial admission of what the solemn declarations of her death-bed contradicted.

So much beloved in her circle was the queen, and so confident of her innocence were those who had been constantly in her society, that almost all her ladies voluntarily followed her to Kronborg, where, out of fear, probably, of the English court, her confinement was not rendered severe. It may be thought remarkable, that the English court has not been earlier mentioned. The ambassador, Colonel Murray Keith, did interfere spiritedly at the first, but it was only after some months that he could procure the queen's liberation. As Christian, under the influence of the queen-dowager, was forcing on a divorce, it was resolved by the British court to take away Queen Matilda at once from the country. Celle, in

Hanover, was the place fixed on for her residence. When this was announced to her, the queen burst into a flood of tears. They were tears of pleasure, but a change came over her feelings when told that her infant was to be detained. This child had been ill, and she had watched over it incessantly. For a long time, when the bark was in waiting to take her away, the poor mother could not be prevailed upon to bid a final adieu to the infant. 'At length,' says Archdeacon Coxe, in his *Travels through Denmark*, 'after bestowing repeated caresses on this darling object of her affection, she retired to the vessel in an agony of despair. She remained upon deck, her eyes immovably directed towards the palace of Kronborg. The vessel having made little way during the night, at daybreak she observed with fond satisfaction that the palace was still visible; and could not be persuaded to enter the cabin so long as she could discover the faintest glimpse of the battlements.'

On reaching Celle, a little court was formed around the queen. But though she retained a comparatively calm exterior, the heart of this unfortunate princess had received a shock which it was difficult to sustain. The children whom she had left behind occupied all her thoughts. She obtained their portraits, and kept them in her most retired apartments, where they were ever before her eyes. She often apostrophised them in language that melted those who accidentally heard her. One day, a lady of her chamber came behind her, and heard her speaking. The words were these:—

'Ah! who like me could prize the joy divine,
My lovely babe! to mix my soul with thine?
Torn from my breast, I weep alone for thee,
Amid the griefs which Heaven has dealt to me.'

When she was induced to mingle with society, this princess shewed extraordinary powers of pleasing. She was familiarly acquainted with the French, Italian, German, Danish, and English languages, and had read much, short and troubled as her career had been. The regret of the province was therefore strong and lasting,

when, on the 10th of May 1775, she was cut off by scarlet fever, before she had reached the age of twenty-four. As has been said, her dying words contained an attestation of her innocence of the charge brought against her, and for which she had been exiled from her family.

THE YEARLY FAIR OF CASHMERE SHAWLS.*

PERHAPS the last idea that would ever enter into the head of a London or Parisian belle, when she is the envied possessor of a rich Cashmere, is the manner in which these costly shawls are transferred to European merchants. I have been witness to the extraordinary scene presented by a fair held for this purpose on the banks of the Volga, and I think the ladies will be interested with its description.

A conflagration which took place on the confines of Europe and Asia, in 1816, burnt down the little village of Makariev. This event, unnoticed in the European journals, was of some consequence in the mercantile annals of the world, since in that miserable village had been held, from time immemorial, every year in the month of July, the fair where all the Cashmeres were sold that were brought by land into Europe. With the village were burnt the warehouses and shops used by the merchants. Ever since that time, this fair has been transferred to Nijnii-Novgorod. The Russian government had long been desirous that such should be the case, on account of the fine commercial situation of that town at the confluence of the Oka and the Volga.

Just at the confluence of these rivers, thousands of temporary shops are constructed with the promptitude *for which the Russians are celebrated.* We see rise with

* Translated from an article in a French periodical, stated to be derived from the note-book of a traveller.

marvellous celerity taverns, coffee-shops, a theatre, ball-rooms, and a crowd of edifices of painted wood, constructed with some taste, all ready for the opening of the July fair. A crowd of people from all corners of the earth assembles to fill these ephemeral streets. Russians, Tatars, and Calmucks are the natural population; these are joined by Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Indians, Poles, Germans, French, English, and even Americans. Notwithstanding the confusion of tongues, the most perfect order reigns among this assembly of many nations. The riches amassed in this place are incalculable. The silks of Lyon and Asia, the furs of Siberia, the pearls of the East, the wines of France and Greece, and the merchandise of Persia and China, are seen on every side. But among the precious productions of Asia, certainly the shawls of Cashmere bear the first rank.

The sale of these beautiful articles is a sort of contract which never takes place excepting in the presence of witnesses. One of my friends, who dealt in this species of merchandise, requested me to be one of his witnesses. I therefore accompanied him to the fair, and by this means beheld all the proceedings of the negotiation. On our arrival, we were joined by the other witnesses and two Armenian brokers, and my friend led us to a row of stone-houses, without upper storeys; here we were introduced into a sort of cellar. The Indian merchant, who was the seller, sat here, surrounded by immense riches, in the form of fourscore bales of Cashmeres, which were ranged and piled against the wall: he dealt in no other merchandise. The extraordinary part of the business is, that shawls of the greatest value are sold without the buyer ever seeing them opened; they are never unfolded, nor does the buyer even examine a corner; nevertheless, he is perfectly informed of their state by the descriptive catalogues of the brokers, who obtain these catalogues from Cashmere, drawn up with the utmost care and fidelity.

As soon as we entered, we squatted on the ground without speaking a word, and the brokers who conduct

the whole affair proceeded to business. They began by placing the buyer and the seller at diagonal points of the apartment; they then ran perpetually from one party to another, making known the price asked and the price bid, in many mysterious whispers. This negotiation went on with great earnestness, till the prices seemed to approximate nearer, owing to one party lowering his demand, and the other raising his offer. The bale of shawls was then brought out, and placed between the owner and the buyer. The seller vaunted their beauty and value, and the buyer regarded them disdainfully, and hastily compared their number and marks with his catalogue. Then the scene grew more animated; the buyer made a positive offer, declaring it was the highest price he would give. The Indian merchant then rose to quit the warehouse; the brokers cried aloud with a high voice, and seized him by the skirt of the garment, to detain him by force; one hauled him on one side, the other pulled him on the other, and, between them, they raised in a moment the most outrageous uproar. The poor Indian seemed very passive in all this confusion: I expected that the brokers, in their zealous activity, would do him a mischief; and I found that is sometimes the case.

Now comes the third act of this odd farce. If a fair price has been bid, the brokers endeavour to force the Indian merchant to give the buyer his hand, who holds it open, and repeats his offer in a loud voice. This is the most amusing part of the business, for the brokers seize the poor Indian, and try to get hold of his hand. The Indian defends himself, resists, escapes to the other end of the warehouse, enveloping his hand in the large sleeve of his robe, all the time whining out his first price in the most dolorous tone of voice. At last they catch him, and in spite of his resistance, and even his cries, place his hand in that of the buyer.

Complete tranquillity succeeds this scene. The brokers congratulate the buyer. The Indian sighs piteously, and complains in a doleful tone of the violence and ill

behaviour of the brokers. The brokers seat themselves, and prepare the bill of sale as the last act of the ceremony. All that has passed is pure acting, and considered indispensable to the etiquette of the sellers of Cashmere shawls; for if the Indian merchant has not been sufficiently pinched, and pulled, and pushed from side to side, and his head and arms bruised with the ardour of the sale, he will fancy he has parted with his goods too readily, and repent of the sale before the next July fair brings him to Nijnii again. The whole affair rested on this important difference: the Indian merchant asked 230,000 rubles for his bale, and the buyer gave him but 180,000—of which the brokers receive two rubles out of every hundred.

The whole company—buyer, seller, witnesses, and brokers—then seated themselves cross-legged on a carpet with deep fringes. We were handed ice, served in vases of China porcelain. Instead of spoons, we had little spatulas of mother-of-pearl, whose silver handles were ornamented with a ruby or an emerald, or some other precious stone. When these refreshments were taken, the shawls were delivered. All the marks and descriptions were found perfectly right, the goods being precisely as the brokers had declared. The time of payment caused another contest; and when that was adjusted, all the parties concerned were expected to say a private prayer. I did as the others did; but I fear I was more employed in reflecting on the variety of religions that had met together on the business. There was the Indian adorer of Brama and other idols; two Tatars, who submitted their destinies to the regulation of Mohammed; two Parsees, worshippers of fire; a Calmuck officer, who, I verily believe, had a reverential regard for the Grand Lama; and three Christians, of different communions—an Armenian, a Georgian, and, meaning myself, a Lutheran. One of the company told me he had prayed that the ladies of Europe might abate their *extravagant desire of possessing Cashmere shawls*. As *he was, like me, only one of the witnesses, I may venture*

to conclude, that he did not draw any profit from this article of luxury, or he would never have put up so perverse a prayer at the grand fair of Nijnii-Novgorod.

INSECTS IN THE STOMACH.

In the country parts of Scotland, we often hear stories related of people swallowing, by accident or unwittingly, small reptiles or insects, which live and breed in the stomach, and put the unhappy person who has received them to great pain. There is reason to believe that these stories are in general fabrications, or that they are greatly exaggerated. It is found that, except in rare cases, no animal can live in the stomach, from its heat, and from the juices which prevail in it. Worms of a certain description, however, can exist with perfect security in the stomach and intestines. We are informed that 1200 species of these intestinal worms have been discovered, and that sixteen of these have been found in the human body. Some of these worms are thin, flat, like pieces of tape; and others are round, or consist of a sort of elongated cartilage in joints. 'That insects were, in some rare cases,' says the author of *Insect Transformations*, 'introduced into the human stomach, has been more than once proved; though the greater number of the accounts of such facts in medical books are too inaccurate to be trusted. But one extraordinary case has been completely authenticated, both by medical men and competent naturalists, and is published in the *Dublin Transactions*, by Dr Pickells of Cork. "Mary Riordan, aged twenty-eight years, had been much affected by the death of her mother, and at one of her many visits to the grave, seems to have partially lost her senses, having been found lying there on the morning of a winter day, and having been exposed to heavy rain during the night. When she was about fifteen, two popular Catholic priests

had died, and she was told by some old women that if she would drink daily, for a certain time, a quantity of water mixed with clay taken from their graves, she would be for ever secure from disease and sin. Following this absurd and disgusting prescription, she took from time to time large quantities of the draught. Some time afterwards, being affected with a burning pain in the stomach, she began to eat large pieces of chalk, which she sometimes also mixed with water, and drank. Now, whether in any or in all of these draughts she swallowed the eggs of insects, cannot be affirmed; but for several years she continued to throw up incredible numbers of grubs and maggots, chiefly of the church-yard beetle." "Of the larvæ of the beetle," says Dr Pickells, "I am sure I considerably underrate, when I say that not less than 700 have been thrown up from the stomach at different times since the commencement of my attendance. A great proportion were destroyed by herself, to avoid publicity; many, too, escaped immediately by running into holes in the floor. Upwards of ninety were submitted to Dr Thomson's examination, nearly all of which, including two of the specimens of the weal-worm, I saw myself thrown up at different times. The average size was about an inch and a half in length, and four lines and a half in girth. The larvæ of the bipterous insect, though voided only about seven or eight times, according to her account, came up almost literally in myriads. They were alive and moving." Altogether, Dr Pickells saw nearly 2000 grubs of the beetle, and there were many which he did not see. Mr Clear, an intelligent entomologist of Cork, kept some of them alive for more than twelve months. Mr S. Cooper cannot understand whence the continued supply of the grubs was provided, seeing that larvæ do not propagate, and that only one proper and one perfect insect were voided; but the simple fact, that most beetles live several years in the state of larvæ, sufficiently accounts for this. *Their existing and thriving in the stomach, too, will appear less wonderful from the fact, that it is exceedingly*

difficult to kill this insect; for Mr Henry Baker repeatedly plunged one into spirits of wine, so fatal to most insects, but it revived, even after being immersed a whole night, and afterwards lived three years. That there was no deception on the part of the woman, is proved by the fact, that she was always anxious to conceal the circumstance, and that it was only by accident that the medical gentlemen, Drs Pickells, Herrick, and Thomson, discovered it. Moreover, it does not appear that, though poor, she ever took advantage of it to extort money. It is interesting to learn that, by means of turpentine in large doses, she was at length cured.'

A QUEER OLD JUDGE.

On the appointment of new sheriffs for the city of London, it was, and, we believe, is still customary for them to be harangued on the duties of their office by one of the judges or barons of the high courts of the land. On one of these occasions, in the year 1659, the following speech was delivered. The speaker was an inferior or *puisé* baron of Exchequer, by name Baron Tomlinson, and a merry, truth-telling old soul he must have been—a good deal, we suspect, like the Scotch judge, the late Lord Hermand. Two citizens, named Warner and Love, were the newly appointed sheriffs whom Baron Tomlinson addressed.

'How do you, Mr Warner? Save you, Mr Love. Gentlemen citizens, I observe in you three things: first, that ye are well clad; from whence I note, that ye are no slovens. Truly I wish I were a sheriff, so it were not chargeable, and that I might always be in the office; for certainly a sheriff can never be a-cold, his gown is so warm; and, on my word, yours seem to be excellent *good scarlet*. Some men may ask, why do you wear red *gowns*, and not blue or green? As for blue, it is a colour *which signifies constancy*; now constancy cannot be

attributed to sheriffs ; for a sheriff is a sheriff this year, and none the next. As for green, it is Mohammed's colour, and so too heathenish for a Christian. I confess *feuille morte*, which signifies decay, had been the most proper colour for a sheriff, because he puts off his gown with the fall of the leaf ; and, secondly, because it may decay his estate, if he be too expensive in his office. But next to that, red is the most convenient colour ; for indeed most handsome and delectable things are red—as roses, pomegranates, the lips, the tongue, &c. ; so that, indeed, our ancestors did wisely to clothe magistrates with this decent and becoming colour. It is true I have a gown too, but they make me wear the worst of any baron of the Exchequer ; it is plain cloth, as you see, without any lining ; yet my comfort is, I am still a baron, and I hope I shall be so as long as I live : when I am dead, I care not who is baron, or whether there be a baron or no. The next thing I observe is, that ye look plump and ruddy ; from whence I give a shrewd guess, that ye feed well ; and truly if you do so, then you do well, which is my third and last observation concerning ye. But do you know wherefore you come hither ? I do not question but you do ; however, you must give me leave to tell ye ; for in this place I am a better man than either of you both, or indeed both of you put together. Why, then, I will tell ye : ye come hither to take your oaths before me. Gentlemen, I am the puisné baron of the Exchequer : that is to say, the meanest baron ; for, though I am not guilty of interpreting many hard words, yet this hath been so continually beaten into my head, that I do very well understand it : however, I could brook my meanness well enough—for some men tell me that I deserve no better—were it not the cause of my life's greatest misery ; for here I am constrained, or else I must lose my employment, to make speeches in my old age, and, when I have one foot in the grave, to stand here with the other talking in public. Truly, gentlemen, it is a sad thing ; you see what a forced put I am put to. May I soon be out of this sinful world ; for when my bones are at rest, my tongue

will be at quiet! I remember, gentlemen, when I was a child, if my mother asked if I would have any victuals that pleased me not, why, then, I would grow sullen, and make no answer; then would she say: "Sirrah, will you have it? speak!"—still not a word from me. "Nay, then," said she, "if you won't speak, you shall have nothing." This is my condition now: either speak, or have nothing; that is, be no baron. I have prayed that my weak capacity may be mended; now I speak better to-day than I used to do; you will know he hath heard my prayers; if not, then it is as it was. But since it is my misfortune, I shall talk to ye as well as I can: but, friends, you must not expect that I should bawl to you, like fellows who cry carrots and turnips in the street; for that would be troublesome to me, and perhaps cause the almonds of my ears to fall with overstraining my impotent lungs. And now it comes into my mind, I desire you, when you are in your office, not to let those fellows yaule so in a morning; for, besides that they will not let the people sleep, the cry of Wisdom can never be heard in your streets for the perpetual bawling those carters keep; and truly if you do not remedy it, I am afraid you will as soon hear the lamentation of wild nightingales as the voice of Wisdom in your city. Yet though I do not bawl, do not think that I will whisper neither; for then it were impossible you should hear me, and I should seem to sit upon the bench like a madman talking to myself; besides, the proverb says, "that where there is whispering, there is lying." Truly, gentlemen, I am an old man, and have lived long in the world; and I can assure you, I have observed these proverbs, and find them to be wise sayings. I remember when I was a young youth—it is a great while ago, gentlemen; I warrant ye it is above five-and-forty years ago—my mother saw me fooling with a knife: "Lay down the knife, boy," said she; "it is a dangerous thing to play with edged tools." Truly, gentlemen, I believe you find the truth of this; for had your city never meddled with edged tools, they and you, I believe, had been in a more thriving condition than now. At

first, you played with these edged tools in your military and artillery grounds, and made sport with them before your wives ; but I think they have made sport with you since. Truly, for my part, I cannot tell what to do for these edged tools ; and I believe you are in a quandary too : for my part, I resolve never to meddle with them ; and I hope you have so much grace and cowardice, as to do so too. King James would never meddle with them, you know : now, if you will not take my foolish advice, take his wise counsel.

‘ But to return where I left. I say, gentlemen, that I will neither bawl nor speak softly, but talk in an indifferent tone between both, that you may hear me, and I may hear myself, and so we may all hear one another ; and truly there is great reason for it ; for by hearing we convey our reason one to another. Now, that I have reason, I will prove ; for every man is a rational creature ; now, I am a man, therefore I am a reasonable creature. Gentlemen, this makes as much for you as for me, for by this do I prove you likewise to be rational creatures, and so fit to be sheriffs. Thus I find ye qualified for your office. And truly, gentlemen, sheriffs are men of great antiquity and authority : some are of opinion that sheriffs were invented in Tyre and Sidon ; truly, gentlemen, it stands with reason, for I am sure they were the first inventors of scarlet. But to leave this opinion, I do find in the Bible, how Joseph was, by Pharaoh, king of Egypt, made sheriff of Grand Cairo ; and Daniel also was, by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Assyria, made sheriff of Babylon. In the first place, their habit proves this to be true, for they wore the same badges of their authority as you have ; that is to say, scarlet gowns and gold chains. I will not dispute whether their gowns were lined with fur or no, neither was it material, nor indeed so requisite ; the hotness of their countries not permitting that formality. Secondly, we read how Joseph arrested his brothers for carrying away his plate, which he could not have done had he not had bailiffs and sergeants under him, officers peculiar to a sheriff : and to make it more evident, we

do not find that he took out his writ out of any other office but his own ; which he could not have warranted, had he not been sheriff himself. But you will say, where were the two sheriffs to parallel our two sheriffs ? To that I answer, where was there a county of Middlesex belonging to any of those cities, for the other person to be sheriff of ? Was it requisite there should be two sheriffs in those places, where there was never a county of Middlesex, because there are two sheriffs of London, where there is a county of Middlesex ? No ; for it is the county that makes the sheriff, not the sheriff makes the county. This, gentlemen, is law. Now, gentlemen, I shall tell ye more than ever you heard before, to shew you that I have not spent my time in idleness, which is this ; that as there is an archangel and an archbishop, and an archdeacon, so is there an archsheriff, which is Saturn or Beelzebub, the prince of the air. This is evident from the duty of his employment ; for as it is your duty to punish offenders and sinners in this world, so it is his duty to punish sinners and offenders both in this world and the world to come.

‘And now I speak of your employment, I shall tell you what it is : first, you are the chief jailers of the nation, and it is your duty to keep those prisoners who are committed to your charge, as close as your wives lock up their best jewels : to this purpose, Mr Warner, are the two counters at your disposal ; and Newgate, Mr Love, is appointed for your portion. Secondly, you are the chief executioners of sentences upon malefactors, whether it be whipping, burning, or hanging. Mr Sheriff, I shall entreat a favour of you : I have a kinsman at your end of the town, a rope-maker ; I know you will have many occasions before this time twelvemonth, and I hope I have spoken in time. Pray make use of him ; you will do the poor man a favour, and yourself no prejudice. Pray, gentlemen, what have you for dinner ! for I profess I forgot to go to market yesterday, that I might get my speech by heart. Truly, gentlemen, I count it no dishonour to go to market myself ; there is no trusting to

servants ; had you lived as long in the world as I have done, you would say so. When I was a young man as you are, I scorned to go to market then as well as you ; but since I went myself, I find that my servants cheated me of, I warrant you, five pounds in the year. They would reckon me two shillings for a leg of mutton, which I can buy as good a one now for five groats and twopence. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock : well, good-by to ye, gentlemen. But stay ! I have forgot the main thing ye came for : I must give you our oath. Lord, what a crazy memory have I ! But you must excuse me, gentlemen ; my thoughts are not ubiquitary ; they cannot be in your kitchen and my head both at one time. Gentlemen, there are several sorts of oaths : there is the Protector's oath, " By the * * * ;" there is the Cavalier's oath, " * * * ;" and there is the chamber-maid's oath, " As I am honest ;" then there is an oath which you are to swear, and which all men swear who take upon them employments of trust—" So help me God." Now, some men say this is not an oath, but my conscience tells me the contrary. Truly, there are so many opinions, that a man cannot tell which to believe. . However, I have sworn this oath twenty times, and would do twenty times more, before I would lose my place. But why do I use persuasion ? I see you are come with a resolution to swear, and I am come to swear ye ; and so we are agreed. Well, now you have heard what those things are which you must swear ; lay your hands on the book, and say : " As God help us, Mr Baron, we will perform all these things as well as we can." Thus, Masters Sheriffs, you hear what you have sworn ; pray be diligent and careful to observe every particular ; fear God, obey your superiors, and rule your city with prudence ; that as you are sheriffs, you may become mayors ; and being mayors, may be knighted ; and being knighted, may die full of age and worship, and be buried with escocheons. Now, Mr Sheriffs, get ye home, kiss your wives, and by that time the cloth is laid, I will be with ye ; so good-by till I see ye.

EXPEDITION OF JAMES V. AGAINST
THE BORDER THIEVES.

THE remarkable expedition of James V., in the year 1529, into the southern Highlands of Scotland, to inflict judicial punishment on the marauders of these Border districts, furnishes various amusing anecdotes, illustrative of the state of society in the sixteenth century. Having very sagaciously, as a first step, secured in safe custody the principal chieftains by whom the disorders were privately encouraged—namely, the Earl of Bothwell, the Lord Home, Lord Maxwell, Scott of Buccleuch, and Ker of Fernyherst—James assembled an army, and set out under the pretence of enjoying the pastime of hunting. The track which the king and his retinue pursued led him first through Peeblesshire, taking in his route the ancient burgh of Peebles. Here, at the old castle of Smithfield, which was situated on a hill overlooking the town, James held a species of court, and, according to tradition, received the homage of the neighbouring barons. It is stated that among others who on this occasion waited on the king, was the lady of the Laird of Ormiston, to present him with a Red Rose, such being the redendo of her husband's lands. Spending only a short time at Smithfield, James hurried westward into the upper part of Tweeddale, from whence he made a detour to the left, through Ettrick and Ewesdale. It is ascertained by tradition, that in penetrating the wilds in the upper part of Tweeddale, he felt himself very much at a loss to discover the proper path into the Vale of Drummelzier. It is supposed that the main body of his attendants was sent up the strath of Manor Water, while he and a few retainers made a stretch westward, through the demesnes of Sir *James Tweedie*, a thane of considerable power in this *quarter at the time*, who resided in a strong peel-house, *called the Thane's Castle, near Drummelzier, and the ruin*

of which is still extant, on the point of a steep conical rock. Here the chief of the Tweedies used to reside, and domineer over the adjacent region. He was likewise in the habit of exacting a species of court by persons passing his fastness, in much the same way that the petty princes of Africa oblige travellers to wait upon them, either to gratify their love of power or plunder. The king having required a guide through the district of the Tweedies, a poor labouring man of the name of Bartram offered himself, and was accepted. This person assiduously escorted him from near the Rachan to Glenwhappen, through the vale commanded by Tweedie's castle; and so well was James pleased with his attention, that he granted him a freehold property, called Duck-pool, in the parish of Glenholm. It is somewhat curious, that the lincal descendant of this Bartram still possesses a portion of the estate so conferred. In the course of 300 years, it has been much reduced in size, as much from the aggressions of the more powerful lairds, as from the necessities of the family. Its dimensions are now to the extent of little more than an acre, yet it acknowledges no superior, and, from the peculiarity of the tenure, pays no tax or assessment.

The thane of Drummelzier having been informed that a stranger, evidently of some note, had passed his mansion without paying the wonted obedience to its lordly owner, or craving his hospitality, pursued the king with sixteen attendants, uniformly arrayed, and mounted on white horses, to Glenwhappen, where, having found the refugee among his friends assembled, he imperiously demanded corporal satisfaction for this ideal affront; whereupon the king discovered himself, brought the proud Sir James on his knees for pardon, which, it is mentioned, was more readily granted by the king than forgiven by the thane.

The king having shortly fallen in with his troops, proceeded onward to the tower of Hendorland, standing near the mouth of the river Meggat, which falls into the pretty little lake of St Mary, in Selkirkshire. This

fastness was the habitation of a person of the name of Piers Cokburne, who was noted for the great extent of his depredations. Not having been made aware of the approach of royalty, or the purposes of such an expedition, he and his family were encompassed and seized unawares. Tradition tells, that they were sitting at dinner when their gate was surprised. James's impetuous temper seems to have dictated that execution should follow rapidly on trial and condemnation, or rather upon accusation. Cokburne's wife and family were glad to be permitted to make their escape in opposite directions. The freebooter was himself instantly pinioned, and hanged over the gate of his own tower. While the execution was going forward, the unhappy wife of Cokburne took refuge in the recesses of the rocky bed of Honderland Burn, which passes near the site of the castle. Here she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of her husband's existence. By the ballad of *The Border Widow*, which is supposed to apply to this incident, it appears that she ventured out after the deed was perpetrated, and took charge of the corpse. The words she is understood to utter are very affecting:—

'I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I satte;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.'

After the execution of Cokburne of Henderland, James marched rapidly forward, to surprise in a similar manner Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, and sometimes the King of Thieves. A path through *the mountains*, which separates the Vale of Ettrick from *the head of Yarrow*, is still called the King's Road, *and seems to have been the route which he followed.*

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Tushielaw was a tower, or peel-house, now in ruins, overhanging the wild banks of the Ettrick. Here the same feat was performed. It is understood that other executions followed this, but of these none was of so bold a character as the killing of the famous Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie.

Johnnie Armstrong is a noted person both in history and tradition. He appears to have been a Border depredator on a singularly magnificent scale. His tower is still extant. It occupies a pleasant situation among the bewildering beauties of Eskdale, in the south-eastern part of Dumfriesshire, and within an hour's ride of the Cumberland side of the Border. It is of considerable extent and space, though now only serving in the capacity of a cow-house to the neighbouring farmer. There is now reason to believe that Johnnie, the proprietor of this castle, and the head of a potent clan of Armstrongs, was not ignorant of the exterminating principles which actuated the king. It is rather evident that he had determined on braving it out before 'his grace.' As the sovereign proceeded down the Vale of the Ewes towards Langholm, the freebooter presented himself before him with 'a gallant companie' of thirty-six well-mounted Elliots and Armstrongs, arrayed in all the pomp of Border chivalry. The spot at which the meeting took place was at Carlinrigg Chapel, ten miles south of Hawick. It turned out that Johnnie had entirely miscalculated on the effect likely to be produced by the imposing appearance of his train. The king was incensed to see a freebooter so gallantly equipped, and commanded him instantly to be led to execution, saying: 'What wants this knave, save a crown, to be as magnificent as a king?' On this, John Armstrong made earnest entreaty for his life, offering, at first poll, four-and-twenty milk-white steeds, and afterwards increasing his ransom in amount to twenty-four 'ganging-mills,' with as much 'gude red wheat' as would keep them in grinding for a whole year; but all was of no avail. He, as a last shift, offered to maintain himself with fifty men, ready to serve

the king—at a moment's notice, at his own expense; engaging never to hurt or injure any Scottish subject, as, indeed, had never been his practice; and undertaking, that there was not a man in England, of whatever degree—duke, earl, lord, or baron—but he would engage, within a certain time, to present to the king, dead or alive. But the king would listen to no offer, however great, whereupon John broke out into a fume of proud indignation, and, as the ballad has it, exclaimed :

'To seek het water aneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a great folie;
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me;'

continuing that, had he anticipated such usage, he would have lived on the Borders in despite of both King Harry and James, and that the former would downweigh his best horse with gold to know that he had been put to death. No further parley took place. Johnnie and all his retinue were immediately hanged upon some growing trees near the above-mentioned chapel. They were buried in its deserted church-yard, where their graves are yet shewn. The country people, who hold the memory of the unfortunate marauders in very high respect, believe that, to manifest the injustice of their execution, the trees immediately withered away.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM:

A SIMPLE STORY.

THE only youthful inmate of a large old-fashioned house in an ancient town in the very centre of Old England, was Maria Walker. She lived with her grandmamma and two maiden aunts, whom she would have called *very old indeed*, though they by no means were of the *same opinion*. Indeed, the little girl most strenuously *maintained* on all suitable, and many very unsuitable

occasions, that they never could have been so young as they seemed in their pictures, which represented them as two tall awkward girls, just struggling into womanhood ; one with a parrot on her hand, the other with an ominous kitten in her arms, and both with the blackest of hair, the reddest of cheeks, the whitest of frocks, and the pinkest of sashes.

Most people would have expected to find little Maria a very dull unhappy child, it seemed such an uncongenial atmosphere for the buoyant spirits of a merry little girl ; for the stillness of death reigned through the house, whose echoes were seldom awakened by any sound, save that of Lilly's tail patting against the drawing-room door, when, finding it shut, she took that method of gaining admittance to the fireside circle, where her beautiful white fur contrasted very well with the rich folds of grandmamma's black silks and satins. Lilly was the descendant of the kitten in Aunt Maria's pictured embrace, and this was a circumstance which sadly perplexed the youthful mind of Maria, who could not reconcile the idea of so old a creature being the grandchild of so young a one ; her grandmamma and herself, she justly observed, were the very reverse.

Maria, however, was a very happy child, though she durst not make a noise anywhere except in her own play-room at the top of the house. Of course she had her troubles like all other little girls, even those whose voices are never checked, and she used to get into sad scrapes sometimes ; but then she used soon to get out of them, and she was neither perplexed by regrets for the past nor fears for the future.

The very first serious difficulty Maria could recollect finding herself in, occurred one day when grandmamma and both aunts were gone out to dinner ; an event of very rare occurrence, and of momentous interest in the family. Both aunts had had some scruples about the propriety of leaving Maria so very long alone, for company dinners at Oldtown were celebrated at two o'clock ; but as neither of them seemed for a moment to

contemplate the possibility of staying at home to take care of her, their anxieties assumed the form of strict injunctions to Mrs Martha, the housekeeper, on no account to let her out of her sight.

Now, Mrs Martha had not the slightest intention of being guilty of a breach of trust. But she had bought some fine green tea, and baked a very superior cake, and had asked two ladies-maids to drink tea with her, and it did not at all comport with her ideas of comfort, that Miss Maria should be beside them all the afternoon, and have it in her power to retail in the drawing-room next day all the news which she hoped to hear.

Anxious to avoid equally the frying-pan and the fire, as she said afterwards to Hannah the housemaid, she determined to give Miss Maria the materials whereof to make a little feast, with her Tunbridge-ware dinner-service, and conveyed the little girl's little table and little chair to a spot on the grass-plot opposite the large window that opened to the ground from her own room. There she placed them, with a large basket of toys, in the shade which the spreading wings of a monstrous eagle cut in box afforded, believing that the child would be constantly within sight, and, if she strayed, that she should miss her directly, and would quickly follow. Why the ladies were so very anxious on this particular day that she should be watched, she did not know, as Miss Maria was accustomed to play by herself in the garden for hours every day ; 'But I daresay it's but natural,' she soliloquised, 'when they so seldom go a pleasuring, that they should be frightened about her.'

Maria was, in general, a very good little girl, and if she had been allowed to have her childish curiosity reasonably gratified, that now filled her whole mind would have been here. But Aunt Charlotte girls were never allowed to ask questions, and as she grew up, they would know every thing they were to know ; and she had been severely under the

laughter of her aunts, when she had asked if rivers had teeth as well as mouths, that she resolved she would ask no questions, but try to find out for herself what at present she so much wished to know; and the day when grandmamma and aunts were to dine out, appeared so suitable for the attempt, that it was with unqualified pleasure she heard that Mrs Martha was to exercise the rites of hospitality on the same evening. Maria's education had been far from neglected. She could read very well, had begun to learn to write, and had received lessons in geography and history, though, from the dry tedious manner in which they were administered, her ideas of time and space were very confused. She had formed a theory of her own, that all celebrated persons of different countries whose names began with the same kind of sound, were contemporaries; that, for instance, Queen Anne and Hannibal, Queen Mary and Marius, Brutus and Bruce the traveller, might have known each other, if they had but lived near enough. Her ideas of geography were not much less vague, as may be inferred from the fact, that she believed certain mounds in the church-yard to be really what Mrs Martha asserted them to be—the graves of the infants slaughtered by Herod. Her grandmamma told all her friends what very great pains she took to give Maria good principles. Her lectures on these points might all be reduced to five heads—namely, to put everything in its proper place, to do everything in its proper time, to keep everything to its proper use, to be genteel, and to hate the French. It will not be surprising that, with such training, the perusal of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a copy of which had recently been presented to her, gave an entirely new bias to her thoughts. Sorely puzzled was she to guess how much of it might be true, when, one day as they were driving out in the carriage, she saw at a little distance from the road a very handsome house. On some one asking the name of it, she did not hear the answer distinctly, but was quite sure she heard the word beautiful; and as they presently

began to descend a hill, she immediately concluded that it was the palace Beautiful, and that the hill was the hill Difficulty. One great point was now ascertained—that there were really such places; but she began to be sadly distressed, when it occurred to her that they were travelling in the wrong direction from what they ought to be doing.

Oldtown was a town where fewer changes occurred than in more populous and modern places, and Maria scarcely recollected ever to have heard of any one's leaving it. Certainly, she had never heard of any one going on a pilgrimage, and she wondered very much how her aunts, who had told her the *Pilgrim's Progress* was so very good a book, should have read it without thinking it necessary to take the advice it conveyed.

The rector of the parish happened to call the very next day at Mrs Walker's, and as he was going away, inquired so kindly after the little girl, that she was called in from the garden to see him. He asked what book it was she was reading; and when she said it was the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he stroked her head, and said he hoped she would not delay setting out on her pilgrimage till she was the age of Christian, adding that a youthful pilgrim was the most interesting object he knew. This last observation was addressed to her aunts, who assented to it, as they did to everything Mr Roberts said, and it confirmed the resolution which Maria had already taken of setting out alone. I need hardly add, that the day she fixed upon was the one to which we have already so often alluded.

The party assembled in the housekeeper's room had just reversed their cups in their saucers, as a signal that they did not wish them replenished, when one of the party requested Mrs Martha's permission to bestow a piece of bread, thickly buttered, and covered with sugar, upon Miss Maria—we presume, as a token of *gratitude* for her keeping out of their way. Consent was obtained, but as Miss Maria was not to be seen, the whole party issued forth into the garden in search

of her. Every walk was explored, but in vain ; and at last a little gate leading into a wood being found open, the wood was searched, but with no better success. What anguish did Mrs Martha suffer when she thought how faithfully she had promised not to let the child out of her sight ! They retraced their steps to the house, some one suggesting that she might be there. But no ! —all their search was vain. Hannah thought she might have gone to buy some barley-sugar, but she had not been seen at the shop, nor on the road to it, for Hannah stopped to ask every one she met if they had seen the child. Hour after hour was spent in an unavailing search, and at last the ladies arrived at home, when a scene of confusion ensued that baffles description. In the midst of it, a boy arrived with a little shoe, which he said he thought must belong to young madam : of its being hers, there could be no doubt ; and many were the tears shed over what Mrs Martha said was all that now remained of Miss Maria. The boy could give no information as to where this relic was found, for a woman whom he did not know had given it to him, to bring to Mrs Walker, saying only that she had got it from a man, whom she did not know, who said he had found it, but she did not ask where ; but she had heard that a little lady had been lost at Oldtown, and she thought if it was hers, it might be a comfort to her friends to have something that had belonged to her.

But it is time that we should return to Maria. When she had made up her mind to set out, it was a distressing thought to her, that she knew not the direction in which to turn for the purpose of finding the path she was to pursue, and she was determined to ask no one by the way, for fear of encountering Mr Worldly Wiseman. The road by which they came in the carriage, she knew did not bring them through the Wicket Gate. She concluded, therefore, that there must be some different route through the fields to the foot of the hill *Difficulty*, which she could distinctly see from the garden ; so she resolved to make her way through the

fields for the chance of finding it; but should she not succeed in getting there by the right path, she would at any rate get there; and when she reached the porter's lodge at the gate of the palace, she would there ask them to take her back to the beginning of the path, which she was sure some of them would do. She set out, then, expecting every moment to hear her name called from behind her; for she remembered that Christian's friends were clamorous that he should return, and she naturally supposed hers might be so too; but she was firmly resolved to pursue the same course that he did, and put her fingers in her ears, that she might not hear. She had her misgivings, certainly, as to the propriety of leaving home; but then she thought Mr Roberts had so distinctly recommended her journey, that her aunts could not blame her very much, particularly as it had not escaped her observation, how cordially they had agreed with him as to the necessity of it; and they had so often, on a Sunday evening, exhorted her to do during the week all that Mr Roberts had enforced in his sermons, that she thought, or tried to think, that for once they would have no cause to complain. She scrambled over or through several hedges, without seeing anything at all like a path through the fields; still she fancied she was gaining upon the hill, and she thought if she reached the Palace, they would allow her to sleep there, although she had not come in by the Wicket Gate, since she really wished to go through it; and she amused herself by wondering whether she should sleep in the same room where Christian had slept, and whether they would give her any armour, or whether it was only worn by men-pilgrims. She was interrupted in her reverie by seeing a number of cows running, as she feared, towards her; so she began to run too, and it was not till she had climbed a gate into the next field, that she missed one of her shoes, which had fallen off in her rapid flight—that same shoe which caused so much lamentation at home. She durst not go back to look for it, as a dog was still chasing the cows;

but she thought she could manage to walk without it, as the grass was so very soft, and she was sure either Prudence, Piety, or Charity, would give her a new one. At last she reached the high-road, and began to ascend the hill. By this time she was very tired, very sleepy, and very hungry, but she remembered Christian had felt sleepy here also; and she resolved, however tired, not to sleep in the harbour, for which, however, she looked in vain, and concluded it had been pulled down. She could not help feeling very glad of it, as with her tired little limbs it certainly would have been very difficult to resist the temptation. She was very much shocked to see how many people were coming down the hill, and that no one but herself was ascending it. At length she saw two tall big men apparently running a race down, and her little heart beat more rapidly as she thought how very awful the lions must look: for if these were not Timorous and Mistrust themselves, she did not for a moment doubt that they were terrified in the same manner. She had not seen any lions the day they passed in the carriage, and she had sometimes almost ventured to hope that they no longer existed; but how the poor little thing trembled, when, on reaching the bend of the road, where it swept off to the lodge she had before seen, there appeared, reposing under the shade of two fine beech-trees, two enormous lions! Maria was no great naturalist, or she would have perceived at once that they were made of stone; but she never for a moment doubted that they were really *the* lions. She stood gazing and trembling for some time, continually repeating, 'the lions were chained, but he saw not the chains;' and then, summoning up all her courage, she ran swiftly between them, passed through the gate, and knocked with all her little might at the door of the lodge. It was opened, by a tall, good-humoured-looking man; and Maria, awestruck at beholding at length one of the individuals of whom she had thought so much, dropped a deep courtesy, and said: 'If you please, sir, are you Watchful?'

'Why, miss, as to that,' said the man, smiling good-humouredly, 'I hopes I be. What did you please to want?'

'I want Discretion, if you please, sir,' replied Maria.

'I say, missis,' said the man, looking over his shoulder at his wife, 'didst ever hear the like of that?—here's a little maiden as says as how she wants discretion. Well, I've seed many a one as wanted it afore, but never one as owned to it.'

A sharp-featured, vinegar-looking woman now appeared, looking very unlike anything Maria expected to see so near the house Beautiful. 'So you want discretion, miss, do you? Well, I wonder if there's anything else you want?'

'I thought,' said Maria, trying to feel brave, 'I might perhaps be allowed to sleep either here or at the palace.'

A private confabulation now took place between the husband and wife, in which it was agreed he should take Maria to the quality at the great house, as maybe they would make something of her. Maria felt very proud when she found herself with her hand in that of Mr Watchful, and actually on the way to the palace. Her guide left her outside, while he asked to speak to Mrs Adams, to whom he said that the little lady's intellects seemed all of a heap together—it was such a queer thing to hear a child like her talk of want of discretion, though no doubt it was all very true. Mrs Adams told him to get a horse ready, that she might send him off to the friends of the little girl, as soon as she had ascertained who they were; and she came and led Maria by the hand into the drawing-room so tenderly, and looked so very kindly, that Maria began to feel quite reassured. She was delighted to see three young ladies in the room, who, of course, were Piety, Prudence, and Charity. Mrs Adams, as soon as she had given her a large slice of bread and butter, and some new milk, said: 'Now, my dear, you'll tell us what your name is, and who your papa and mamma are.'

'My name, ma'am, is Maria Walker, but I never had

either a papa or mamma,' replied Maria, with the utmost simplicity.

'And where do you live, dear?'

'At Oldtown, with my grandmamma.'

'And where were you going, my love?'

'I did not want to go further than this house to-night. I always intended to sleep here.'

'And does any one know you were coming here?'

'No, ma'am. No one knew exactly that I meant to come to-day; but our clergyman, Mr Roberts, strongly advised me to come, and he said I could not set out too soon.'

'And what was your object in coming, Maria?'

'I wished to set an example to all the people in Oldtown,' was the answer; and both Mrs Adams and her daughters were quite at a loss what to think of their little visitor.

Maria, however, had gained so much courage, that she thought she might now venture to ask a few questions, and begun with: 'Do many children come here, ma'am?'

'Yes; sometimes we have children here. We're all very fond of them when they are good.'

'And have you got any armour for little girls, ma'am?'

This was almost too much for the gravity of Mrs Adams, but she determined not to let her see how very much amused she was, but rather to encourage her in asking any questions she pleased, hoping by that means to obtain a clue to the very extraordinary state in which her mind seemed to be. 'Oh no!' she said; 'but why do you want to know?'

'I was afraid you had not,' said Maria. And then looking very serious, 'Please, ma'am, tell me is this house very near the Valley of the Shadow of Death?'

'My poor little child,' said Mrs Adams, drawing her close to her, and kissing her, 'that, none of us can tell; it may be nearer than we think.'

'But you won't send me there to-night, will you?' and the child half cried as she asked the question: 'You'll let me stay and sleep here?'

‘Yes, that you shall, dear little wanderer ; and I think you must need sleep very much, for you look tired, and your little hand is very hot.’

‘I suppose nobody ever comes back here that’s been through the Valley,’ continued the child, almost as if thinking aloud.

This touched a chord in every bosom present, that thrilled through them, for their mourning was yet new for one very dear to them, who had been suddenly hurried through that valley of which Maria spoke.

‘I’ve been thinking, ma’am, it would be a terrible thing for a little girl like me to go there alone without any armour. Oh ! please do let Piety go with me—oh, pray do !’ said the child, wondering what she could possibly have said to make them all cry so.

At this moment the porter arrived to say he was ready, and Mrs Adams desired him to tell Mrs Walker her little Maria was safe, but very tired, and she would either take her home in the morning, or would be very happy to see the ladies, if they liked to come and fetch her.

‘I don’t want to go home,’ said Maria ; ‘I only want to go back as far as the Wicket Gate, that I may begin at the beginning.’

‘O, now I see it all !’ exclaimed she whom Maria was sure must be Charity ; ‘you dear delightful little creature, you’ve been reading the *Pilgrim’s Progress* till your little head is turned, as I’m sure mine would have been at your age, if I had not had a good mamma to explain it all to me ; and as you never had a mamma, how could you know anything about it ?’

A few judicious questions now drew forth from Maria the whole story of her pilgrimage ; and when her aunts arrived before breakfast next morning, they were quite surprised to find her looking so well and happy and rational, as they had been very much frightened by Mr Watchful’s account of what he called her *light-mindedness* and want of discretion.

Mrs Adams begged she might be allowed to stay a few days with them ; and before the time came for her

departure, the beautiful allegory which had so much perplexed her, was made so very plain, that she thought she must have been extremely stupid not to have found out the meaning for herself.

My young readers will, I am sure, be glad to hear that Maria, who has now little girls of her own, has long since found the true Wicket Gate, and is anxious to shew to others the privilege of being permitted to enter it. Few in the present day have not greater advantages than she had; and if any are induced to ask themselves the question—whether, with superior instruction, they are equally in earnest to obtain in the days of health Piety for their companion through that dark valley, which sooner or later all must tread, my story will not have been written in vain.

NARRATIVE OF A PRISONER OF STATE.*

THE Memoirs of Silvio Pellico have fully informed the world of the watchful severity with which the Austrians repressed every insurrectionary movement in the north of Italy, after the fall of Napoleon had re-established their supremacy in that country. The story of a new sufferer in the cause of Italian independence is now before us, and contains much interesting matter, from which we shall cull some portions for the benefit of our readers.

Alexander Andryane, a young Frenchman of good family, and of a warm and enthusiastic temperament, was induced by some Italian refugees, whom he met while studying at Geneva in 1822, to proceed to Milan, on a secret mission to the leaders of the anti-Austrian

* *Memoirs of a Prisoner of State in the Fortress of Spielberg.* By Alexander Andryane. Translated by Fortunato Prandl. H. Hooper, Pall-Mall East, London.

party in that country. Andryane took the precaution of leaving the ciphers, statutes, and other dangerous credentials of which he was the bearer, on the Italian frontiers, with directions that they should be forwarded to him. But, on reaching Milan, and holding communication with various friends of the cause, he found everything in a most unpromising state for any revolutionary movement. Count Confalonieri, one of the most pure-minded of Italian patriots, and several of his friends, had been thrown into confinement, and were suffering the greatest severities at the hands of an arbitrary commission, appointed for the purpose by the Austrian emperor. These circumstances caused Andryane to send back a letter, forbidding the documents in question to be forwarded to him, being now well aware of the danger of having such papers in his possession. But they *were* sent to him, and he then resolved to put them into the hands of a friend who had the means of secreting them effectually, and without personal danger. Alas! ere this could be done, the evil hour arrived. On the morning of the 8th of January, Andryane heard his door-bell ring. Imagining it to be his friend come for the papers, he took the case containing them from its hiding-place, and laid it below the cushions of the sofa, ready to be delivered up. The expected party did not enter, but a gentleman in a brown coat, and of a sinister and cadaverous visage, came in, followed by several gendarmes. 'I shuddered,' says Andryane; 'a thought struck me like a thunderbolt—"It is all over with me!"—a moment of intense agony, which, however, I mastered sufficiently to assume a polite and unconcerned air, and ask the personage in the brown coat to what I owed the honour of his visit. "Excuse me," he replied; "I am sent by the customs to search whether you have contraband goods in your possession." "I am not a merchant; the customs ought to be aware of that." "*I trust you will pardon me, but it is my duty;" and so saying, he and his myrmidons entered my room. Andryane tried several feints, to shew his composure*

of mind, and to lead them off the right scent; but at length the Commissary Bolza, who was the head of the party, advanced all at once to the sofa. 'The first cushion he lifted discovered the case; he eagerly clutched it, and held it up. A mortal chillness ran through my veins; I felt that my fate was about to be decided.' The papers were sealed, and in a few moments the unfortunate Andryane was on his way to the presence of the director of the police. Nothing passed at this interview except the drawing up of a list of the suspected papers; and when this was finished, Andryane was conveyed to the prison of Santa Margarita, the same building in which Silvio Pellico had been confined three years before. 'Passing through a low and dark corridor, which looked out upon a small court surrounded by a high wall, the jailer opened a little door studded with iron, on which my eyes had been from the first presagingly fixed. "May I trouble you to enter?" said Bolza. I entered; the door closed behind me with a hollow sound. May God one day or other recompense the intense anguish which fell upon my heart at that moment!'

It may well be believed that this poor stranger, then only twenty-four years of age, should have felt his spirits at first lamentably depressed, on finding himself in a dark cell, three paces by five in dimensions, and with no single article of furniture excepting a stove—conscious, at the same time, that his jailers and those destined to be his judges were the dreaded emissaries of Austria. At first, a degree of hysterical excitement characterised the thoughts and motions of Andryane, but he gradually grew calmer. A bed, a set of drawers, a chair, and a table, were brought to him by the head jailer Riboni, a fat, good-natured man, who strongly counselled the prisoner to eat something, recommending the prison-cook as the best in Milan. Andryane took a little soup, and lay down to rest; but his anxiety was too great, and his situation too distressingly novel, to permit him to taste sound repose. His thoughts were fixed on the

course which he ought to take when subjected to examination, and the principle he ultimately laid down for himself was—‘to deny all he could deny, to refuse all explanation, all avowal.’ On the following morning, he was examined by the director of police, and adhered to his plan, in spite of the warnings of the examiner. To reveal the names of the Italians with whom he had held intercourse both in Switzerland and Italy, and to explain the meaning of the papers in cipher, and others found in the case, constituted the information sought from Andryane, and he was assured of free pardon in case of compliance. In reality, the young Frenchman was able to give but little of the information required from him, so hastily and thoughtlessly had he entered on the enterprise. But what he did know he would *not* tell, and hence the numberless examinations to which he was in the sequel subjected. ‘Young man,’ said the director of police, on seeing his obstinacy, ‘you are ruining yourself. Once out of my hands, you will be delivered to the jurisdiction of the Commission.’ To await the tender mercies of this body, accordingly, Andryane was remanded to his cell.

Before his new examinations commenced, Andryane had found a remarkable way of beguiling time in his solitary cell. Having discovered the cells on each side of his own to be inhabited, he bethought himself of a mode of communication with his neighbours by tapping on the wall, which he had heard of as being practised among Italian prisoners. The alphabet, according to this scheme, consisted of a regularly increasing scale of taps—*a* being marked by *one* tap, *b* by *two*, and so on. When Andryane first tried this, he had little hope of success, but after repeated trials it was found to succeed; and he was able to carry on a slow and laborious conversation with a prisoner equally unhappy with himself in the adjoining cell. At length, this person ceased to answer his taps, by which he knew that he must have *been removed to another cell.*

The grief occasioned by this loss of society, if it may

be so called, was diverted by new occurrences of interest. He was called before the terrible Commission, at the head of which was Salvotti, a personage but too famous in Austrian Italy for ability and cruelty. Believing firmly that Andryane possessed all the secrets of the Italian refugees spread over Europe, Salvotti bent all his powers of cajoling and threatening to the task of extracting from the young Frenchman all that he knew. Andryane was firm in his resolve to reveal nothing; and Salvotti, after innumerable examinations by day and by night, found that he could not weary out the patience and resolution of his prisoner.

Meanwhile the unfortunate youth found new associates in his tapping converse. Some time after the removal of his first correspondent, he chanced to try the wall on the opposite side. To his great joy, the signal was answered. His new friend proved to be a man named Confortinati, who had been confined for four years on mere suspicion. After twelve days' intercourse by the wall, Confortinati was in turn taken away, and Andryane left once more solitary. Some time afterwards, however, a new prisoner was brought to the same cell, and with him also Andryane was able to communicate, for such alphabets of captivity were but too well known to the Italians of these days. The Colonel Morotti, as the new-comer was called, did not remain above a few weeks. Whether these friends in misfortune were taken to the scaffold, or died in their cells, poor Andryane could not tell. He only knew that the wall returned no more the well-known signal, which cheered the prisoner's loneliness. But the youth of Andryane, and his ingenuous character, had gained him friends among even the officials of Austria. The Counsellor Minghini, in particular, a member of the Commission, had formed an attachment to the poor young stranger, and got some books sent to his cell. These were a source of great consolation to Andryane, and a still greater joy awaited him, after he had been *about four months a captive*. His sister, with her

husband and family, arrived in Milan, in order to use every possible exertion on the spot for his liberation. For some time, Salvotti would not permit an interview between the brother and sister. On the contrary, he dragged the sister before the Commission, and endeavoured to extract from her such evidence, relative to certain former doings of the brother in France, as might throw the latter into deeper peril. Foiled in this, he visited Andryane in his cell, and endeavoured to work on his feelings by painting the joy which his liberation would cause to his sister, as well as to their aged father in Paris. At the same time, he described Andryane's obstinacy as arising from nothing but foolish and overstrained notions of honour. Though much moved by the tempter's words, the young prisoner held fast by his resolve: he betrayed nothing. Notwithstanding this, Counsellor Minghini's influence brought about an interview between the brother and sister. It was a brief one, but it sufficed to strengthen Andryane's resolution, by shewing him that his noble-minded sister, though wrung with anxiety for his fate, approved of the principles on which he had taken his stand.

Andryane's examinations came at length to a close, and, as the last step, he was desired to draw up a defence of his conduct, which might be laid before the emperor, before sentence was finally pronounced. Soon after this defence was given in, Andryane, with a person named Rinaldini, who had lately been the sharer of his cell, was conveyed from Santa Margarita to the prison of Porta Nuova, situated in a different quarter of Milan. As the carriage was passing with them through the streets, the young Frenchman looked dejectedly on the houses and the people. 'The circumstance,' says he, 'of two individuals meeting and shaking each other warmly by the hands, gave a new current to my sensations. It is impossible to express what a pang this friendly meeting inflicted on me. How many remembrances, *how many regrets*, crowded on my mind!' This is *one of those touches of nature that impress a narrative*

with the stamp of sincerity. The feeling hero described could have arisen only in the mind of a poor captive, or of a Defoe, perhaps, expressing the sentiments of one! When the prisoners reached Porta Nuova, they found that they had the liberty of walking in a large gallery, but that in other respects their situation was by no means improved. Rinaldini and Andryane had a third companion, named Bigoni, added to their society. Both Rinaldini and Bigoni were men of excellent dispositions, and were suffering on mere suspicion. One day, after having been in this new prison for some weeks, Minghini the counsellor came to the walking-gallery, and took Andryane aside. The communication of Minghini was to the following terrible import. 'Your sentences have been sanctioned by the Senate of Verona, and only wait the emperor's approval. The two greatest criminals are doomed to the scaffold.' 'And who are these two?' said Andryane. 'Yourself and Confalonieri!' was Minghini's reply.

Assured of the truth of this intelligence, which the good Minghini only communicated for the purpose of advising the doomed captive even yet to throw himself on the emperor's mercy, and to confess all, Andryane sought the privilege of solitude, that he might prepare for his fate. This indulgence was granted, in so far as he was removed to a new cell, with Rinaldini for his sole companion. One day, soon afterwards, Andryane gave a tap on the wall of the next cell; no answer was returned. He tried it a second time, and a faint response was given. '*Chi sei?*' asked Andryane. 'The first letter of the reply,' says Andryane, 'was a *c*, the second an *o*, then an *n*, then an *f*, followed by an *a*. My attention was redoubled; after the *a*, I heard an *l*, an *o*, and an *n*. I became breathless; all my nerves were on the stretch. I then articulated the letters *i*, *e*, *r*, *i*, and exclaimed: "It is he!" "Who?" asked my companion eagerly. "It is he! it is he!" I repeated with joy; "*it is Confalonieri!*" It did indeed prove to be the most famous of the patriots of modern Italy. Th

lofty virtues of this nobleman's character were such, that Andryane, young as he was, was almost reconciled to death by the thought of having so glorious an associate in his doom. After this discovery, Confalonieri, who was wretchedly ill, partly from natural weakness of constitution, and partly from the torture and the lingering confinement he had undergone, conversed through the wall frequently with Andryane, of whose firmness under examination he had been fully informed. Confalonieri said that the confirmation of the sentences must soon arrive from the emperor. He himself was prepared for death. This mural discourse was brought to an end for a time by the introduction of guards into the cell of Confalonieri. One night, however, when all were asleep, Andryane heard some slight taps on the wall. 'I got up,' says he, 'and went to listen. It was Confalonieri, who, availing himself of the sleep of his guards, summoned me once more. "The sentences have been sanctioned by the emperor; they are here; they will be executed in a few days; *I shall be hanged.*" "In the name of Heaven, tell me whether I am condemned to the same punishment as yourself?" He did not answer, but his silence spoke more than words. I therefore raised my soul to Him who is the source of resignation and courage, and prayed for fortitude to die worthily!'

Some days more elapsed ere the prisoners knew with certainty what was to be their fate. Meanwhile, great exertions were being made to move the mind of the emperor to mercy. The wife of Count Confalonieri, a woman, of extraordinary virtues and beauty, and passionately devoted to her husband, went to Vienna, to throw herself at the emperor's feet. But Francis of Austria was inflexible; he was bent upon making an example, to terrify the disaffected, and Confalonieri was one of those whom he was determined to consign to death. At her second interview with him, the emperor turned away from the countess, saying: '*Madam! there is barely time for you to reach Milan, if you desire to*

see your husband once more.' To the aged father of Confalonieri, an ancient servant of the house of Austria, the emperor said : ' Rise, my dear count ! Submit to the sacrifice, and behold your son already in paradise ! '—by these words indicating his perfect consciousness that, in the eye of Heaven, his victim was pure and without stain. The unhappy countess and her father-in-law left Vienna in despair, fearful that, with all the speed they could exert, the sentence of death, which a courier bore on the way before them, would be executed ere they could arrive in Milan. And such would have been the case but for an accident which delayed the courier for ten hours in the mountains of the Tyrol, and which delay not only permitted the countess again to see her husband, but saved that husband from death ; for a second courier had thus time to reach Milan with a *respite* wrung from the emperor by the tears of the empress, who had interested herself deeply in the sorrows of the Countess Confalonieri. That respite also saved one other person, Alexander Andryane, from the scaffold ! These two were the selected examples.

At twelve o'clock on the night of the 20th of January 1824—exactly one year and two days from Andryane's arrest—the prisoners concerned, or suspected of being concerned, in treasonable offences against the imperial authority, were taken from their beds and carried to the Palace of Justice. Here they met in one large room, and for the first time Andryane saw the majestic features and figure of Confalonieri. The count was distressingly, pitifully ill, but Salvotti had sworn to bring him forward *dead or alive*. Confalonieri was laid on a couch as soon as he was brought into the room mentioned, and soon after fell into convulsions. But he recovered in time, and was conveyed before the Commission, to hear his sentence read and those of his companions. The secretary produced a paper, and read thus :—' By the sentence of the Imperial Commission, the Count Frederick Confalonieri, accused and convicted of high treason, is condemned to death.' To enjoy the terrible effect which this sanguinary doom must

produce on the victim, Salvotti cast on him piercing and triumphant looks. But he was deceived; no alteration was visible in the countenance of Confalonieri. After a long pause, the secretary continued: 'But, by the inexhaustible clemency of the emperor, the capital punishment has been commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg.' Andryane's doom ran word for word with that of Confalonieri, and, among their companions, some were condemned to remain twenty years, and others ten, in the same fortress.

The prisoners were not yet freed from this trial. They were kept till morning in the large hall, and then taken out to a scaffold or pillory, that their sentences might be again read before the assembled populace of Milan. Here the prisoners, however, found sympathy. Although the streets were lined with Austrian soldiers, the crowd could not restrain their emotions of pity at the sight of Confalonieri. On him all eyes were fixed, as if to pay him a tribute of respect, and the groans of commiseration uttered by the crowd warned the police of the danger of continuing the spectacle. They were removed to their prisons, preparatory to being sent to Spielberg.

Andryane was allowed to see his sister before his departure. His last words were: 'I am buried at five-and-twenty, but my resignation will not abandon me. Under all circumstances, I hope I shall prove worthy of you.' Confalonieri also was permitted to see his noble-minded wife, and bid her farewell. Under the charge of a strong party, the prisoners were then removed in carriages to Spielberg. Confalonieri was in the same carriage with Andryane. It was delightful to them, even though captives, to look once more from the carriage windows upon the sun. 'Happy, how happy are those,' exclaimed the count, 'who, dwelling in the lovely land on which the sun pours its full tide of genial influence, can taste in peace, under the roof-tree of home, the blessing of its wonderful beams! But we are going to a clime where it shines without warmth, and will never enter our miserable cell. I am a child of the

glowing south, and the sun is necessary to my existence.' As they receded from Milan, indeed, the health of Confalonieri seemed gradually to decline, and at length it was found necessary to leave him by the way, while the rest continued their journey. But Confalonieri recovered, and joined them in the cells of Spielberg, there to spend many unhappy years.

Alexander Andryano's narrative ends with the introduction of himself and his companions into the fortress of Spielberg. He was liberated after an imprisonment of several years, and his narrative was published in France after his restoration to his family. Considering that it is the work of an Italian, the English version is well executed. The translator says that he has cleared the memoir of exuberant ornaments, but there is even yet room for pruning. However, the story as a whole is extremely interesting, much more so than this outline can, we fear, give any fair idea of.

It is pleasing to have it in our power to state, in conclusion, that, at the late coronation of the Emperor Francis's successor at Milan, an edict was issued, recalling those yet in exile, and giving freedom to all yet in durance, on account of the cause for which Andryane and Confalonieri suffered.

STORY OF THE PICTURE.

ACCIDENTALLY resting for a moment in a small room lately in the house of a stranger, an oil-painting hanging on the opposite wall arrested our attention. There was nothing very remarkable certainly in the execution of the piece, of which it might have been said, in the gently sarcastic words of Goldsmith, that 'had the painter taken more pains, the painting would have been better done.' But the disposition of the figures constituted the striking feature, as this plainly indicated the piece to

have been intended to commemorate some real incident, and that of a curious nature. The figures were three in number, all of them of the masculine branch of humanity. One of them was erect or standing, another was seated, while a third was resting on the floor on his knees and hands. In the centre of the group stood a large chest, the lid of which was raised and thrown back, exposing to view nothing distinct. So much for the relative positions of the men and the box; now for the individual expression of each of the parties. The person on his legs had one hand extended, pointing to the open chest, while his countenance was directed to the sitting gentleman *vis-à-vis*, with a look that said as plainly as words: 'What do you think of *that* now? Doesn't that astonish you?' The sitting gentleman's sense of wonder responded to the call thus made upon it, and he replied, in the same mute way: 'Well, I never!—Did I ever?—No I never—saw the match of *that*!' The kneeling figure afforded some glimpse of a cause for these feelings of the gentleman on his legs and the gentleman in the chair. He had a board lying before him, on which some *silver spoons and forks* were ranged in rows. This board was about the size of the lid of the chest, and it was plain that there was some connection between them, which caused the uplifted palms of the gentleman in the chair, and had brought the other individual to an erect posture. A tea-pot or coffee-pot, and some other articles of silver-plate, were placed on the floor, a little aside, and corroborated the impression that silver was a substance deeply implicated in the whole affair.

To use a favourite expression of novelists when they are sensible of having been *more* than commonly dull and long-winded, 'what has required so much time in description was discerned by the eye at a single glance.' In the case of this painting, having taken in all at one look, we became most amazingly anxious to know the circumstances to which the piece referred. And the history of the painting was told to us, as we shall now tell it again.

A gentleman, of good estate and repute, thought fit on one occasion to change his residence from one of our larger towns to a place at the distance of some thirty or forty miles in the country. At his departure, finding it inconvenient or unnecessary to take his stock of silver articles with him to his new residence, he deposited them with a goldsmith in town. The agent in handing over the plate to the jeweller, was the proprietor's servant, a person who was to accompany his master to the country. It would appear that the plate had not been looked over on its consignment to the jeweller—at least, not at the immediate time of the gentleman's departure. The latter and his family, including the servant who had had the charge of delivering the plate, went to the country according to intention, and remained there some few weeks. An inventory, however, of the plate existed; and, ultimately, when the gentleman wished again to come to town, finding his residence in the country not to be so comfortable as he had anticipated, this inventory, at his request, was compared by the jeweller with the stock of plate consigned to him, when some of the articles were found wanting.

On this discovery being made, suspicion at once fell, and not unnaturally, upon the servant, who had been intrusted with the plate. He denied the charge when it was put to him; but there appeared no other way of explaining the deficiency in the chest, than upon the supposition that it must have been abstracted at the moment of consignment, as the quantity of plate existing in the possession of his master, when the family were in town, was perfectly well known. The servant was thrown into prison, in spite of his protestations of innocence. There he lay for several months; the belief of all being, that he alone *could* possibly be the purloiner of the missing articles, as no person but himself, it could be proved, had touched or intermeddled with the plate-chest before its consignment to the jeweller. The lost plate, it may be here added, consisted chiefly, if not entirely, of *forks and spoons*.

As the assizes did not come on for several months in

the district where the accused servant was confined, the consideration of his guilt or innocence was necessarily delayed for that period, as far as an open trial, by a jury of his countrymen, was concerned. What would have been the result of such a trial, it is impossible to say; but the probability is, that it would have gone hard with the accused. He, in the meanwhile, during his imprisonment, begged hard and often to be permitted to go to town, declaring that he himself would speedily discover what had become of the lost plate. Impressed with the idea of his guilt, however, his accusers would not permit of this, and he remained in his cell, to await his doom.

But before the period arrived for settling the case by a definite decision of a jury, a strange and most unlooked-for circumstance occurred, which totally altered the face of affairs. The plate-chest, from which the articles were missing, had been removed, as a matter of course, from the jeweller's premises to the house of the proprietor. That gentleman, on the imprisonment of his servant, had engaged a new one, to whom the care of the chest in question, as well as of other affairs of the household, was intrusted. Now, it chanced that, while this new servant, on a certain time, was employed in turning up and examining in the course of his duty this identical plate-chest, he discovered a *slide*, or sort of false top, which, on being taken out, revealed to his eyes a row of forks and spoons, not in the list of those over which he had been appointed curator. This slide was fixed into the top of the chest, in a way that will be perfectly intelligible to all who have seen trunk-lids that had a depending portion, forming part of the sides. Having, of course, heard of the charge made against his predecessor in office, the servant at once concluded that these were the missing articles of plate, and hurried to inform his master.

On receiving intelligence of this discovery, and satisfying himself of the mistake which he had been led into, the gentleman, it is natural to suppose, felt great contrition for what had happened. His first impulse was to

send for the jeweller, who had been a party to the mistake. The jeweller came, and it is this meeting which the artist has put upon canvas. The jeweller is the seated personage, the proprietor of the plate is the gentleman on his legs, and the new servant is the party kneeling on the floor, exhibiting the recently discovered portion of the contents of the chest. Undoubtedly, the artist chose a good point of the story for delineation on canvas.

On this revelation being made, the accused servant was liberated, as might have been expected. But it was not to be supposed that he could put up patiently with the unfounded charge made against him, and the confinement which he had suffered. He claimed compensation, and the parties from whom he claimed it were under the necessity, willingly or unwillingly, of buying indemnity for their mistaken accusation, at the cost of several hundred pounds.

Such is the story of the painting. It has a moral, or perhaps two. The first and least pointed or special, refers to the danger of preferring rash charges; the second and most directly applicable, may be conveyed in these words: 'Let every man take care to know the outs and ins of his own plate-chest.'

THE CONTINENTAL BLOCKADE :

A STORY.

THE Continental Blockade was one of the gigantic ideas of Napoleon. Master of the whole of Europe, either directly or indirectly, he still found all his schemes thwarted by the indomitable opposition of England, and, to weaken this enemy, whose whole strength and wealth lay avowedly in her commerce, he exerted all his power to close the ports of the continent against her shipping. To a certain extent he was successful. Almost the whole

line of the shores of Europe was blockaded against the British shipping ; but the natural consequence was, that a contraband system was established, which undid the effect of the whole blockade. Even France itself, which might be supposed to follow up the Emperor's wishes with the greatest strictness, had been too long accustomed to depend on Britain for commercial supplies, to be able to do entirely without them. In spite of the closest watching on the part of Napoleon's officials, large quantities of smuggled goods were introduced from Britain into the Channel coasts of France. It was at one of the French ports in this quarter, that the following incidents took place, which will be more intelligible after this explanation of the state of matters at the time of their occurrence.

The port in question, like others in France, had suffered severely from the blockade, inasmuch as its shipping lay idle and useless, through fear of the terrible enemy which held the mastery of the seas. The inhabitants of the port consequently endured very considerable privations, and a portion of them were not unwilling to profit by the visits of smugglers from the other side of the Channel. Others, again, and among these all the old sailors who had fought against Britain, would have died sooner than have smoked a bit of tobacco, or drunk a glass of rum, that had been brought into the port in violation of the blockade. One day, an old privateer captain, named Scipio, was seated with a number of old mariners like himself, on the deck of the *Halcyon*, a dismantled hulk which Scipio had taken in other days from the English, and which now stood in a corner of the harbour, converted into a stationary residence for the privateer and his associates. 'Is it not shocking,' said Scipio to his companions, 'that the port should have abundance of tobacco, sugar, coffee, and other articles, when it is certain that for many weeks not a merchantman has cast anchor in the harbour?' 'Shocking,' repeated every one around. 'My friends,' said Scipio, 'we are daily and nightly betrayed. The blockade is not respected. Though we have customhouse-officers

and coast-guards, they are worth nothing. There is some connivance between the towns-people and the English, which enables the smuggler—for it is one vessel, I am convinced, that does the whole mischief—to approach the coast, always at the very moment when the coast-guard are out of the way. These wretches of grocers would sell their country for profit.'

'If you are right, Master Scipio,' said one of the seamen, 'the smuggler should not be far off now, since the guard-sloop is gone for a day or two.'

Scipio turned his head slowly to the west as he heard this remark, and gazed on the long line of blue waters before him. In an instant he cried: 'My glass! my glass! that villainous smuggler is there again!' The old privateer's telescope was handed to him, and, after arranging it, he sank gradually on one knee, and swept the horizon with his experienced eye. From sea he turned his gaze to land, and examined that portion of the prospect with equal attention. 'What, in the name of wonder, brings that girl in the blue robe so often to that rock by the sea-side? And at such a distance from the town too! She must have a purpose!'

The old mariners around could not comprehend the meaning of Scipio's remark. 'The smuggler,' said one; 'what of the smuggler?' Scipio rose smartly to his feet, as if roused from a reverie. 'The English smuggler is about to land somewhere not far off this night, my friends; and shall we allow it? No! though the guard-sloop be away, we shall find some boat or another to carry us to sea, and I am sure we are men enough, old as we are, to stop for once the smuggler's pranks. I shall go this instant, and demand letters-of-marque from the commissary of marine. There is treachery somewhere, my friends, but we shall make the blockade be respected!' The ancient mariners cheered old Scipio with spirit, as he departed on his errand to the house of the commissary. 'We shall make the blockade be respected!' cried they.

Scipio was not long in reaching the house of the

commissary, from whom he had to receive the letters-of-marque, or commission, necessary to enable him to fulfil the purpose he had in view. But when he arrived at his destination, he found that the commissary was just about to sit down to dinner. A servant, however, shewed him into an elegant hall, and promised to announce his wish to see the commissary. Scipio sat here for nearly half an hour, biting his nails at the thought that the night was advancing, and the smuggler would soon have his business done. The impatient old privateer at length seized the bell-rope, and rang it violently. A servant reappeared, and, after an apology, on account of there being company at dinner, informed Scipio that the commissary would be glad to hear his business to-morrow. 'To-morrow!' cried the veteran; 'tell your master that I want a letter-of-marque; that the English smuggler is in sight; and that in an hour or two, if not prevented, his cargo will be landed, and the blockade broken!' The domestic disappeared, and soon returned with a message to Scipio to wait till after dinner. Scipio sat down, thinking the meal might be soon over. But first course, second course, and dessert, successively passed by under the eyes and nostrils of the privateer, and more than an hour was taken up with them. Scipio was now enraged beyond bounds, and he burst through the crowd of servants into the dining-room, where the commissary of marine sat at the head of a splendid party.

'Master Commissary!' cried the angry and uncere- monious seaman, 'why have I been kept waiting for nearly two hours in your hall, when I only want a slip of paper, and when you have been told that a smuggler is on the coast, and is violating the blockade?' The guests sat astonished at this speech.

'I don't require to be taught my duty,' cried the commissary; 'leave the house, fellow!'

'I will go,' returned Scipio, in tones as high; 'but I will say to the whole town, that you have refused me a scrap of writing which would have given me the right to battle these foes of my country! There are traitors here!

There are some who know but too well the place and the hour for the smuggler's descent'—

Suddenly the irritated veteran came to a pause. His eye had fallen on the young daughter of the commissary, and he remained gazing upon her in a species of stupor. This pause in the angry discussion gave an opportunity to a young lieutenant in the naval service, who was present, to rise and approach the privateer. Scipio permitted the youth to lead him out of the room and the house without a word of resistance.

'Scipio, my old friend,' said the lieutenant, when the two were alone, 'what is the cause of this conduct?'

'Oh, Master Augustus, it was I who made a man, a seaman of you; and if you have any kindness for me on that score, get me a letter-of-marque, and a boat of any kind, and let me go and punish that rascally smuggler!'

'Your demand may be reasonable, or may not, Scipio,' said the young officer; 'but you took a strange way to prefer it to the commissary, and on the night, too, of his only child's betrothing.'

'What! that girl whom I saw just now?' asked the old mariner.

'Even so,' was the reply; 'that very young lady at whom you stared so strangely.'

'And to whom may she be betrothed?' said Scipio.

'To me, my old friend,' returned the lieutenant.

Scipio gave a long 'whew!' and then was silent for a minute or two. 'Master Augustus,' said the veteran at length, 'you will have a wife who is strangely fond of the sea-shore.'

'I do not comprehend you, Scipio,' said the youth.

'Ah, Master Augustus,' replied the old privateer gravely, 'beware how you marry that girl! Well might I look in amazement at her. She is an enemy to her country, or has some base connection with its enemies. For several months past, I have seen her clamber along the rocks, day after day, at some distance from the port; and I am certain that it is she who gives signals to the

English smuggler, and lets him know when it is safe to land his cargo.'

'Scipio, you are mad!' exclaimed the officer; 'the daughter of the commissary of marine, my Cecile, give signals to a smuggler! This is pure raving!'

'It is no raving, Master Augustus,' returned the veteran; 'I cannot be mistaken. The dress, the figure, everything tells me that she is the same person on whom my glass has been fixed a thousand times. Ah, beware, Master Augustus!' The young officer was confounded by the old seaman's pertinacity in making this assertion. 'Come to-morrow evening to the *Halcyon*,' said Scipio, 'and you will probably be convinced by the evidence of your own eyesight.'

The bewildered lieutenant gave his consent to this arrangement ere the two parted for the evening. Scipio was so strongly attached to the youth, that this discovery, so deeply affecting his happiness, drove the letters-of-marque almost out of the old man's mind. Too much time, besides, had been spent to render them now available. But the privateer was right. On the following day, it was well known in the town that the English smuggler had discharged a cargo not far from the port.

For several successive evenings after the one described, Scipio and the young officer of marines watched the rocks along the coast from the deck of the *Halcyon*, and on each occasion were disappointed. No Cecile, nor anybody resembling her, appeared to confirm the veteran's statement, and Augustus by degrees became convinced that Scipio's conjecture was utterly unfounded. The daily sight of Cecile was enough of itself to overthrow all jealous suspicion. As the enamoured officer gazed on her slight but exquisite form, and her lovely countenance, as yet almost childish in its beauty, or listened to her sweet voice as it accompanied the motion of her delicate fingers on the harp, he thought he must have *been mad to imagine for one moment that a creature so young, so tenderly nurtured, should take up the task which Scipio had assigned to her, even if it could b*

supposed that her father should be so false to his official trust as to countenance the contraband-trade. And then, as to the chances of her loving another, how could the lieutenant believe this to be the case when her truth-speaking lips so openly avowed her affection for himself? No, no; Scipio had seen some fisherman's daughter on the rocks, if he had seen anybody at all. Such was the train of thought that passed through the mind of Augustus as he sat by the side of Cecile on the fourth or fifth day after their betrothal.

'But a few days now, Cecile,' murmured the lover, 'and you will be mine—mine for ever.'

'Would that the time were come, Augustus!' said the daughter of the commissary.

'Fool that I was to doubt her love!' thought the officer. 'Ah, Cecile!' said he aloud, 'you make me too happy.'

At this moment the pair were interrupted. The commissary himself entered the room—a cold, stern, reserved person, most unlike his daughter in seeming temperament.

'Augustus!' said the commissary; 'there are bad news of our cruisers. You will have to depart to-morrow for the eastern part of the Channel.'

Cecile grew pale, and cast her eyes on the ground; and when she raised them to reply to the adieus of her lover, they were filled with tears.

On the morrow, Augustus set off to join the frigate to which he was attached. On the evening of the same day, Scipio sat at his post on board the *Halcyon*, with his glass in his hand. His gaze was turned long, long to sea, and at length he directed it to the land. He had no sooner done so, than a sort of yell escaped him. 'Is not this horrible, abominable!—the very day of his departure!' cried the old seaman. 'There she is again on the rocks; her blue dress, her figure, nay, her face, her mouth, her eyes—I see them all as plainly as if she were two paces off! It must be she! Trencherous, wretched girl! Oh, my poor Master Augustus!' As Scipio uttered these exclamations, he turned his glass again to sea. 'By heavens, there goes the smuggler already! Already

does he know the time to be favourable, and again the blockade will be broken, while I lie here idle, and can do nothing.' Convinced of the connection of the commissary with the smuggler, Scipio did not again go on the needless errand of seeking letters-of-marque, but formed many bitter resolutions of exposing him. At the same time, Scipio prayed most earnestly for the speedy return of Augustus. The old man was gratified in his wish. Scarcely had night closed in, when the frigate to which Augustus belonged entered the harbour with a rich prize—two English East-Indiamen. The young officer landed immediately, and went to visit Cecile. The daughter of the commissary listened with an obvious mixture of fear and delight to her lover's narrative of the capture of the two vessels. She separated his long light tresses, to see if he spoke true—if the bullets which had passed over his head had not wounded him. She pressed his hands in hers : she was so happy ! But Augustus was abruptly called away from this interview. It was Scipio who sought him. What was the result of their interview, will be immediately seen. Suffice it to say, that the frigate had not been many hours in the harbour ere she again stood to sea.

On the ensuing morning, the people of the town beheld a stirring sight. At a short distance along the coast, the frigate was seen hemming the well-known smuggler close in to the land. After an attempt to escape on several tacks, the smuggler ran almost upon the rocks. The frigate could not follow it without danger, but a boat full of armed men soon left the frigate to board the contraband vessel. There was yet one chance of escape for the smuggler. To seaward was the frigate, and on one side was the fort of the town, shutting out all chance on these quarters ; but on the other side was a narrow passage between a large sunken rock and the shore, which might yet permit an escape, for through that passage the frigate could not have attempted to follow. But the question was, whether or not the smuggler knew of this passage. Apparently it did not ; for it seemed to await the approach of the

boarding-party, at the head of whom was Augustus, with his trumpet in his hand. Scipio, too, was in that boat, for the veteran had pressed to be taken on the service. The boat was nearing the smuggler, and it was the hope of all that the contrabandists were ignorant of the passage, when suddenly a girl, dressed in blue, appeared on the rocks, and gave a signal to the smuggler to throw itself into the pass! The signal was noticed by those in the boat, and indeed by all. The trumpet fell from the hand of Augustus as he beheld that girl's figure. But some of the men, in the irritation of the moment, raised their guns to their shoulders.

'Fire!' cried Scipio.

'No, no! it is in sport,' cried Augustus. But his words came too late. One of the men fired, and the upraised hand of the girl fell to her side. In a moment after, her body was seen to fall prostrate behind the rock where she had appeared. The signal was not in time to save the smuggler, if indeed it was fully understood. There is no necessity for detailing the particulars of the capture which followed. It is enough to say, that the smuggler was taken, brought into the harbour, and its whole cargo publicly burned on the streets of the town, amid the acclamations of the multitude. The commissary of marine officiated as the regulator of the burning, and threw the first article into the fire with his own hands. The commissary was somewhat pale at the moment, but by his side stood a young officer whose colour was that of a corpse.

Some weeks after this affair, a letter reached Augustus. It was written from a convent. Part of it ran thus:—
'Ere I knew what purposes I was furthering in so doing, I was ordered often, often, by my cruel father, whose strongest passion was avarice, to appear on these unhappy rocks; and when I did become aware of all that lay under the proceeding, I sought to free myself from the task, but could not. Suspicion was more unlikely to fall on me than others. My stern parent's influence over me was beyond my power to escape from; and at the very last,

on the day of the smuggler's capture, he compelled me to make an attempt to save the vessel. I longed for our union, Augustus, because I loved you; but I also longed for it to rid me of this most unnatural servitude. . . . I know you will pardon me, beloved, and the thought will sustain me under our endless separation. Earlier would I have written, but for my wounded hand; it is now almost well. Adieu !'

Some years after this period, Augustus de Bussy was a married man. His wife was a beautiful woman, but it used to be remarked by all her friends, as a very odd circumstance, that she always wore a glove on one of her hands. The reader, however, will not wonder much at this circumstance, for he will conjecture, and rightly, that Cecile was the person in question. As long as the commissary lived, Augustus, though he kept the strange old man's secret, never could bring his mind to think of connecting himself with such a being; but when the commissary died, which took place within two years of the affairs related, the young officer took Cecile from the convent where she had found a refuge—although she had not become a member of its sisterhood—and made her the mistress of his home. Old Scipio, notwithstanding the thoughts he had once entertained of her, was happy in being allowed to teach the mysteries of ship-building and ship-sailing to the little ones who had her blood in their veins.

Thus closes our episode of the Continental Blockade.

A WEST INDIA SKETCH.

BY THE OLD SAILOR, AUTHOR OF 'TOUGH YARNS,' &c.

'A negro has a soul, an please your honour,' said the corporal *doubtingly*.

'I am not much versed, corporal,' said my uncle Toby, 'in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not leave him without one any more than thee or me.'

STERNE.

MAHAICA CREEK, although bearing so humble a designation, is in many parts half a mile in breadth; and after collecting the waters of several tributary streams, empties itself into the sea, between the fifth and sixth degrees of north latitude, on that part of the coast of South America formerly known as French, then Dutch, but now British Guiana. The planters on both shores of the creek take advantage of its aid, to send their produce down to vessels that come to load at the entrance, or else ship it in colonial sloops, to be conveyed round to the river Demerara. The tide is extremely rapid, and at low-water the channel is so narrow and shallow as to render it unnavigable for any vessels except those of very light draught; therefore great caution is required to catch the proper time to descend.

Most of the planters whose estates lie adjacent to the stream, are provided with handsome boats, rowing with from four to eight oars; and as the negroes are rather partial to such excursions, they make excellent boatmen, and vie with each other in the speed and appearances of their little craft, which generally have a raised roof abaft, to shelter passengers from the intense heat of the sun.

I was visiting my friend Mitchell—who managed a very large estate that the creek divided into two parts—and had expressed a great desire to inspect an Indian encampment, about forty miles up the Mahaica from the place of his residence, near the ferry that forms the line of communication between the east coast of Demerara and the colony of Berbice. It was indeed a most beautiful place

in which the proprietor of that plantation had pitched his tent, and though on a perfect level, yet the best had been made of situation, by the disposing of the surrounding trees, with all their exquisite loveliness of colour in foliage, flower, and fruit, so as apparently to exclude that distant prospect which in reality did not exist. But the proprietor had made an ample fortune, and returned home to England, leaving Mitchell with a handsome salary, and privilege to act as his deputy; for notwithstanding all the attractive splendour of nature, attired in her richest costume, notwithstanding the luxury of West India enjoyments, notwithstanding that hundreds of slaves were ready to the utmost extent of obedience to a beck or nod, there was one small winged insect—the mosquito—that did more to terrify and torture its victims than the royal tiger of Bengal, or the kingly lion of Southern Africa; and from that pestiferous little creature all are equally ready to flee.

The smoke-wreaths had been scarcely wafted away from the daybreak-gun, when Mitchell aroused me, to say that his boat was waiting for us at the ferry, and the morning delightfully cool. A cold bath, and a cup of delicious coffee and a roasted plantain whilst dressing, occupied only a few minutes, and by the time the sun had jumped up on to the verge of the horizon to see what the world was about, we were embarked and gallantly flying up the stream, propelled by six stout negroes, each in a glossy suit of nature's own tailoring; in fact, except the cloth round their loins, they were as naked as they were born.

The day before had been intensely hot, and the night till two in the morning had been extremely sultry, but the cold aguish chill that now made us tremble and shake, appertained more to the icy regions than to the torrid zone; but as the day advanced, the influences of the master-spirit prevailed, and a more genial warmth diffused itself. We had also a breeze soon after starting, and the men lay on their oars and spread the canvas; and as we glided smoothly along, I must own that the

beauty of the river scenery was delightful to the eye, especially as there was nothing on either hand in the distance to draw the attention away from objects immediately in the vicinity ; in truth, the sight on both sides was bounded by the towering trees upon the banks of the stream, except where a break opened to a plantation residence, and in one or two places a space had been cleared, and sugar-houses erected.

As we proceeded higher up, the creek became more narrow, and as the lofty trees prevented the wind from reaching our sail, it was consequently lowered, and the negroes once more took to their oars : the evergreen foliage in all its variety of shade ; the splendid plumage of the birds, as they flashed to and fro in the sun ; the long pennons of crimson flowers that waved on high from the branches ; the delicious scent of the orange-blossom—all grew into greater luxuriance, whilst the only sounds that disturbed the stillness which would otherwise have prevailed, was the voice of the whip-poor-will, whose notes here became, ‘ Who—who are you ? ’ the scream of the parrot or perroquet, and the everchanging tones of the mocking-bird.

Suddenly, on a signal from their spokesman, the negroes struck up a song, to which they kept time with their oars. The leading songster sang a line solo, taking up any occurrence that crossed his mind at the moment, or that took place in our progress. Thus, when the looms of the oars were thrown aft to replunge the blade in the water, the leader sang his line whatever it might be, and as they one and all took their stroke together, every voice united in a general chorus. The first subject was connected with our voyage. The leader commenced—

‘ We da boy for pull da boat,’

to which the rest instantly rejoined—

‘ Sing cheerly row ! ’

Then the first line was repeated, and the response again followed ; and it was extremely rare that a subject was

alluded to more than once ; indeed, as the scenery and circumstances were changing, he was seldom at a loss for a theme ; and when it flagged, some sly hit at the manager, myself, or their fellow-negroes, supplied the deficiency. There was something extremely musical in the tone and manner of singing, that rendered it anything but unpleasant ; and as it acted upon the energies of the negroes, to incite them to greater exertion, we had no objection to it. Two or three other lines I remember were—

‘ Sun him get abub da bush,
Sing cheerly row ;
Sun him get abub da bush,
Sing cheerly row.

Captain hab da grog-bottell,
Sing cheerly row ;
Captain hab da grog-bottell,
Sing cheerly row.’

At one time, the voice of the leader became low and solemn as he pronounced—

‘ Poor Charley neber cum again,
Nigger boy cry oh !
Poor Charley neber cum again,
Nigger boy cry oh ! ’

There was something exceedingly plaintive in the tone of the leader, as well as the response, and Mitchell informed me that they referred to the death of a favourite slave belonging to his plantation, who had been drowned at that very spot about twelve months previous. The motion of the oars was equally slow with the utterance of the singer, and several other allusions to the deceased were made in the same mournful strain, till all at once the leader shouted—

‘ Alligator in da mud,
Sing cheerly row ;
Alligator in da mud,
Sing cheerly row.’

And true enough my friend pointed out to me, at a few yards’ distance, what appeared to be part of the trunk of

an old tree, but its motion and its glistening eyes soon betrayed its real character, and with a noise something between a heavy sigh and a groan, the creature slid into the water and disappeared.

‘There was a rather melancholy story about poor Charley,’ said Mitchell; ‘but as you have not yet breakfasted, you would perhaps prefer waiting till you have, before I narrate it.’

‘It would perhaps be more unpleasant for you to tell than for me to hear,’ answered I, ‘as you must be somewhat exhausted; therefore I will not tax your breath.’

‘You speak merely from your own experience, my friend,’ said he; ‘I am so well inured to the climate, that it has become perfectly natural to me; and, therefore, as there is no time like the time present, you shall have the narrative at once:—Poor Charley was one of the finest and best domestic slaves in the colony, always ready when wanted, and willing to perform his duties with perfect good-humour; but there were times when the blood of the white man that ran in his veins would stir his pride, for, though holding so inferior a station, he was in fact the son of a man of rank, title, and distinction, who held one of the highest offices in Demerara. His mother was a domestic in the establishment of Sir Richard, and I have heard, for I never saw her, that she was a remarkably well-made woman; and as negroes are extremely fond of shewing off their figure to the best advantage, it may naturally be supposed that Celia was not a little proud in displaying her handsome person; indeed, but for her colour, she might have been considered a beauty. At all events, she attracted the notice of the baronet, who carried her with him to England. There, however, her heart sickened at the indignities which were heaped upon her on account of her colour; and, as she pined for her kindred and her home, she was sent back to the colony, with a handsome sum of money, and promises of emancipation. The vessel quitted England, but whatever were Sir Richard’s good intentions, or whether the fault was his or not, no instructions were forwarded

to procure the poor girl's freedom ; and when she landed in George Town, she was immediately claimed for the estate, and was once more a slave. Still implicitly relying on the promise of her master, she submitted to her hard fate, and looked forward with eagerness for the period to arrive when she should obtain her papers, and her child be born free. The money she had received—together with other valuables—was placed in the manager's hands for security, and she pleased herself in airy speculations as to its appropriation.

Several months passed away ; her time for delivery drew near, and still no instructions arrived. It is true the labour imposed upon her was but nominal ; she did pretty well what she pleased ; but, somehow or other, after negroes have breathed the air of England, they return with strange notions of liberty and freedom ! Celia keenly felt the disappointments, as vessel after vessel arrived without the promised letters, till at length intelligence came that Sir Richard had lost his life in a duel he had provoked ; the estates had passed into the hands of the next of kin, and Celia was yet a slave. Rage, grief, and vexation, brought on premature labour, and the unhappy girl after bringing forth a fine boy, which she attempted to destroy, was found by the nurse, after an absence of only a few minutes, a lifeless corpse. Intelligence of the circumstance, together with a full statement of particulars, were sent to the new proprietor, who was a needy and avaricious man. He knew nothing, and would know nothing, of Celia or her infant ; but as the mother was no more, and a slave by law cannot hold property, he directed that the money deposited by the poor girl in the hands of the manager should be placed to his own account and uses. Thus was Charley ushered into the world a helpless orphan slave ; but the manager was a humane and generous-minded man : he kept the child in the house with every care, as if it had been his own ; no menial occupation was ever allotted to him : *he gave considerable promise of quickness of intellect, and by stealth one of the overseers taught him to read*

and write. As he grew older, his history was unfolded to him, and he felt a conscious superiority over his fellows. In time he became strongly attached to a young Creole upon a neighbouring estate, who was somewhat similarly situated with himself; for she was also a slave, though both her parents were yet living. Charley was well aware that the freedom he enjoyed was held by a very frail tenure—the change of a proprietor or a manager might consign him to labour in the field, for it rested solely on the caprice of his owner or his agents. Andrews was, as I have already said, a worthy soul, and at his own personal risk and expense, he availed himself of an opportunity of sending the youth to England.

‘Heavy and sad was Charley’s parting with Sophia, for both their natures had been polished by instruction, and their attachment was pure and ardent; but the object Charley had in view embraced the future prospects of both—namely, emancipation from slavery; and though they were well aware that the negro taint would exclude them from the society of white people, yet, if free, with the restoration of his mother’s money, they could maintain themselves and be happy in each other’s society. Thus they softened the affliction of separation, and, sanguine in their expectations, they did not contemplate a disappointment. But unhappily it came; for although Charley succeeded in behalf of Sophia, yet his own proprietor peremptorily refused his request for freedom, or a restitution of that which had been so unjustly taken from him. But the owner being about to dispose of the estate, Charley was of too much value to be allowed to remain in England, and the laws would not sanction his removal by force. Duplicity was therefore called into operation; inducements were held out, and fair promises made, which, coupled with the young man’s earnest desire to bear good news to Sophia, prevailed upon him to embark for Demerara; but the very same vessel brought out a transfer of the property to other hands, and Charley, on his landing, discovered that he had been very cruelly betrayed. It certainly was a villainous

transaction, for at the very moment that the promises of emancipation were making, the individual who promised had sold the young man with the estate. Andrews was superseded in his management, and a harsher man appointed; but, through the intervention of some influential gentlemen in the colony, Charley was disposed of and purchased by my principal, who placed him as a sort of clerk and butler over the household. The papers to emancipate Sophia had been forwarded by the young man, who could not now aspire to a union with a free woman, and her means were not adequate to buy his liberation; but the devoted girl determined to toil with unceasing industry to effect such purpose, whilst I endeavoured to promote their views by the means within my power. His trip to England had given Charley more exalted views of human nature than could be afforded by a slave colony. He had been a free man, had mixed unrestrainedly with the whites, and received many a hearty welcome. It is true he discerned that one man in England did more work than any three negroes, and that extreme wretchedness and distress, such as the West Indies never witnessed, was prevalent amongst the poor; but he likewise enjoyed that liberty which is congenial to the home soil of my native land, and he doubly felt the degradation of being again a slave. Still the amiability of his disposition, and his constant readiness to oblige, endeared him to every one; and, jealous as the negroes are of favouritism, they nevertheless made every exception as far as Charley was concerned, and were themselves amongst the first to do him honour. At length our proprietor sailed for home, and I was left in sole management, with permission to free the poor fellow as soon as his purchase-money could be raised. By dint of perseverance on the part of Sophia, and some small sacrifice on mine, the required amount was forthcoming; and as it was thought best to do the thing quietly, so as not to make any unpleasant impression on the other slaves, I sanctioned Charley's visit to George Town, to take up his freedom. Never shall I forget the mingling

emotions which prompted the poor fellow's expressions when he received his papers, and was declared a free man. There were anxious doubts as regarded the future; regret at parting with those whose kindness he had experienced; and joy, irrepressible joy, that there was no longer a barrier between him and Sophia. But, above all, there was a deep utterance of fervent gratitude to Providence for his merciful interference in his favour. Confound the fellow, the remembrance makes a child of me !'

Mitchell's voice faltered, and there was a moisture in his eyes as vivid retrospection came over his mind; and during his recital I could not help being struck with the fact, that long habit and prejudice struggled against the operations of a kindly disposition; and the latter frequently caused him to controvert his arguments in favour of the former. The boatmen could hear very little if anything of our conversation; but seeing us earnestly engaged, they ceased their chant, for they guessed poor Charley's history was the theme: still they narrowly watched our looks, and spoke in an under-tone to each other; and when my friend could no longer repress his feelings, the spokesman suddenly burst forth in a loud song that was really startling, on account of the previous stillness—though it expressed the honest sentiments of the negroes' hearts—

' Massa Mitchell very good man,
Sing cheerly row;
Massa Mitchell very good man,
Sing cheerly row.'

The heart-expressed animation with which this was sung, was evidently pleasing to the manager, who looked at me with a smile, as much as to say: 'You see the fellows are happy enough;' and I returned it with another, to express my gratification; at the same time I felt more assured than ever, that men who are capable of evincing strong feelings of a grateful nature, were not exactly of the class of those who should be kept in bondage. In a minute or two my friend waved his hand for silence, and proceeded.

‘Well, Charley was at length a free man, and every-thing being settled to his perfect satisfaction, we returned to the plantation; and as Sophia was then located upon an estate well up the creek, he insisted upon starting at once, to be himself the bearer of the glad intelligence. He should have had the boat, but the water had fallen very considerably, and he could not brook a delay of four or five hours. Away he went; and next morning, feeling a desire to witness the happiness of the attached couple, I manned the boat and rowed up; but having my attention attracted to an alligator that was dragging a body down the mud bank, at the place the chant of the men pointed out, we drove the creature away, and to my great horror and amazement discovered that his prey was no other than the lifeless remains of poor Charley. How he lost his existence, will probably remain amongst those mysteries which cannot be solved. At first it was conjectured, that he had perished in attempting to wade across, but there was great improbability in this, as he was an excellent swimmer; then, again, his drowning was attributed to alligators, which are here pretty numerous, though small; but there were some who did not scruple to say that he had been murdered by a disappointed rival—for there *was* a rival in the case—but nothing certain was ever ascertained. As to Sophia, the unfortunate girl could not sustain the heavy affliction, and in less than a month she was laid in the same grave with her lover. Now you have had poor Charley’s story, and I must look out for some place where we may get a feed.’

‘And a most melancholy story it is,’ said I. ‘Poor fellow, he deserved a better fate. But as for a breakfast, where will you find a house of entertainment in this wilderness?’

‘Every plantation we come to has a resident, and any one of them would give us a hearty welcome,’ returned he. ‘We have no hotels or inns here—hospitality *without money and without price* if you like to stop for a week. But I cannot make up my mind as to *whom* we shall quarter ourselves upon. About two

miles higher up is old Johnny Maclean, the burgher captain of the district, an honest, hearty old fellow that has been twenty years at sea before he squatted down in his present place. Then there's Squire Aubrey, precise and particular, everything in grand style, and like clock-work. Next, we should find Macarthy, as free, and as generous, and as glorious in his living, as a prince. Which do you prefer ?

'I must leave it entirely in your hands,' said I; 'but if possible pick out some interesting character.'

'It shall be so,' said Mitchell, looking out ahead upon the left bank of the river, where the varied green of the foliage and the bright hues of the flowers were delightfully blended together, and giving the boat a sheer inshore; 'we will stop at Hammerton's.'

I was going to inquire who Hammerton was, but the question was delayed by the peculiar mournful cadences of the negroes as they continued their chant. Their voices sank yet lower, as the leader, having looked towards a clump of plantain and papaw trees, uttered—

'Old man tan upon da shore,
Sing saafly row;
Old man tan upon da shore,
Sing saafly row.'

'Hush, Sam—hush!' said Mitchell; 'leave off your song: he is indeed there, bending over the grave of his child.'

'Massa Hammerton like for hearee we peaka too much sorry,' answered Sam, the leader of the chant.

'And who is Hammerton?' asked I, as Mitchell gave the boat a sheer in to a sort of jotty that ran out into the stream, and the next minute her nose was fast upon the shore. Mitchell did not answer my question, but pointed to the clump of trees before mentioned, beneath which I perceived a small marble monumental urn, and bending over it, with one hand resting on the top, was an elderly man, who, on our landing, immediately quitted the spot of his apparent meditation, and came towards us: he was tall, and when at his full

height, in the days of strength, had measured six feet three inches in altitude. At that time he must have been a perfect giant in the muscular power of his frame; but now grief and age, like the storms and ice of winter to the foliage, had shorn him of those attributes, for which he had once been so much admired. His arms were of more than ordinary length in proportion even to his vast body, and his hands were of such dimensions as to excite astonishment at their size. His dress was a mixture of court fashion and shabby-genteel, with an enormous broad-brimmed hat that completely shaded his features; but when he removed it on our approach, with the most perfect gentlemanly ease, I could perceive that time and sorrow had ploughed deep furrows on a countenance that indexed a benevolence of heart. His welcome was cordial, and given with a politeness of manner that marked him as one well acquainted with all the courtesies and accomplishments of polished society; yet there was a singularity in everything that he did, which plainly manifested he was no servile imitator of other men, but a perfect original in himself.

‘You have come to breakfast with me, I hope, Mr Mitchell,’ said he, after I had been formally introduced. ‘Your friend, you say, is desirous of seeing all that the colony can present to the view; I shall be proud to shew him my plants.’

Of course I expressed my thanks, and we walked towards the house, through grounds laid out very differently to any that I had yet seen: the soil was kept perfectly clean, and there was great order and regularity, whilst the shrubs had more the appearance of an experimental nursery than a plantation for immediate profit. There was the breadfruit-tree, carefully planted out; various kinds of almond-trees; the cocoon-tree, with its large green bulbs; the shaddock; and numerous others.

The house, like its master, was falling into decay; and the interior was in a very ruinous condition, though

there yet remained several traces of former comfort, and in some detached parts even of elegance. It was entirely on a ground-floor, with a lofty roof resembling the bungaloes of the East; but the winds of heaven played through between the rafters, and in the wet season the rain took the same course, so that a dry corner was indeed a blessing; but as the showers were few and far between—sometimes four or five months—the inconvenience was not much felt.

The exterior situation of the house was such as fancy may picture, but which neither the pencil of the artist nor the pen of the writer could adequately describe. There was the garden in front, with its eternal summer of beauty stretching down to the river, whilst on each flank the tall mora, piercing a hundred feet into the air, raised its proud head, adorned with streamers of bright-red flowers that wreathed its brows; the parasite, that drew its nourishment from the tree, sapped its vitality, and smiled in gorgeous array whilst it inflicted death. From the branches hung the curious nests of the mocking-birds, waving to and fro in every breeze, whilst creatures of the most lovely plumage hovered amongst the leaves, mingling all the colours of the rainbow. Flights of parrots in their variegated hues—flocks of the scarlet as well as the white flamingo—hundreds of birds about the size of a thrush, with rich jet glossy black wings, body, and tail, but the head and a small portion of the breast of a deep crimson; there, too, was the little humming-bird, glistening and glancing like detached sunbeams hovering round the flowers, and then darting away with the rapidity of lightning; it was indeed a sweet, a heavenly spot for solitude, with the clear blue sky above, and the choicest of nature's productions below.

The back of the dwelling was also a garden in the form of an immense amphitheatre, the area of which was preserved by the towering trees; here were pine-apples in exquisite profusion, and all the delicious tropical fruits in greater perfection than I had ever seen them

before ; in fact, the proprietor employed his whole time in experimentalising on the productions of the earth, under the ardent hope of rendering future benefits to his fellow-creatures.

Our breakfast was a usual one in the West Indies, as far as materials went, but nothing could be whiter than the cloth that was spread over the table, and the massive old-fashioned plate, and the costly service of china displayed without ostentation—as the common utensils in constant use contrasted strangely with the extreme wretchedness of the great room—whilst the warm breeze, laden with the perfumes of the orange-blossoms, and the mellifluous fragrance of ripe pines, came through the open windows, almost overpowering the sense.

The conversation was on general topics, and I found Mr Hammerton the finished gentleman in politeness of demeanour, the scholar, the man of science, well versed in literature and classical lore, a human monarch of nature's own creation, on whom a diadem could have conferred no additional honour, a philosopher and a Christian. Such were the ideas which two hours' intercourse with this remarkable man forced upon my mind, and my desire momentarily increased to ascertain something of his history ; for, notwithstanding all that I have endeavoured to describe him, there was at times a wildness in his manner, and a fierce gleaming in his eyes, that seemed to be nearly allied to a derangement of intellect.

At parting, I very candidly and warmly expressed the gratification I had enjoyed during my visit ; nor could I forbear from hinting my surprise that so much seeming intelligence and worth should be thus buried in the wilderness. Never shall I forget the look he gave me ; what its meaning was, I could not then well divine. We were standing near the jetty, and only a few feet from the clump of trees, beneath whose shade was that monumental urn ; his eyes flashed with fierceness ; his long arms were extended at full length, and his large hands spread as if to repulse me with horror, whilst

his tall body swayed to and fro with agitation, and a succession of heavy groans seemed to rend his very heart : thus he stood for more than a minute ; then suddenly turning round, he strode amongst the trees, and fell prostrate, or nearly so, with his arms encompassing the tomb.

'We must render him assistance, Mitchell,' said I, although I undisguisedly own that the circumstance had produced an impression of alarm.

'No, massa—nobbler !' responded an aged negro, who had followed us from the house ; 'let him a be, spose you please ; he for come better, by littlee minute when you all gone. He for taalk too much dis morning ; make him tink sorry for noder time long ago.'

'You are right, Cæsar,' observed Mitchell ; 'but look well after him, boy. I was in hopes he had quite recovered from these attacks.'

'My massa for good deal much better,' said Cæsar ; 'but da tranger dere,' pointing at me with his chin, 'he hab face all same ; palavar all same as da poor picanniny em bury in de bush.' The fallen man moved. 'Go, massa, go,' continued the negro ; 'you no top longer ; Golamity bless Massa Mitchell ; go den quick, and no let em boys sing em chant heareo, spose you please.'

We hastily embarked, and the boatmen, who had witnessed the scene, were too eager to get away from the place to require any orders to stretch out ; they bent manfully to the oars, and in a few minutes we swept round a point of land that entirely separated us from the spot. I eagerly inquired of Mitchell the meaning of the strange and remarkable incidents which I had witnessed. He gave me a brief outline of Hammerton's history, that only served to prompt my curiosity, and induce me subsequently to collect all the information I possibly could, and which at some future time may be presented to the reader.

CHINESE SKETCHES.

A work of merit, entitled the *Fan-qui in China*, in 1836-7, by C. Toogood Downing, Esq., was some time ago presented to the public. Of all the accounts that have yet been given of the customs and character of the Chinese, as observable in their intercourse with foreigners—or Fan-qui, as they are termed by the people of the Celestial Empire—this seems to us to be the most luminous and complete. A few extracts will satisfy the reader of the interesting character of this production.

At the date of the book, the whole of the trade of foreigners with the Chinese was restricted to the single port of Canton. This city is situated on the south-eastern coast of China, near the mouth of the Tigris, a river of nearly the same size as the Thames. The Tigris debouches into a bay or rather a firth, at the opening of which into the sea is situated the ancient Portuguese station of Macao, distant some eighty or ninety miles from Canton. On entering this bay or firth, numerous ships and boats are seen, indicating sufficiently to the visitor the neighbourhood of the great port where traders are assembled from every country on the face of the earth. But it is on reaching the proper mouth of the Tigris that the characteristic wonders of the Canton port are seen. Thousands—using the word in an exact sense—of native vessels, of all kinds and dimensions, stud the river for the seventy miles between its mouth and Canton. The most of these are small craft, that in various ways attend on, and derive profit from, the foreign vessels that visit the port. The subjoined list includes but a few of these native craft, some of which carry government agents, while others, and the greater number, have private purposes in view: pilot-boats, clerk-boats, fishing-boats, smuggling or smug-boats—called Centipedes, from the number of their oars—burden-boats, egg-boats, duck-boats, barber-boats, fruit-

boats, wash-boats, &c. One of the most remarkable features about these small craft, the uses of most of which are indicated by their names, is that the people on board of them spend the greater portion of their lives there, going on shore only for a short time when necessity requires. Families, including of course wives and children, pass their days in these water-houses as happily as others do on dry land. As the existence and numbers of these floating dwellings constitute the most striking characteristic of the port of Canton, we may extract Mr Downing's description of the wash-boats :—

‘The wash-boats are about twenty feet long, and of a proportionable breadth, and appear, like the present fashion of our shoes, to be cropped at the ends. The whole of the inside is covered over with boards, so that this docking is within a few inches of the gunwale. Some of the planks are made to be removed at pleasure, and thus there are very extensive cupboards between them and the flat bottom of the boats. Pieces of wood are then fastened in an upright direction round the edge of the boat, which support the covering or house. This is made of a very coarse kind of matting, formed of thin pieces of bamboo woven together, and fastened into a semicircular form by ribs of stiffer portions of the same material. Two or three of these tiles are placed upon the tops of the uprights; and as one portion overlaps the other, the whole forms a very good protection from the heat of the sun. In the winter, or during rainy weather, pieces of rough cloth are hung round the sides of this domicile; and always during the night, when the inhabitants wish to be private, the open end of the house in front is closed with a piece of matting. One oar at the side, and another astern, which is managed by sculling, serve to put the whole affair into tolerably quick motion. The only furniture to be seen within, is a square of matting and a wooden pillow for each inmate.

‘This desirable mansion, “surrounded with every convenience of wood and water,” as the auctioneers would say, is occupied by three or four Chinese girls, who

perhaps hardly ever stir out of it the whole year round, unless to attend to their religious duties. The meanest beggar in England would shrink from being confined to such a place, yet these girls seem not only content, but even cheerful and happy. Their red, good-natured faces are to be seen peeping out of the matting, and always with a smile or a laugh at your service.' The fruit-boats are also managed by girls. 'These women,' says our author, 'are remarkably strong, and manage their sanpans (boats) so well, that I have occasionally seen one of them with a single scull at the stern, come up with a four-oared cutter, and keep up the chase as long as she thought there was a chance of selling her stores.' On emerging from the hubbub of boats and crowd of vessels on the river, the stranger who visits Canton is shewn to one of the two great hotels, where the majority of those who come to stay but a short time in the place reside. Mr Downing gives a curious account of the inconveniences to which a stranger is subjected in these hotels. You are provided with a small *numbered* apartment, which you lock on leaving it, carrying off the key with you. One of the many Chinese servants who loiter about the establishment, attaches himself to your service, which he does not quit till you depart. All the English he is master of consists generally of 'What thing you wantshee?' or 'No saavez;' or 'Can;,' which last word is the token of assent, corresponding to *ay* or *yes*. These men are faithful enough attendants, as far as their abilities go, but they league themselves with merchants of the city, and thus lead to annoyances which Mr Downing describes as follows:—'In the morning, you are awaked rather early by a rap at the door, and the only answer you can obtain to your repeated summons to know who it is, and to desire the disturber to come in, is a repetition of the knocking in a louder and still more noisy manner. After wearying yourself to no purpose with quietly desiring your visitor to enter, you are at last obliged to bawl out with all your force, and perhaps with some little asperity, believing it to be your *valet-de-*

chambre. This decisive conduct produces some effect, for you hear the handle turned round, and quickly afterwards see the head of a Chinaman thrust in, and peeping through the half-opened door. You look at the pig-tailed apparition, and try to discover an old acquaintance, but you are generally disappointed; while he is doing all he can to make his intrusion acceptable. He smiles, and grins, and nods his head at you, as if he had known you for a dozen years, and was delighted to recognise you again. To his repeated salutations, you cannot help returning the like, however much you may have been annoyed by the disturbance; and thus the scene would be highly ridiculous to a looker-on, to see two heads grinning and bowing to each other, while the rest of the body was perfectly hidden, on one side by the door, and on the other by the bed-clothes.

After these preliminary salutations have proceeded for some little time, your visitor slowly discovers the remainder of his person, edging timidly and slowly within the door, until he has fairly shut it behind him; but yet keeping his hand upon the handle, to secure an immediate retreat in case he should meet with a bad reception. He then goes through the ceremonies which are necessary to be observed by those who enter a room, and which consist of a certain number of bendings of the body, according to the rank of the respective parties. Having completed this part of his duty, he then proceeds to inform you of the nature of his visit; and you soon discover that he is a shopkeeper, or an agent of one, who goes about to collect orders. A small bundle or bag which he carries under his arm is quickly unfastened, and as he shews the contents one after the other, he says: "I like werry much do lteee pidgeon* long you. What thing you wantshee? You wantshee all same sealce, all same chessmon, all same paper-knife!" or whatever he may have about him. Some of these men come from the best shops, are intelligent, and able to talk English

* Pidgeon is the Chinese word for *business*, and to an English ear is most ominous of *plucking*.

pretty well. Through their means, you may often procure things from the inside city, which you could not obtain from the common shopkeepers without the walls. Whilst you are examining their goods, and during the time of dressing for breakfast, you will hear repeated knocks at the door; and you would be inundated by those itinerant dealers, unless you took the precaution of locking them out. Even then they continue their summonses, until, to get rid of them, you often feel obliged to let them say their say, and be gone.

‘Some will come in who appear to be but just commencing trade for themselves, and, unable to understand the meaning of a word of English, have just learned by rote the words necessary to be said on these occasions. Thus they repeat like parrots the list of their wares, and draw out the syllables to an unreasonable length, stopping between each to bring to memory the remainder. “What thing-ee you—wantee-shee? Can catchee all same—shellee—insectee—fanee? Can doa—pidgeon.” The only answer you can obtain from these beginners to any question you may ask about their goods, is a repetition of a list of their wares, until you mention the word *dollar*, which seems to touch another key of these automatons, and they then launch out into an account of that most interesting part of their “pidgeon.” Tailors and shoemakers attend these sort of levees, to exhibit specimens of their handicraft. It used to be said that the imitative faculty which the Chinese possess so highly, led their tailors, in making new clothes, to copy on them every little patch that chanced to exist on those worn when the customer was measured. But they are much improved now-a-days, it seems.

As we do not profess here to give any connected view of the contents of Mr Downing’s numerous observations, we may now quote his remarks on the much famed feet of the Chinese ladies. ‘The curious Chinese custom of forcing the feet of the members of the fair sex into their distorted and unnatural shape, is not of great advantage to them when they walk abroad. It appears very ridiculous

to European eyes, to see an old lady, verging into dotage, believing all eyes are turned upon her in admiration, because her feet are no larger than those of a child five or six years of age. As she walks through the streets, her progressive motion would incline you to believe that she had had the misfortune to lose both her legs, and was obliged to get about as well as she was able on a couple of wooden stumps. The pain which the Chinese beauty must suffer before her charms can be brought to perfection, must be extreme, and can only be compared to the agonies of those compelled to wear that instrument of torture, formerly used in Scotland, called *the boot*. Very soon after the birth of a Chinese maiden of the upper rank, it is the duty of the parent to turn the toes of her child under the foot, and then bandage the whole very tightly together. This binding is renewed every day, and is not removed during the night, however painful or inflamed the joint may be. As the foot is growing all this time, a constant pressure is kept up against the bindings, producing a degree of agony which it would be difficult for us to conceive. Those who are blest with a pair of tight shoes or boots, just come from the maker, can form a faint estimate of the sensation they must experience. In process of time, after years of suffering, the growth of the part ceases, and the toes become of one piece with the rest of the foot, leaving the lower extremity very similar in appearance to that of a club-foot. When you examine an old Chinese lady, it appears as if that part of the instep near the toes had been cut off, and the rest of the soft parts in the vicinity brought together in a lump, in order to form a good cushion to the stump. Our western notions are somewhat startled at this odd custom, and we inquire in vain how it is possible to discover beauty in this disgusting spectacle. But every man to his taste. It appears to have been in practice among the upper classes in the Celestial Empire for many centuries. The cause of this singular practice is completely veiled in obscurity, but we know that it originated towards the close of the

ninth century, near the termination of the dynasty of T'ang. In the absence of any information on the subject, the following speculation may perhaps be allowed :—It is a matter of history, that during the reign of the emperors of the T'ang dynasty, the power of the women and eunuchs had arrived at its greatest height, and that the ill effects of their interference in the affairs of government were severely felt. Great efforts were therefore made to overthrow their authority, which in the end completely succeeded. The eunuchs were either destroyed or banished the court, and the ladies disgraced. We may suppose, that in order to debar the latter in future from interference in state matters, and to render their fancied incapacity more apparent, the practice of retarding the growth of the foot was instituted. If such were its origin, I should think that it must fully answer the intention. The constant personal suffering endured, must necessarily prevent the cultivation of the mind, while the helpless condition of the beauty must render her an object rather of pity than of fear, if she should aim to tread the rugged path of ambition. In process of time, these distorted members were admired; and now, forsooth, they bear the name of "The Golden Lilies!"

Though the quotations now made will not, we are sure, be thought uninteresting, this work has abundance of matter of a much more valuable kind scattered up and down in its pages, and is altogether one that will reward the perusal of all who take an interest in the affairs of China.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

VOLUME XIV.

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CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY THE OLD SAILOR, AUTHOR OF 'TOUGH YARNS,' ETC.

'Till then I banish thee, on pain of death.'

King Henry IV.

THE period of my narrative is the year 1797, and the opening scene is in the city of Paris. The parties in the French Directory were at daggers' points; and notwithstanding the efforts of Madame de Staël to bring about a reconciliation, the Constitutionals refused to swear fealty to regicide supremacy, or to acknowledge a power formed exclusively from the most sanguinary faction of the Revolution. The great dependence of the Terrorists was upon the army, under Generals Hoche and Bonaparte, who contemplated a *coup d'état* to overwhelm the Girondists, who, though in a great measure sensible that danger was hanging its dark clouds over them, yet knew not from what quarter the thunder would burst, and felt themselves unable to shun or counteract it when the storm should roll its overwhelming force to destroy them.

VOL. XIV.

A

It was on the evening of the 15th of September, at Madame Michaud sat with her husband in a parlour their house, which commanded a view of the Boulevard. The evening was rather sultry; there was but little wind; the sun was hastening down to the verge of the western horizon, mantled in his richest splendor of gold, and purple, and vermillion. Martial must fill the air, for the morrow was to present a grand review to the citizens of Paris, and the troops under Augereau were marching into the capital, to take their positions.

'How delightfully those strains come upon the ear said madame to her devoted and attached husband, as he stood gazing with emotion upon the beautiful woman. 'I dearly love at all times to listen to the soul-inspiring harmony of music, but never more so than when the swell of a full military band breaks the silence of approaching twilight. Hark!' she continued; 'and yet it makes one shudder to think that such heavenly sounds should herald the messengers of warfare and blood!'

Michaud started, and a paleness overspread his cheek. 'It is but too true, Eulalie,' said he mournfully; 'they are indeed the agents of death. And perhaps even now'—he added hastily, but instantly checked himself and paced to and fro in the apartment.

'You appear to be disturbed, my dear,' uttered the lady, rising, and throwing her finely-moulded white arms round his neck. 'Surely I could have said nothing to displease you.'

'You! Eulalie? O no!' responded the husband; 'you have ever been a treasure to me, and had I followed your counsel—but it is too late now. But come what may, I must meet it as a brave man ought.'

'What do you apprehend, Michaud?' inquired the lady, labouring under painful alarm. 'Do you suspect the troops? I cannot think that any evil is intended. *It would be a death-blow to the liberty the council have struggled through seas of gore to attain.*'

will be but a show to please us women. Hark! can anything sanguinary be connected with such exquisite music!

'I may be mistaken, my love,' replied the husband, endeavouring to assume a composure he was far from feeling, for Pierre Michaud was a Constitutionalist and a national representative, against whom the vengeance of the opposing party would be unsparingly levelled, and he had looked upon the expected review as a mere subterfuge to get possession of the capital. He would not, however, terrify a mind that he felt it was his duty, as well as his affectionate inclination, to soothe and tranquillise; therefore he concealed the presentiments of evil that had seized upon his mental faculties, so as greatly to depress his usual flow of animation, and forced nature into a burst of hilarity foreign to his heart.

That night the faithful and attached pair sat till near morning holding sweet converse, and enjoying that delightful communion which flows from purity of affection. It was a night of exquisite gratification, and in the stillness of the hour did the eloquent Michaud pour forth, in energetic language, his ardent and faithful love for his wife: he seemed as if inspired; there was an unusual glow of feeling in his breast that he himself could not account for; a heavy weight hung upon his mind, and seemed to force out the ardour of his soul in beautiful and energetic language, and Madame Michaud was happy.

Suddenly the heavy report of a cannon came booming through the silence of midnight; the deputy started; he caught his wife in his arms, and clasped her to him with a fervour and strength which seemed to say: 'They shall not part us.' For several minutes a death-like stillness prevailed; neither of them scarcely breathed; but the discharge was not repeated, for the sound of a single unshotted gun had annihilated the French Republic. Augereau had surrounded the Tuileries—the guard surrendered—the palace was taken possession of—

several members of the Five Hundred were arrested and conveyed to the Temple, that prison to which many of them had been instrumental in consigning the unfortunate Louis—and the army was triumphant. But Pierre Michaud knew nothing of all this; and the next morning, after a most tender parting with his lovely wife, he repaired to the hall of sitting, was apprehended on his entrance, and sent to join his companions in the very apartments which had been occupied by the royal martyr and his devoted queen. Some of the prisoners had been in the Convention, and had given their votes for the death of their sovereign; and now the wheel had nearly performed its revolution—the period of blood had approximated to its cycle—they knew and felt themselves to be victims appointed to die. O! could it have been possible to enter into the secret recesses of their hearts, and witness what was passing there, when retributive justice unbared her arm, and demanded ‘as they had meted out to others, so should it be measured back to them again.’ But in this instance the guillotine was not resorted to; there was a cruelty in the mercy that condemned the prisoners to perpetual banishment to Cayenne. Michaud was not even allowed the mockery of a trial; and without any attention to his prayers and entreaties, to give one last embrace to his beloved and almost heart-broken wife, he was hurried to Brest, and embarked, with many others, on board a frigate bound across the Atlantic. The ship remained but a few days in port; orders came for her sailing; the wind was fair, her anchors were weighed, and she stood out to sea. There is a feeling connected with the departure from our native shore that operates even upon the roughest nature. The bold land which, when near, seems to lift its head with daring pride from the depths of the ocean, sinks lower and lower as the vessel recedes; and to the uninitiated in this deception, the ship appears to be stationary, and the land departing. *It was this that made Michaud exclaim, in the extreme of his agony:* ‘The land is leaving me—beloved of my

heart, I shall see thee no more !' Each believed the separation was eternal. The God of nature and of Providence has implanted in the human heart a veneration for the place of nativity—an attachment to the soil on which we first drew our breath. Men may affect philosophy; they may call themselves 'citizens of the world;' but, O! even the most crude and callous cannot resist the appeal which is made to the kindlier emotions by the mention of the word 'HOME.' And here were individuals banished from *their home*, and all that endeared them to existence; here were individuals bidding farewell to their native land—a long, an eternal farewell; here were parents, brothers, all the male ties of relationship, torn from those loved ones whom they could never hope to see again. Nor were these the poor, the destitute, or the outlawed felon—many of them had inhabited palaces, and lived in splendour; there were the once wealthy and highly privileged noblesse; there were the ministers of religion, the learned scholar, and the devoted patriot; but there were also the sanguinary regicides, who had consigned their monarch to a public execution, and had been present at the scaffold to witness his last sufferings. Recollections of such a spectacle were not calculated to alleviate misery.

Pierre Michaud was about twenty-seven years of age, possessed of a very fair estate, and fairer prospects, when he contracted marriage with a lady whom he long had loved. They had only been united a short time, when he found himself dragged into the vortex of the Revolution, by being chosen one of the deputies for the south of France. To have declined, would have been tantamount to rendering himself suspected; and having a liberal bias towards a constitutional form of government, he repaired to Paris, accompanied by his young wife. His only crime in the eyes of the Terrorists was his being a Constitutionalist. Had he been permitted to choose, he would have retired from the revolting scenes that shocked his spirit, to homely peace and love. He

was no regicide. He loved his country, and ardently longed to see the wolves that preyed upon it destroyed. Yet Pierre Michaud was a banished man.

And what had become of his attached wife? After parting with her husband, she employed herself in such little offices as she knew would gratify him, and win a smile and embrace on his return to take her to the review. Martial music was once more filling the air with its thrilling swells, but there came a sound mingling with it that brought the chilliness of fear. There is no other sound like it in creation. It proceeds from the voices of assembled thousands, uttering wild but simultaneous shouts of revolutionary vengeance. I have heard those rolling shouts in different parts of the world, when all that is human has been laid aside, and all that is infernal reigned paramount in savages, and the cry has been the same, though dissimilar in language. Eulalie had not been habituated to those fearful explosions of brutal passion, when the yells of multitudes roll upon the breeze; but a shuddering instinct crept through her frame, as, mingled with the pealings of the trumpets, she heard the sounds, more like the dying groans of a prostrate army, than the triumphant cheers of conquering victors. She listened with an indefinable sensation that she could not account for; never had any sounds which she had heard produced such strange and appalling effects. They evidently grew louder, and indicated a nearer approach to her dwelling. A presage of some calamity, but of what nature she knew not, darkened her mind, and caused a tremor to shake her frame. Suddenly a friend of her husband rushed frantically into the room. 'Fly, fly, madame!' he hurriedly exclaimed; 'fly whilst there is yet hope of escape. The blood-hounds are coming to wreak their fury. Hark to their advent!'

'And Pierre? what has become of him?—where is my husband?' inquired Madame Michaud, rallying all her energies to meet the approaching danger.

'There is no time for converse now,' returned the

person addressed. 'Pierre is a prisoner, and well needs your best exertions to support him in his adversity.'

'And he shall have them,' responded the lady with firmness. 'This is his house and his property, and I will not abandon it to strangers.'

'You will defeat your own purposes,' uttered the man; 'if you remain, you perish, and the prospect of saving your husband lost. Hark! they are close at hand, and even now it may be too late. A fiacre awaits. Slip on your bonnet and shawl. Heed no other dress, and hasten for your life.'

Thus solemnly warned, Madame Michaud complied. The fiacre was gained, and drove off. The mob assailed the dwelling; the work of demolition commenced; and in one short hour the place presented a scene of revolutionary ruffianism and wreck. The unfortunate lady, though she had saved her life, could not obtain a refuge. She was a woman of talent and integrity—two dangerous qualities to the regicidal faction; and, consequently, she was proscribed, and driven into obscurity, at the very period that her husband was quitting Brest harbour for the colony of Cayenne.

Away flew the ship over the foaming waves, bearing within hearts sad, and stricken, and despairing—consciences, over which a sense of crime was exercising a despotic sway—blood-guiltiness, that left a stain upon the immortal soul—groans, and complaints, and cries, mingling with the clanking of chains and the ringing of fetters, came up the hatchways, and were wasted on the desert waters. Yet the sun by day, and the stars by night, shone bright and clear. The heavens wore a smiling and a cheerful aspect, and none who saw that gallant vessel proudly stemming the billows, could have conjectured that she carried a freight of such appalling misery. The dreaded Bay of Biscay was crossed in pleasant weather, and Cape Ortegal appeared. It was opening daylight when they made the dark blue land arising from the azure ocean, and a few minutes afterwards a strange sail was visible from the

deck. Glasses and straining eyes were directed towards the object; many a conjecture was hazarded; many a gasconade was uttered; but none, though several were well assured of the fact, declared her to be what she actually was—a British frigate, full of eager spirits to engage. Being under the land, she had the advantage of the Frenchman in seeing the enemy first; and, when discovered, was already crowded with canvas, in chase. But the French captain was fully acquainted with the admirable qualities of his noble ship. She was one of the fastest sailers in the Republican navy, and carried her broadcloth with the stiffness of an alderman. Nor was the British frigate any way inferior, either in fleetness or stability; and from the moment of interview at day-break, till the twilight hour of evening, when sombre shades were gradually deepening into night, no perceptible change had taken place in their relative positions. Oh, what anxious moments were these for the wretched prisoners in the hold! They would be content to remain captives if taken; but then it would be in England, where the hand of the oppressor could not reach them.

Sometimes, during the day, the bold bulwark of St George, by various manœuvres, contrived to draw upon the democratic citizens; but the French captain was a seaman, and by cutting away his anchors, and retrimming his ship, was again enabled to walk ahead; and as they were not within reach of shot, no actual hostility had occurred. Anxious and earnest were the gazers during the whole of that night; and though sometimes, when a haze was on the horizon, it was hoped by the French captain that he had escaped from his pursuer, yet no sooner did the mistiness evaporate into thin air, than the indefatigable and watchful enemy was once more visible, and carrying on to come up with the chase. During the darkness, the British frigate had thrown up rockets, burnt blue-lights, and fired guns, to attract the attention of any friendly cruiser; and when daylight again dawned upon the waters, another large frigate

was seen nearly abreast of the Frenchman, and about two miles distant. At first she was standing towards the republican, but the superior sailing of the latter plainly evidenced that there was no chance of nearing the French ship but by running on a parallel line, and occasionally hauling up, for the Englishman was to leeward. An engagement now appeared inevitable; but the French captain dexterously avoided it, by changing his course two points to windward; and though a few shots were exchanged, yet but trifling injury was done on either side. For four days and three nights did this chase continue; the British sometimes bringing up a fresh of wind, and getting within gun-shot, and then the French frigate would catch the breeze, and again outsail them. The fourth night a heavy gale of wind came on, that continued for nearly a week. The furious elements, though they did not calm the passions of the hostile parties towards each other, yet drew all their attention to their own peculiar safety, and the ships parted to meet no more.

Nothing scarcely could exceed the horrible situation of the state-prisoners during the storm. From their countrymen they suffered the utmost indignity and inhumanity. Several of them perished in that loathsome and pestilential hold; and eight or ten having held a solemn council, frenziedly determined on self-destruction.

At length the frigate arrived at Cayenne. The appearance of the island in its rich fertility was beautiful, and the verdure presented a grateful spectacle to the eyes of the wretched captives. But on landing, the intense heat of the climate almost overpowered them, and sickly apprehension aided the attacks of fever that speedily diminished their numbers. They were placed in a coffee logie as a temporary prison, and provisions of the worst quality were served out to them in very scanty allowances, and they were kept under extremely rigid restrictions.

Pierre Michaud, although the bitterest anguish of

pressed him when he thought of his home and his wife, yet struggled with his afflictions, and, like many others, determined upon attempting to escape. It is true that several had lost their lives in their endeavours to reach Surinam or Berbice, or to penetrate into the interior to the Spanish settlements of Paraguay. Some, in fact, after almost incredible hardships, succeeded in getting to Pernambuco. Michaud at length was enabled through the generous aid of a Swedish gentleman, a planter, who was about to embark in an American brig for the purpose of conducting a sick wife to Europe, to obtain concealment in the same vessel. The brig was bound to Gottenburg; and, oh! the delight that swelled in the heart of the banished man when they gained the mouth of the river, and were rapidly running off from the land. The very air, as it came laden with the perfumes from the orange-blossoms, was now the breath of liberty to him, and hope resumed its wonted hold upon his mind; he was free, free, and he felt in his whole frame the expansive powers with which emancipation had blessed him.

'Oh, blest liberty! it is thou alone
That gives to fleeting life its sweetness and perfume,
And we are slaves without it.'

The winds were fair, the weather favourable, and the captain promised a speedy passage. Monsieur Berthollon had laid in his own provisions for himself, his wife, his daughter, and his friend; and trusting to the assurances of the captain, who was poorly supplied, they lived merrily and unsparingly upon their stock, which was daily decreasing. It was the month of December when the brig neared the British isles, intending to run through the English Channel. But north-easterly gales set in; the cold became piercing; and to their dismay, they discovered that there was even, upon the most economical scale, not more than a week's victuals remaining, and a very scanty supply of water. Day after day passed on, and still those hard-hearted winds prevailed.

Gradually the food disappeared, till their only nourishment consisted of a single biscuit, about a quarter of a pound of salt pork, and one glass of water, for twenty-four hours. The sails were several of them split; the brig being deep in the water, the sea broke fearfully over her, and at length she became leaky, so as to keep the half-famished and nearly worn-out crew incessantly at the pumps. But the thrilling dread of starvation overcame the horrors of prospective shipwreck; scarcely a morsel of nourishment was left; the water, except a very small portion, which, to the eternal honour of the seamen, was preserved for the females, was gone, and death stared them in the face with that gaunt and terrifying look which ravening hunger and parching thirst create. The captain of the brig proved inadequate to his duty; by his soundings he discovered that he was considerably out in his longitude; and when emergency demanded prompt activity and exertion, terror overcame him, and he shrunk back dismayed, confining himself to his cabin under pretence of illness, which, however, was not long before it came in reality.

It was a pitiable spectacle to witness the despairing countenances of those unhappy creatures, whose hollow cheeks soon betrayed the urgent wants of nature, and whose wolfish eyes glared wildly upon each other as unbidden longings arose that made them sick to shuddering. Every means had been resorted to that human invention could suggest to prolong existence, but the last resource was failing. No vessel appeared in sight; the gates of heaven seemed to be closed to their earnest supplications, and despair triumphed over even the consolations of religion. And there sat the father gazing with tender anxiety, verging upon agony, at his wife and child, but with his tenderness there came also a mingling of ferocity that he could not subdue. The demon hunger was preying upon his vitals, and the corroding tooth of the monster poisoned the source of generous feelings. Madame Berthollon possessed a most kind and indulgent husband; disease had made her petulant, but impatience

and repining were swallowed up in the prospect of the dreadful death which awaited them, and the affliction of the wife and the mother raised her above the ebullitions of corporeal suffering. The incessant breaches made by the sea kept them constantly wet ; their bedding, everything was saturated with water ; whilst, to add to their misery, they had seventeen hours of darkness to seven of light.

In time, the gale suddenly shifted to the west-north-west, and bore them along with great rapidity towards England. Hope once more revived, that, though they might not reach a friendly port, yet, getting in the fair-way of the Channel, there was a chance of falling in with a vessel from which they could obtain assistance. A day and a night passed away, and still they were careering onward without having been able to speak one ship, although several had hove in sight. Disappointment increased their irritability ; there was a maddening unnatural savageness in all that the crew did ; they wrangled, they fought, without knowing why or wherefore ; and there was a tiger-like desire to gratify their appetites with flesh. A little negro lad, belonging to Monsieur Berthollon, disappeared ; it was reported he had been washed overboard, and one or two asserted that they had seen him struggling for his life. It might be true, but the men had food : where they procured it, none would tell ; but conjecture was not long in deciding as to what the horrible banquet actually was, and many partook without questioning further. At the close of the second day, the wind veered round more to the northward, and increased in fury so as to compel them to lay-to, and before its close, the land was dimly seen, through the dense haze, dead under their lee. Where they were, whether on the coast of Ireland, England, or France, no one could tell. They had not been able to obtain a meridian altitude for ten days ; the reckoning had been wholly neglected ; and though to the passengers the land *presented a prospect of safety*, yet to the seamen it *threatened wreck and death*. A long, dark, dreary night

was before them ; there was the blackness of darkness above, there was the blackness of darkness below, and the gloom of the sky and ocean were united by lines of white sparkling foam. The water gained so fast upon the brig, that she was nearly ungovernable ; the billows throw their lofty feathery heads clear over her, washing everything from the decks.

About two o'clock in the morning, a tremendous shock told them of their fate : the brig had struck the ground, and shook and trembled as in agony. She was lifted on the curling summit of a mountain breaker, borne away with irresistible velocity ; and then, as she recoiled, was dashed upon the rocks, that rent her about and tore, already shattered by the gales. The crew and passengers had crowded on the deck, grasping anything that promised security ; but their hands were broken by the cord, and the relentless billows washed them away into the yawning abyss, or crushed them on the rocky shore on which the brig was heaving with convulsive throes. A giant rolled in a mountain wave, roaring and raging in the power of its might, the remnant of the vessel was swept further in, and fixed, where, though the sea was not so violent, it still beat incessantly against a barrier of spray. At the first shock, Monsieur Bertholon, aided by his friend Michaud, succeeded in securing the mother and daughter to the stanchions of the mainmast, and the mainmast. Bertholon was performing the same office for himself, his wife and child clung to him, as to a support, his labours. Alas ! the second wave tore him from their grasp. He caught a rope, but it was not fast. Wild shrieks mingled with the howling of the gale, as the form of the wretched father was seen floating away amidst the hoary foam, and then disappeared for ever. Pierre Michaud beheld the catastrophe, but he could not avert it. He had been with difficulty enabled to make himself fast near the ladies ; and when the billows were likely to be to soothe them under all circumstances, he not refrain from offering consolation ; and when their hearts were bereaved and desolate, the shock of the

comforter—oh, it was almost a mockery to think of comfort then—was borne away upon the wild gushes of the gale ; and, exhausted by fatigue and faintness, Pierre found his strength, both mental and physical, forsaking him. A benumbing heaviness crept over his faculties, and he conjectured that he was approaching the termination of his earthly career. His eyes became dim, his recollection faded, he sank into insensibility.

The east had opened her portals, and daylight, in mournful array, had gloomily issued forth, when Pierre Michaud, stiffened with cold, and scarcely alive, awoke to a consciousness of his awful situation. He shook with convulsive agitation, that portended the last struggles against dissolution ; he felt his end was near at hand. And what was the spectacle which he beheld ! The brig had fallen over nearly on her broadside, and he was in some measure suspended by his lashings. At his side were the mother and the daughter, clasped in each other's arms ; the former with her head thrown back and her eyes fixed and glaring, the latter with her face upon that bosom from which she had drawn her nutriment in early infancy ; both were dead ! At his feet, in the waste of the water, were two seamen, whose only motion arose from the fluctuation of the waves ; they were past suffering. On his left hand, a little below the shattered bulwark, lay the captain on his back ; but though the sea was breaking over him, he made no movement, for he, too, was lifeless. The shore, a wild rocky coast, could be faintly discerned ; but as the gale still exulted in its devastating strength, Michaud dared not cherish a single hope. He resigned himself to his fate ; a stupor came over him, and he was lost to consciousness.

Once more the banished man awoke to sensibility ; but oh, what a change was presented ! There was no longer the howling of the tempest and the bellowing of the waters ; there was no longer death and destruction stalking in fearful array around him ; he lay upon a soft bed, under warm coverings ; his pillows had been carefully arranged beneath his head, and the curtains were

closely drawn to exclude the cold air. 'Where am I?' exclaimed the bewildered man, as with difficulty he raised himself up, and, having parted the curtains, gazed with astonishment at the scene. 'Father of mercies!' he exclaimed, 'has it then been only a dream? Eulalie—my own Eulalie!' for she was sitting by his side, 'what is all this? Oh, there is too much of horrible reality in the remembrances that crowd upon my mind!—am I yet living? Come, come to my arms, thou partner of my joys and sorrows, and by your fond embraces convince me that this is no deception.'

Madame Michaud passed her arms around her husband's neck, kissed his pallid lips, and shed tears of joy upon his breast. 'Yes, Pierre,' said she, 'thus wonderfully restored to me and to your home—blessed be His holy name who has wrought out this deliverance.'

'I see—I see,' exclaimed Pierre delightedly; 'we are in my own ancestral mansion. In this room I drew the first breath of existence; and here, Eulalie,' continued he, as he pressed her to his heart, 'here am I restored to a second life. But how has this astonishing event been brought about?'

Madame Michaud briefly informed him of the wreck being observed on the coast near to his own dwelling, and himself, with three or four others, rescued from impending death. Notwithstanding his emaciated appearance, he was recognised by many who had known him in brighter days, and the papers found upon his person corroborated the evidence of his identity. He was promptly removed, and assiduously attended to by his devoted wife, who, after undergoing severe hardships and cruelties, had been restored to her matrimonial rights.

'But the Directory,' exclaimed Michaud; 'my enemies, Eulalie; will they not discover where I am, and continue to persecute?'

'The Directory is no more, Pierre,' responded his wife; 'the monsters have been shorn of their power. Napoleon Bonaparte effected a revolution on the 18th Brumaire, and

is now Chief Consul. It is through him that I am here—and you, oh, my husband!—you are no longer a banished man.'

Pierre withdrew from public life, and cultivated his estates; and it is not many years since I plucked delicious grapes in his vineyard, and saw him surrounded by a numerous and noble progeny, on whose minds he had inculcated one excellent and wholesome lesson, that may be summed up in two words—NEVER DESPAIR.

MAGICIANS OF MODERN EGYPT.

ANCIENT EGYPT was famed for its dexterous jugglers or magicians, and the country in the present day still boasts of possessing personages of that mysterious character. The existing magicians of Egypt, who are most commonly of Arab descent, display their art almost always by what is called 'the experiment of the magic mirror of ink.' This is performed in the following way:—Being in the presence of those who are to witness the exhibition of his powers, the magician prepares for his task by certain forms of invocation, which consist usually in writing down on a slip of paper a string of charmed words. Mr Lane, author of *The Modern Egyptians*, and one of the first Oriental scholars of the day, examined a charm of this kind, and found the words to signify in English: 'Tur'shoon! Turyoo'shoon! Come down! Come down! Be present! Whither are gone the prince and his troops? Where are El-Ahh'mar the prince and his troops? Be present, ye servants of these names!' And on a second slip of paper were written the words: 'And this is the removal. And we have removed from thee thy veil; and thy sight to-day is piercing.' These last words are intended to open, in a supernatural manner, the eyes of the boy,

on whom the working of the charm mainly depends; for after the preliminary invocations are gone through, the magician announces himself ready to begin his display, and desires a boy to be brought to him. A pure and innocent female would do equally well; and some magicians hold that a black female slave or a pregnant woman would also answer the desired purpose, but a young boy is generally chosen, as the most convenient party; and those before whom the enchanter is exhibiting his art, commonly hire any boy whom they find accidentally on the streets, in order to prevent, if possible, the chance of collusion. When the boy arrives, the magician takes the lad's right hand, and draws in the palm of it a magic diagram, in the form of a square. A little ink is then poured into the hollow of the same hand, and this ink forms the 'magic mirror,' into which the boy looks intently in the course of the exhibition, and sees all the figures and scenes which it is the wish of the enchanter and his visitors or employers to call up. A chafing-dish stands all the while at the magician's hand, and into this he throws at times the before-mentioned charm cut into slips. Perfumes are at the same time burnt in the chafing-dish, and their smoke fills the room, circling around the performers and spectators, and satiating their nostrils with the odours of frankincense and coriander.

When all is thus prepared, the enchanter begins to question the boy—'Do you see anything?' If the charm works well, the boy usually appears frightened, and replies that he sees 'a man sweeping the ground.' (This answer, we believe, is at least a common one, if not uniformly given.) The magician then desires the boy to call for various flags in succession, and the boy calls for and sees seven flags of various colours. He then calls for 'the sultan,' who is the party that is to shew all the future objects in the mirror. If the sultan comes, the charm is wound up. The chief performer, meanwhile, mutters incessantly in the intervals, and keeps *throwing the fragments of the written charm into the*

chafing-dish. After a time, if all has gone to his mind, the magician turns to the spectators, and announces that any person whom they may select, living or dead, will be called up in the magic mirror, beheld, and described by the boy.

Lord Prudhoe, an English nobleman of the Percy family, and Major Felix, a British officer, were among the first persons who astonished the European world with their report of the magic-mirror experiment. Being men of character and sense, their statement created a considerable sensation, when it was reported by the interlocutors in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' of *Blackwood's Magazine* for August 1831. The experiment, such as we have described it, was performed before the two gentlemen when travelling in Egypt, and they were desired to call up either the absent or the dead. They asked for Shakspeare, Voltaire, and others, and received descriptions of them from the lips of the boy, exactly corresponding with their portraits, as regarded dress, figure, and countenance. They then tested the boy with lesser known living persons. Archdeacon Wrangham was called for, and described by the boy as 'a tall, white-haired Frank, with a smiling countenance, and wearing spectacles,' whom he saw 'walking in a garden.' Even his dress, that usually worn by an English clergyman out of his canonicals, was pointedly described. Warming with wonder, Major Felix then called for a description of his own brother, an officer in the army, and then in India. The boy described a red-coated Frank, whom he saw standing by the sea-shore, with a horse and a black servant behind him. Finally, the lad exclaimed: 'O! this is a strange Frank; he has only one arm!' When Major Felix heard these words, which accurately painted the condition of his brother, his feelings of awe and excitement so much overpowered him, that he fainted away.

Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix were not the only persons thus impressed by the magicians of Egypt. The late British consul, Mr Salt, a man intimately acquainted

with the language, people, and country, and less liable to be deceived than a passing traveller, found himself completely puzzled on many occasions by the results of the magic-mirror experiment. Having once, for example, private reasons for believing that some one of his servants had stolen various articles of property, Mr Salt sent for a celebrated Mugh'reb'ee magician, with the view of intimidating the suspected person, and causing him voluntarily to confess if he were really guilty. The magician came, and at once declared that he would cause the exact image of the guilty person to appear to any boy not above the age of puberty. A boy was taken incidentally from a band of several men at work in Mr Salt's garden, the forms were gone through, and the magic mirror properly formed. After seeing various images, the boy finally described from the mirror the guilty person—stature, dress, and countenance; said that he knew him, and ran down into the garden, where he apprehended one of the labourers, who, when brought before his master, immediately confessed that he was the thief.

Mr Lane, whom we have already mentioned, and to whom Mr Salt related the preceding story, was another person who witnessed personally the operations of the Egyptian magicians, and who candidly confesses that there is a mystery in the matter to which he cannot discover any clue. The magician from whom Mr Lane received the invocation 'Tur'shoon! Turyoo'-oon! Come down! Come down!' requested him, on the occasion of that experiment, to call for any person he chose. Mr Lane named Lord Nelson. The boy employed during the process was one taken from among several returning home along the street from a manufactory. He appeared to have never heard of Lord Nelson, for it was with difficulty that he pronounced the name after several trials. 'The magician,' says Mr Lane, 'desired the boy to say: "My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson: bring him before my eyes, that I may see him speedily!"' The boy then

said so; and almost immediately added: "A messenger is gone, and has returned, and brought a man, dressed in a black suit of European clothes: the man has *lost his left arm.*" He then paused for a moment or two; and, looking more intently and closely into the ink, said: "No, he has not lost his left arm, but it is placed to his breast." This correction made his description appear more striking than it had been without it, since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat. But it was the *right* arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eye, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear left. He answered, that they appeared as in a mirror. This made the boy's description faultless. As the Egyptians call dark-blue *es'wed*, or *black*, the naval dress of Nelson was accurately described. Mr Lane subsequently called for a friend, a native of Egypt, resident in England, and who had been long confined to his bed by illness. The boy described a man 'with a pale face, mustaches, but no beard,' and who appeared in the mirror 'on a kind of bier, wrapped in a sheet.' This suited the figure of the individual, and also his supposed condition at the time. Mr Lane afterwards heard of the recovery of this friend, but did not exactly learn whether at the period in question he had recovered his health or remained ill. The succeeding answers of the boy to Mr Lane's questions on this occasion were imperfect. On another occasion—when Mr Lane was not present, but heard the account from unquestionable authority—the same magician's performances were ridiculed by an Englishman present, who said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of his own father, of whom, he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The sceptic was a little staggered when the boy described a man in a Frank dress, 'with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground,

and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect; the peculiar position of the hand was caused by an almost constant headache; and that of the foot or leg, by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse in hunting. I am assured,' continues Mr Lane, 'that on this occasion the boy described accurately each person and thing that was called for; and I might add several other cases, in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of Englishmen of my acquaintance.'

We have now given a fair and reasonable specimen of the marvels and successes of modern Egyptian magic. The other side of the picture must now be glanced at, and sorry are we to say that thereby much of the gloss and glitter of enchantment disappears, though it cannot be said that all doubt or mystery is fairly removed. By the precautions taken, all possibility of confederacy or collusion between the magician and the boy has been prevented on most of the occasions where Englishmen have witnessed these experiments. Nor, indeed, could a perfect understanding between the man and the boy be of much service for the most part; for the man must be equally in the dark with his assistant respecting the obscure or *private* individuals called for. Moreover, the magician could not communicate in an underhand way with the boy, in presence of such Orientalists as Lane and Salt, even if he had any promptings to give. We must therefore give up the idea, that the boy in these cases answers from the magician's prompting, or is told what he is to see. 'Does the boy then really see objects in the ink?' comes to be the question. The belief of most observers is, that the boy's imagination is either so wrought upon as to make him conceive he sees figures, or that, by some art of the magician, the semblance of objects is actually presented in the ink. But, then, how does the boy come to see the exact objects that are wanted? If he did *always* do this, Egyptian magic would indeed be a thing passing strange. But such is not the

case. If we had goodly evidence on the one side, we shall produce equally unexceptionable testimony on the other, which will, we fear, remove much of the marvel from the modern enchantment of Egypt.

Lord Lindsay, son of the Earl of Balcarras, and the author of a lively book on Egypt, describes the doings which he witnessed with the magic mirror of ink. The magician was a famous and long-tried one, and went through all the preliminary forms with becoming gravity. The boy, who was a stranger to the experimenter, at first saw a 'man sweeping,' then 'seven flags' in succession, and then 'the sultan,' after which the magician declared the charm complete, and bade them call for whom they chose. 'The first person whom we summoned,' says his lordship, 'was the Rev. —. He was described, upon the whole, accurately; but this was the only successful summons. The spirits either would not come, or appeared by proxy, to the sad discomposure of our Arab Glendower. I tried him with Daniel Lambert, who, I was informed, was a *thin* man; and with Miss Biffin, who made her appearance with arms and legs. He has been equally unsuccessful with a party of Americans; this is odd enough, when one considers how strongly Mr Salt, Lord Prudhoe, and Major Felix were impressed with the belief of his supernatural powers.' Lord Lindsay concludes by remarking, that 'one thing is unquestionable—the children *do* see a crowd of objects, following each other, and at the commencement of the incantation, always the same objects—as vivid and distinct as if they looked out of the window at noonday. How is this to be accounted for? Collusion is out of the question.'

The next witness whose testimony we shall present on this subject, is Colonel Peyronnet Thompson, a man remarkable for shrewdness. As the colonel tells in a little article in *Tait's Magazine* on Egyptian Magic, he chanced to reside for a time in Cairo, in 1822, with his family, and hearing much of the fame of a certain *Mugh'reb'ee* magician, sent for him. 'I remember,' says Colonel Thompson, 'a well-dressed, personable man,

of what after the fashion of the nomenclature in the Chamber of Deputies might be called the young middle-aged. He agreed to shew us a specimen of his art, and fixed upon our little boy of seven years old to be his instrument. He despatched a servant to the bazaar, to procure frankincense and other things which he directed; and on their being produced, we all retired into a room, and closed the doors and windows. An earthen-pot was placed in the middle of the floor, containing fire, and the magician sat down by it. He placed the little boy before him, and poured ink into the hollow of the boy's hand, and bade him look into it steadily. I think the mother rather quailed on seeing her child in such propinquity with the "enemy," but recovered herself on being exhorted to defy the Evil One and all his works. The boy was innocent of fear; and, on the whole, I imagine there never was a better subject to cope with a sorcerer. When the little fellow asked the cause of the immediate preparations, we told him the man was going to shew some feats of legerdemain, such as he used to see in India. The magician began by throwing grains of incense on the fire, bowing with a see-saw motion, and repeating "*Heyya, hadji Captain!*" or "*Hurrah, pilgrim Captain!*" being, as I understood it at the time, an invocation by his style and title, of the spirit he wished to see. When nothing came, he increased his zeal, and seemed determined that if the "captain" was sleeping, or on a journey, he should not be missed for want of calling. One slight variation, in his questions to the boy, I observed. Instead of saying to him, "What do you see?" as had been reported, he said, "Do you see a *little man*?" which, if the boy had been accessible to fear or phantasy, was manifestly telling him what he was to look for. The boy, however, resolutely declared he saw nothing, and the sorcerer continued his calls upon his spirit. When in this manner curiosity had been roused to something like expectation, the boy suddenly exclaimed, "I see something!" All were tremblingly on the alert; when he quashed

it all by adding, "I see *my nose!*" By the dim light of the fire, he had succeeded in getting a glimpse of his own countenance reflected in the ink. The magician redoubled his exertions by way of carrying the thing off, but there was much less gravity in the audience afterwards.' Finding, at length, that he could make nothing of the young Thompson, who had probably a due share of the paternal hatred to humbug, the disappointed sorcerer declared, that he could not make the spirit come because the boy was a Christian. An Arab boy was then sent for, and, sure enough, at the first propounding of the leading question, 'Do you see a little man?' the boy said, 'Yes.' The magician then called for flags in due order, and, as he called, the boy beheld. The colonel does not think there was collusion here, and is at a loss to say whether the boy was operated on by a superstitious dread of refusing, or by the natural inclination of one rogue to help another. However, by the colonel's account, not one sight was seen by the boy which the magician's words did not direct him to behold. And so ended Colonel Thompson's interview with the Mugh'reb'ee magician.

These statements of Lord Lindsay and Colonel Thompson are calculated greatly to lower our estimation of Egyptian magic. In fact, in numerous instances the boys can see *nothing*; in more instances, when they do profess to see something, their answers to questions have not a shadow of correctness; in some cases their answers are imperfect—here right, and there wrong; and in a few instances, they give occasional perfect answers. Probably, a fair average, on the whole, might be—*once correct* (or something like correct) for *ninety-nine times wrong*. If there be any truth in this conclusion, there seems no unfairness in attributing these rare instances of success to mere accident. If figures be undeniably visible in the inky mirror, as some observers seem to think, and as the uniform vision of the 'sweeping' and the 'flags' would seem to confirm, why did Colonel Thompson's boy, why do all boys, not

see them at once? Mr Lane admits, that the experiment often entirely fails on this fundamental point. Now, it is hard to see how it should ever thus fail, if the art of the magician can place the semblance of figures there. May not the whole be explained on the supposition, that the boys themselves have a partial knowledge of the forms of the art, and that, when placed in such situations as those described, a dread of the sorcerer's power, and perhaps excited imagination, may lead them to bend to its influence, and answer his leading questions as he seems to wish? Doubtless, the subject of magic, its rites and incantations, will be talked of in all families, and the dread of sorceries instilled into the ears of children from their cradle. Some, indeed, may not hear of such things; and may not these be the boys who can see nothing in the mirror of ink?

We have now said enough on this subject, and must leave the reader to form any further conclusions for himself.

THE LAIRDS OF INNES.

For a long period, the family of Innes was one of the most respectable in the county of Moray, as may be gathered from the various ancient records relative to it, which are still extant in the country. The venerable building, with the surrounding lands, which still retain the name of Innes, situated about five miles from Elgin, in a north-east direction, was, some centuries ago, the seat of the representative of the illustrious family in question. We propose to lay before our readers some circumstances of a romantic but perfectly authentic character, regarding the death of one of the Lairds of Innes, towards the close of the sixteenth century.

Lord John Innes, the representative of the family of *that name in the year 1579, having had no children,*

settled about this time his titles and estate upon his heir-at-law, Alexander Innes of Cromy, his own cousin, granting him, at the same time, permission to enjoy both, even in his own lifetime. Robert Innes of Innermarky, of whom a sculptured representation in stone has recently been discovered among the ruins of Elgin Cathedral, was one of the cadets of the same family, and felt immeasurably chagrined at the conduct of Lord John, in thus voluntarily depriving himself of the honours and influence to which, in virtue of his birth, he was legitimately entitled. He had at the same time an anxious eye to the title and estate of Innes himself—although, of course, he was careful to conceal as much as possible, from Lord John and his other friends, the ambitious aspirations by which he was actuated. Either through threats or otherwise, Innermarky so effectually wrought on the fears of Lord John, who by this time was considerably advanced in life, as to make him so far repent of his consigning over his honours and estate to his cousin Alexander, that he entered into a conspiracy with Innermarky to assassinate the former.

The only thing wanting was an opportunity of carrying their murderous purpose into execution, and such an opportunity was not wanted long. Alexander about this time (April 1580) had gone to Aberdeen for the purpose of seeing his only son, a youth of sixteen, at this time a student in one of the colleges of that city. During Alexander's visit to his son, the latter became seriously indisposed; and his father's stay was consequently prolonged until he should witness the issue of his son's indisposition. The two conspirators, mustering a goodly number of their attendants, proceeded to Aberdeen, where they arrived at midnight, and immediately proceeded to execute their purpose.

They found the gate of the close in which their intended victim resided at the time, lying quite open; but the doors of the house were closely shut. To have broken open the doors by any violent means, would most probably have created an alarm in the neighbourhood, and

thus entirely defeated the objects the conspirators had in view. It occurred to them, therefore, that the most likely method of succeeding in their murderous project, would be to create a pretended dispute among their attendants, by which means the inmates of the house would probably open the doors, with the view of ascertaining its cause, and witnessing its consequences. One of them, accordingly, set up a loud cry of 'Help a Gordon! help a Gordon!'—the gathering-word of those of that name, which, as Alexander Innes was warmly attached to the interests of the Gordon family, they knew would be the most likely means of inducing him to come out from his bed. The stratagem was completely successful. Alexander instantly jumped out of bed, laid hold of his sword, came to the outside, and inquired into the cause of the dispute. Although the night was dark, Innermarky knew him perfectly by his voice, and, presenting his gun, shot him through the body in a moment. A crowd of the conspirators' attendants then rushed on their victim, and plunged their daggers into every part of his person. Lord John Innes, however, as if either shocked at the brutality he witnessed, or repenting of his being at all engaged in so horrible a business, stood trembling at a little distance from the spot on which the revolting murder was committed. Innermarky, on perceiving that Lord John thus stood aloof from the atrocities he was witnessing, ran up to him with a terrific expression of countenance, and holding to his throat the dagger which was still reeking with the blood of his victim, protested, that he should in a moment plunge it into the bosom of Lord John, if he did not immediately follow the example he and his attendants had set him, in stabbing his dagger to the hilt into the body of his victim. Lord John, aware that death would be the certain consequence of any attempt at resistance, reluctantly followed the example of the others, and plunged a dagger into the body of his nearest relation, and the most courageous individual who bore his name. Every other person present who had not already done so, was also

compelled to follow the example they had seen; and so anxious was Innermarky to involve as many as possible in the affair, in order that, in the eye of the law, all might appear equally guilty, that he actually compelled Mr John Innes, afterwards of Coptoun, then a youth at school, to rise from his bed, and also plunge a dagger up to the hilt into the body of his dead relation.

The next object to which the conspirators turned their attention, was to seize the person of their victim's son, Robert Innes, who was then sick, with a view to his sharing the same fate as his father. On hearing, however, the cries of murder which his expiring parent uttered while the conspirators were stabbing him, the young man, seriously indisposed as he was, scrambled out of his bed, and by the help of a friend, escaped out at a back-door into a garden, whence he was taken into the house of an acquaintance, unknown to those who were meditating his life.

Innermarky then took off the signet-ring from the finger of his murdered relation, and having bribed the servant of the deceased to assist in the execution of his purposes, he despatched him with it to Innes House, instructing him to present it to the wife of his deceased master as from her husband; and at the same time to request, as if by his orders, the box containing the papers relative to his title and estates—under the pretence that Lord John, who was represented as being at the time with her husband at Aberdeen, was desirous of making some important alterations which would render them more valid in the eye of the law than they then were. And in order still more effectually to prevent her from having any suspicions on the subject, Innermarky sent the bribed servant on her husband's own horse, instructing him to add, that the reason why he had sent his ring and his own horse, was, that he had not at the time an opportunity of writing her, and that he thought the appearance of these, together with his own servant, would be sufficient to convince her that all was right.

The lady of the deceased was somewhat uneasy at receiving such a message from her husband on a subject

of so great importance; but seeing the ring which he daily wore, the horse on which he daily rode, and the servant who was daily in attendance on him, she could not doubt that he had actually desired the box and papers to be sent to him, and accordingly delivered them to the servant, and allowed him to depart from the mansion.

At this time there resided at Innes House a young man, an intimate acquaintance of Lady Innes's son, then lying indisposed in Aberdeen; and hearing of the servant's being about to return to that city, and feeling at the same time a strong anxiety to see his sick acquaintance, he asked permission of the servant to accompany him to the place in which he lay. The servant refused compliance with the young man's request on various grounds. The latter, however, was determined to go by force if not by permission; and with this view, when the servant was setting out on his journey, he jumped up behind him on the horse's back. The servant insisted that the youth should dismount, while the latter was equally determined that he should not. A scuffle ensued between the contending parties, and soon assumed so serious an aspect, that the servant drew a dagger he carried with him, and aimed a deadly thrust at his youthful opponent; but the latter, by a masterly and courageous manœuvre, wrenched it from him, and with one deadly thrust, plunged it into his bosom. The servant fell from his horse, and expired almost immediately. The young man then returned to Innes House with the box, papers, &c.

Lady Innes felt the utmost regret at the fatal scuffle which had taken place between the servant and the young man in question; and while in the act of giving full vent in copious tears to the melancholy emotions which the event had produced in her mind, another of her husband's servants arrived from Aberdeen, bringing the still more mournful intelligence of his murder by the hands of his own nearest relatives. When the *confusion and sorrow consequent on the melancholy*

intelligence of her husband's death had somewhat subsided, Lady Innes secured all his papers, and fled for protection to her friends, who immediately conducted her to the king, before whom she detailed all the circumstances connected with the painful affair.

The Earl of Huntly, who was related by blood to the family of Innes, on hearing of the murder of Alexander Innes, hastened to Aberdeen for the protection of his sick son, whom he carried to Edinburgh, and for greater safety placed him under the guardianship of Lord Elphinstone, then Lord High Treasurer of the kingdom.

Lord John Innes and Innermarky, some days after the commission of the murder, returned so far as to Lord Saltoun's house, then situated in the parish of Rothiemay; from which, after procuring a new supply of horses, they proceeded to Innes House, and reinvested Lord John in the titles and estate.

For two years afterwards, both of these men kept possession between them of the estate of Innes, but at the end of that time they were declared outlaws; and the son of him they had so barbarously murdered came north from Edinburgh, with a commission against them, and all others who had been accessory to his father's death. This young man had, a few months previously, been married to the Lord Treasurer's daughter; and in consequence of his connection with so influential a personage, the party he came with was so numerous and well provided with the implements of war, that they soon laid waste the possessions, and slew a great many of those who espoused the cause of their opponents. Lord John, however, fled to the south, and endeavoured to conceal himself there, but was discovered, apprehended, and sent back to Innes House, by the friends of the Lord Treasurer. The young laird, however, did not make his head the price of his conduct, as might, under all the circumstances of the case, have been expected, but contented himself with making him exhibit his name to various written papers, which incapacitated him from any future mischief in regard to his property.

Innermarky fled to the hills, where he continued to elude all the search which was made for him ; but being soon wearied of the lonesome and unhappy life he led there, he ventured into the house of Edinglassy, where, in September 1584, he was surprised by the young Laird of Innes and a party of adherents, who instantly killed him, and afterwards cut off his head, and gave it to Lady Innes, the widow of him whom he had murdered in Aberdoen a few years before. Lady Innes was so overjoyed at the possession of the head of the murderer of her husband, that she made a journey to Edinburgh, carrying it all the way herself for the express purpose of laying it at the feet of the king.*

THE WILD-FLOWER.

BY J. F. SMITH.

SWEET wilding tufts that, 'mid the waste,
Your lowly buds expand ;
Though by no sheltering walls embraced,
Nor trained by beauty's hand :

The primal flowers which grace your stems
Bright as the dahlia's shine,
Found thus, like unexpected gems,
To lonely hearts like mine.

'Tis a quaint thought, and yet, perchance,
Sweet blossoms, ye are sprung
From flowers that over Eden once
Their pristine fragrance flung ;

That drank the dews of Paradise,
Beneath the starlight clear ;
Or caught from Eve's dejected eyes
Her first repentant tear.

* From the *Edin Literary Magazine*, August 1820.

THE COSSACKS, AND PLATOF THEIR ATAMAN.

AMONGST the numerous distinct tribes that are enrolled as subjects of the present Russian Empire, none have become so interesting to other European powers as the Cossacks. The origin of this people is very indistinctly traced, but as far as can be judged with any certainty, they are fundamentally a Slavonic race, which by intermixture with different tribes chiefly of Tatars, became distinguished for the qualities which such a descent was likely to unite. Thus the Cossacks have partaken of the characteristics of a settled agricultural people, and of a nomade tribe addicted to plunder and rapine. The severe restraint of laws they have at all times repudiated, but have been found capable of receiving a certain discipline, which has rendered them of great importance in a military point of view.

The Cossacks have been divided, in more recent times, into two great families, the first and most important of which is the Cossacks of the Don. These were, originally, a branch of the Cossacks of the Ukraine, from whom they separated in the middle of the seventeenth century, when they settled themselves on the banks of the Tanais or Don. From them have sprung those scattered portions of the great family of Cossacks which are found on the banks of the Volga, on the Ural Mountains, and throughout the desolate wastes of Siberia, where they form a species of militia admirably adapted for curbing the barbarous hordes which, beyond the research of history, have wandered in that extensive region of Asia. The second great division of the Cossacks has had a variety of fortune, and has occupied far-separated territories. The Ukraine, which now forms a well-cultivated and fertile province of Russia, was formerly an independent territory, surrounded by the three great rival powers of Russia, Poland, and Turkey. 14

was inhabited by Cossacks, and seems to have formed the first settled abode they ever possessed. Their country stretched 300 miles in length, and was divided into two nearly equal portions by the Borysthenes or Dnieper, in its course from the north-west to the south-east. In the northern parts, some attention was paid to agriculture; but the southern, exposed to perpetual inroads from the Crim and Little Tatars, was abandoned to its native forests and marshes. The Cossacks enjoyed the privileges of an independent people, though always under the protection or subjection of one of their powerful neighbours. They exercised the right of choosing their own chiefs or atamans, the last of whom, selected by themselves, was Mazeppa, whose name has become so famous both in French and English literature. After the part he and the Cossacks took in favour of Charles XII., when he advanced through the Ukraine to Poltava, in the year 1709, Peter the Great annihilated them as a people, by putting most of them to the sword, and carrying off the remnant to the site of St Petersburg, where they perished as labourers in the erection of that city. But although the great parent stock of the Cossacks was thus roughly handled, a tribe of them, which had gradually formed to the eastward of the Ukraine, was not then involved in their fate. This tribe, which formed one of the most singular communities ever known on the face of the earth, was composed of outcasts from all quarters, as well as from the Ukraine, and was distinguished as the Zaporoghian Cossacks, or the Cossacks who resided beyond the cataracts of the Dnieper. These ruffians scorned all industry, and every avocation except plundering; and in order to render their minds yet more reckless, they did not permit any women to live amongst them. To recruit their numbers, they carried off the male children of their neighbours, and reared them in their own audacious and vagabond life. These Zaporoghian Cossacks were often employed by Russia in her wars with Turkey, though they sometimes took the part of the Mohammedans. In 1775, however, Catherine II.

removed them by force from the lands they held, and, settling them in the district around Bielgorod, compelled them to marry, and become cultivators of the soil. In a subsequent war with the Turks, Potemkin made use of them in his army; and in 1792 they were transported to the Kuban, and are now known as the Tchernomoraki Cossacks, or Cossacks of the Black Sea. They serve to defend that frontier of the Russian Empire from the desultory and predatory attacks of the Circassians, and other inhabitants of the Caucasus, being skilled in the species of warfare for which those mountaineers are famous; and as they join the qualities of the soldier to those of the agriculturist, they have become very useful and important subjects to Russia.

But it is the Don Cossacks that have rendered themselves so famous in the annals of European warfare, and have attracted the principal attention. This people occupy a territory stretching along the Don, which contains nearly 3000 geographical square miles, and their numbers amount to about 250,000. Although subject to the Russian Empire, they enjoy certain privileges, which render them in some degree independent. They are not subject to any tax, but, holding their lands by a military tenure, are compelled to furnish troops, and to maintain them at their own expense, except when called into foreign countries. Their municipal government partakes of the spirit of freedom, as they nominate the magistrates of each *stanitsa* or district into which the country is divided, who are styled atamans. These officers are subject to the head ataman, who is appointed by the emperor, and whose jurisdiction over the Cossacks is both of a civil and military nature. The residence of this superior officer is at Novo-Tcherkask, not far from the banks of the Don, which town is the capital of the country. The occupations of the Cossacks in time of peace are, tending their flocks, the pursuits of agriculture and of fishing, and the making of wine, which enjoys a high reputation in the south of Russia. Their manners and customs are those of a half-

civilised people, being distinguished for their hospitality and kindness to strangers, in the midst of a rudeness and barbarism which they derive equally from their descent and from the hardy and warlike life to which they are from infancy inured. Skill in horsemanship and in the use of arms, is looked upon as the chief accomplishment of a Cossack; and as each of the nation, however humble his origin, may aspire to the rank even of chief ataman, the ambition of every one is fired to distinguish himself for his brilliant qualities as a warrior. For, although he can in quiet times submit to the uniformity of a pastoral and rural life, the first summons to arms is obeyed with joy, and he leaves his home without a pang, and full of ardent anticipations for those scenes of blood and licence for which he has from boyhood panted, and in which alone he can raise himself to distinction and command.

The manners of such a people as the Don Cossacks receive a better illustration by taking the life of an individual amongst them, than by dilating on general characteristics. For this purpose, the career of Platof, whose name occurs so often in the campaigns which preceded the downfall of Napoleon, at once presents itself, both in reference to the Cossacks, and as a distinguished historical character. Out of the ample details collected by his Russian biographer, Mr Smirnoi, a few particulars can scarcely fail to interest the general reader.

Matvei Platof was born on the 6th August 1751, on the banks of the Don. His father was a major in the army of the Cossacks, but at the time of his birth was engaged as a fisherman on that river. According to old Platof's account, and to the statements still repeated amongst the Cossacks, several prodigies accompanied his birth, which it is not necessary to particularise. The literary education of the boy did not extend beyond teaching him to read, but in those exercises which qualify the mind and body for hardihood in war, he was indefatigably trained, and from an early age he surpassed him

companions both in intrepidity and adroitness. The lessons of his father taught him not only to excel in the management of a horse, and in the celerity with which he executed the evolutions of a Cossack soldier, but also to exhibit the patience and alacrity requisite to gain the esteem of his superior officers, so that, learning the essential duty of obedience, he might the better fit himself for command. At the age of thirteen, he was considered capable of joining the army; and so well did he unite the duties of a common soldier with the display of a natural quickness and comprehension superior to his fellows, that he early attracted notice, and was not long in receiving the rank of officer. The attentions bestowed upon him by his superiors, stimulated the strong natural talents of the youth; and he is stated, even at this premature age, to have evinced great eagerness of observation, and for storing up remarks calculated to widen the extent of his information. The intercourse he enjoyed with those older than himself, taught him also the value of acquiring knowledge by books; and such histories of times past as the limited stores of Tcherkask could afford him, he perused and pondered over. It is to be regretted that a mind so capable of enlightenment should not have had access to better and more varied compilations, for with such opportunities Platof might have remedied many of the defects of his own character, and raised the intellectual standard of his countrymen.

At the breaking out of the war between the Turks and Russians in 1769, we find the young Platof attending to his father's fishery on the Don. But in the following year he was unable to resist the martial impulse, and, leaving home unknown to his father, he resorted to the Crimea, and addressed himself to Prince Dolgorucky, general of the Russian army. He gained the employment he sought, and was shortly after made captain, with the command of 100 Don Cossacks. From this period he never ceased to be in active service. He was engaged in combating enemy after enemy—the Turks, the rebel

Pugatchef and his followers, the Circassians and the Leasghees, up till the year 1788, when war was again declared against the Turks, and Platof was raised by Prince Potemkin to the rank of brigadier-general for his great services. He served under Suwarrow at the siege of Ismail; and before the termination of the war, his distinguished merits as a warrior obtained him the personal approbation of the empress. His next career was in Georgia, against the Persians; and his fame as a leader became so conspicuous and established, that in the year 1801, Alexander granted him the dignity of chief ataman of the Don Cossacks, to the prejudice of several officers much older than himself.

In the wars which subsequently occurred between Russia and France, Platof and his Cossacks first became known to Europe. As an irregular cavalry, perhaps no body of men was ever more calculated to annoy and harass an enemy. Their restless activity, the quickness with which they attack, retreat, wheel round, and return to the charge, the novelty and ferocity of their appearance, their desperate and headlong bravery, all united to render the Cossacks the most feared of all the troops in the Russian service. As skirmishers to cut off stragglers, to intercept supplies, and to attack foraging-parties, they are peculiarly adapted, and thus become to a hostile army a fearful scourge. Always hovering around, the enemy is kept in perpetual watchfulness, anticipating an attack, yet ignorant where it will be made. Even in the campaign of 1807, so unfavourable to Russia, the Cossacks under Platof did dreadful execution amongst the French, and took a great number of prisoners of high rank. After the peace of Tilsit, as a soldier's merit is estimated by his sovereign according to the injury he can inflict upon his enemies, Platof was loaded with honours and caresses by the Emperor Alexander, and the king and queen of Prussia. Napoleon himself presented him with a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, which Platof received with reluctance, as his enmity against that individual even in peace was unquenchable.

In the ever-memorable campaign which was marked by the capture of Moscow and the destruction of the French army, Platof bore a very distinguished part. It was a war in which the peculiar tactics of the Cossacks were of essential importance. In the pursuit of a flying and distressed foe, they are singularly adroit and energetic. Wherever they appeared, death and destruction marked their track. Although little quarter was extended to the unfortunate French in their melancholy retreat, the number of prisoners taken by Platof's squadrons alone amounted to 40,000. The extermination of the magnificent army with which Napoleon had entered Russia, was followed by the occupation of Paris. In the battles preceding that consummation, Platof was engaged; and so destructive were his attacks on the French, that the very name of a Cossack struck terror into their ranks.

After the overthrow of the man against whom Europe had arisen, Platof reaped an abundant harvest of glory. In company with the allied sovereigns, he visited England, where he was considered by far the greatest 'lion' of the time. Crowds flocked to behold the wonderful warrior, who had sprung from the confines of Europe and Asia to hurl the redoubted Napoleon from his throne. Actors turned his name to good account, for if he were advertised to be present, the theatre was sure to be filled to overflowing; the shop-windows were filled with his portraits; and wherever he appeared, the vociferous huzzas of the multitude attended him. The enthusiastic reception he met with from the Prince-Regent and people of England, excited the deepest emotions in the breast of the old soldier; and to the day of his death, he never spoke of the British nation without expressions of the sincerest esteem and admiration.

Upon his return to Russia, Platof was made a count of the empire, and received some of the principal orders of that country. He then retired to the place of his nativity, from which he did not again move. After all

the dangers he had run, and the fame he had gained, he settled down upon the banks of the river that had witnessed his birth, and devoted himself to the interests of his countrymen in peace, as he had rendered their name renowned in war. He founded the new capital of the Don Cossacks, Novo-Tcherkask, to the erection and prosperity of which he consecrated all his endeavours. He introduced various improvements in the civil administration of the Cossacks, and also into their military organisation. He established a branch of the Bible Society in Tcherkask, and also the first printing-press that was ever known amongst his countrymen.

Although it may be most reasonably concluded, that Platof was convinced of the benefits a more extended civilisation produces in communities, he was, nevertheless, morbidly anxious that his Cossacks should not change their manners and customs. His exhortations to that effect were numerous and energetic; and when a proposition was made to alter part of their usual costume, he opposed it as the first step leading to innovation. He himself, in the midst of the most brilliant society, and amongst the most polite of modern nations, always remained a Cossack, and never for a moment lost his nationality. His mind was deeply imbued with a sense of religion, and of loyalty to the Russian emperor: inasmuch as his religion partook of superstition, so did his loyalty border on abjectness. It is a curious phenomenon, and yet one by no means unexampled, that the rudest, the most merciless and unsparing of soldiers, should have his feelings devoted to a religion whose precepts are those of mercy, peace, and good-will.

Platof died on the 3d of January 1818. He left very little property. The emperor had given him 2000 serfs, who composed the bulk of his estate. It is believed he was the first of the Cossacks who possessed slaves, though the practice has now become common amongst the richest of them. His descendants still reside in

Novo-Tcherkask, and at the farm of Mishkin, which Platof himself possessed. His name is venerated amongst the Cossacks to the present hour, and his sayings and actions are repeated with an enthusiasm which truly marks the depth of their feelings towards him.

THE BRAW WEAVER:

A SCOTTISH COUNTRY-TOWN SKETCH.

OF all the beaux who were stuck up in the front-gallery of the meeting-house of Etleworth, none could be compared to Jamie Caper, who occupied the middle station of the front-seat. His toupee was the largest in the church; an enormous frill descended from his chin to his middle; and when he took a pinch of snuff, the glancing of a gorgeous ring which he wore on his little-finger, dazzled the eyes of the minister, and attracted the admiration of all the women. Caper, notwithstanding, was only a weaver; but at this time wages were high, and there was a struggle amongst the craftsmen who should look most like a gentleman. The dress of the day was more foppish than it is now; and when Caper appeared on a Sunday, he sported top-boots and a swallow-tailed coat, while a Marseille vest, slimly held round his jaunty form by one gold button, hardly contained the volume of small-plaited frill which swung out before him. There was really something aristocratic in his air; and, to support the character, Caper leaned to the generous; and as he dropped his 'white siller' into the plate at a collection, he did so with all the nonchalance of the best bred in the country. The daughters of the more affluent class of shopkeepers could not help casting favourable glances at the weaver, and the servant-girls, one and all, bestowed on him unaffected gazes of admiration.

Had Caper contented himself with these triumphs of

his superior form and fashion, he might have lived contentedly ; but the vanity of being supposed a singer, exposed him to the ridicule of his enemies, among whom were a host of beaux whom he had severely mortified. Accordingly, when the precentor led off the psalm, and when, as is the usual custom, he was allowed to proceed unaccompanied till near the end of the first line, Capér struck in at the third or fourth word with a shout that would have disconcerted any stranger precentor, and shocked any unaccustomed congregation. In this act of rash and ridiculous interference, his personal attractions appeared to disadvantage ; for, when he sang, he opened his mouth with a shark-like expansion, and gave to view two immense buck-teeth, which were the greatest defects in his external man. Even his greatest admirers felt that on these occasions there was something asinine about him ; and it was observed, that his *real* sweet-heart, Jeanie Cairns, always held her head close to her book during the time of psalm-singing. He was confirmed in his weakness by the wickedness of his rivals, who assured him that his musical powers were astonishing.

In Ettleworth, the acme of distinction among the beaux of the common order, was to officiate as precentor. About this period this ambition ran fearfully high, and, at every evening exercise or sermon, some aspirant for musical distinction graced the precentor's desk. To this honour, in a reckless hour, Capér aspired ; and having practised two tunes at his loom for a week, he called on the precentor on a Saturday-night, and bribed him with two bottles of porter to allow him to mount the desk on the following evening. There was a confused murmur through the congregation that day, that the *braw weaver* was to present in the evening ; and, long before the hour of worship, the meeting-house was crammed. The hearts of the women beat high when Capér entered. The creaking of his boots on ascending the little pulpit-stair was impressively genteel ; and, after hanging up his hat, seating himself, stroking up his toupee, and glancing to

see that his frill was sufficiently protruded, he distinct and clear hem, designed to intimate that determined to do his duty calmly and resolutely heart of Caper was, nevertheless, sensible of a little ing. He had never before known what it was long rows of faces all directed towards him. To his thoughts, and gain the appearance, if not the of unconcern, he took out a splendid silk handkerchief and blew his nose in a most sonorous and independent manner. Next he took from his apology for a little silver box, which contained his scented snuff dipping therein his thumb and index-finger, raised three particles to his nose, displaying in the meantime a dazzling ring. All these particulars were carefully by the congregation, who were absorbed in contemplating his movements. Feeling now a little reassured, he turned back, and determined to look calmly around. Ere he finished his survey, it was remarked that his lips were whiter than usual. To dissipate his rising fears, at the same time convince all that he was at home, he resolved to snuff the candle, at which he somewhat startled to observe an ominous waster or *spale*. This movement was watched with intense anxiety. The deep and expectant silence of the audience made his hand quiver—the snuffers wavered—he snuffed the candle but not the wick. Again the fingers relaxed, and a desperate effort extinguished the luminary. Poor Caper now an object of pity; but a suppressed titter throughout the church revealed that the very opposite feeling was what possessed the bosoms of his numerous enemies. When the minister's-man handed up the candle, the minister's perspiration was standing in beads on the brow of the new precentor. At length the sound of the minister's entrance made him summon up all his fortitude, and he sat with his teeth fixed, and his right hand convulsively grasping the side of the desk. With all his fears, he determined to act in a new, bold, and dashing manner. When he stood up, therefore, to sing, he openly strode to the book-board with his pitchfork, and applied it to his

e old women of the congregation had never witnessed irreverent a proceeding; for the regular precentor, ore rising, bent himself down into the desk, and struck pitchfork out of public view. The sound of the instrument, now distinctly heard through the church, made the ladies thrill with horror—it seemed an approximation the introduction of an organ; and what followed was ked on as a judgment on the rash innovator. Caper med his jaws; but the machinery of the voice would work, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. last, he ‘an uncertain warbling made;’ and while regular precentor, who knew the tune that was ended, struck up, from a corner where he was seated, the assistance of the novice, a group of Caper’s imies raised a different tune in another part of the rch. The two tunes thus went on at the same time, h struggling for individual existence; and the one-f of the congregation, at the termination of their asure, were confounded to hear the other half just inning to the line which they had finished. The ister, who chanced to possess rather a good ear, and trong burly voice, was too much occupied in perusing notes in the large Bible, to hear the confusion at first; the discrepancy at length became so hideous, that ho ke out of his train of thought, and listened for a ment to the wild work which was going forward. By s time, all who had ears had given up in despair, though timber-tuned went on without the least concern; when minister rose, and tapping the unfortunate precentor the head, thereby admonishing him to sit down, he self gave out the psalm from the high pulpit, and ried the congregation triumphantly through. But o can paint Caper the meanwhile, as he sat ‘pierced by ere amazement, hating life, speechless, and fixed in the death of wo!’ Occupied as he was with himself, could not help observing that there was some little moil in that part of the church where Jeanie Cairns and he thought he saw a figure, like that of his sweet-rt, borne out of the gallery. She had fainted; and

weeks elapsed before the beau had resolution to encounter her looks. The regular precentor, before the next psalm was sung, left his seat, and mounted the desk ; and the two started off pretty triumphantly. But no effort of Caper's could now save him—it was too late ; and the name of the *Sticket Precentor* was fixed for ever. If anything could add to the certainty of his downfall, it was the officious condolence of a whole mob of his enemies, who crowded round him at the exit of the congregation.

The next leaf in the page of Caper's life exhibits his marriage with Jeanie Cairns. He had seen the necessity of assuming a more serious part in the world ; and certain misgivings on the part of Jeanie as to the propriety of marrying the sticket precentor, made him press his suit with unwonted urgency. She had consented, on the condition of his leaving the front-seat in the kirk. At the *kirking*, therefore, the party occupied a back-seat. But it was impossible to reduce Caper to mere respectability : there was something about him decidedly aristocratic ; and in his march to and from church that day, he assumed the bearing of a man of some consequence. At this time it was looked on as a piece of strong presumption in an artizan to go to church with his wife linked in his arm ; and when the fashion did partly come in, the shouldering awkwardness of the attempt, and the manifest inconvenience which each party suffered, made it appear very ridiculous. But Caper and his wife—for she, too, had a genteel air—linked with all the ease and grace of two thorough-breds in harness. When in church, too, on this ceremonial occasion, he handed his wife and the other females of the party to the top of the seat—another custom then prevalent among the higher orders only ; and it was observed by the prying eyes of the envious, that he had actually covered the book-board with green cloth, tastefully interlined with rows of brass nails. No seat in the church had such a distinction but the minister's ; and the minister's wife, when she stood up at prayers, absolutely tossed her head, and smiled to

laughters with disdain, when she caught a glimpse of litter of the brass nails over the heads of the congregation. But what completely astounded the whole townletworth was, that Jeanie Cairns, on going home from that day, did actually hoist up, on the faintest ray of sunshine, what had at first been suspected to be a genteel-looking umbrella, but which now shone in all the gloss of green silk, and in all the purity of ivory, a *parasol*!—the distinct and peculiar badge of a lady, a *parasol*! A heave of indignation went through the breasts of the woman world; and it is a matter of record, that several females, who were joked by Caper, did rush quickly home and unlace their dresses with great haste, that they might breathe with freedom and safety.

The whole style of Caper's acting was a daring attack on the established forms of society. One of the two rooms which the young couple occupied had a carpet in the middle of the floor. It contained a half-dozen of chairs, actually covered with printed cloth; and over the upper part of the window there hung a gauze-screen, made and fitted by Jeanie Cairns herself. In the kitchen, there were several cooking articles; the purposes of which were but dimly guessed at by the host of visitors who flocked to see the glories of Caper's new house. It was remarked by one or two, that they thought, though they could not swear to it, that Jeanie, in talking of her husband, gave him the gentlemanly designation of *Mr*; and a boy, who lived in the same floor, deposed that Jeanie one day desired him to go to the shop with *Mr* Caper's umbrella. But the height of the astonishment of Ettleworth was not reached, until that day arrived when the *sticket* doctor and his new wife went off, in a phaeton, to visit a neighbouring rurality. Great, therefore, was the delight, unbounded the ridicule, when it was noised through the town that Caper had upset the phaeton, and broken his wife's parasol, and his own right arm. The consequence was, that Caper could not work for a month; yet he secretly gratified at an accident which gave him

an excuse for carrying his arm in a sling, which he wore with all the ease and interesting bearing of a military officer.

The frequent appearance of Caper at the foot of the pulpit with another pledge of love for baptism accounted for the unvarying dress which he wore on public occasions. But the boots and tops, and the swallow-tailed coat, could not resist the force of time and clout, though very neatly sewed on, was observed to be the first; and from the second, the buttons of which had been several times renewed, the green shade had gradually vanished to whiteness. Fashionable coats cannot be worn, for the freaks of fashion are frequent; and the tails had, to the consternation of Caper, come into general use among the gay. The parasol, too, had by this time vanished from the street, or its skeleton only there paraded by the children, in their game of hide-and-seek with the ladies. Jeanie's finery, indeed, had almost entirely disappeared, and she had ceased to sigh after a family of five children, the eldest seven years old, supported on ten shillings a week, completely dashed her aspirations. But not so with Caper. He was a beau, though bare and antiquated; and Jeanie, to his passion, sat up late on the Saturday-night preceding a baptism, and, after the children were in bed, carried his small-plaited his frill, which was still as magnificent as ever. But he at last felt that a dire effort must be made for a modern habit. So he sat up two hours later in the room every evening, and determined to sell his snuff-box; and he had nearly reached the object of his wishes—he had fixed on the colour of his new suit determined its shape—and was one evening at a late hour triumphantly driving the last few threads of his web, when a rap came to the door, which summoned him home in time to see his favourite child, to whom, in imitation of the great, he had given three names, die of croup. *Caper, who, with all his follies, was a kind father, felt on this occasion most deeply; yet, even in the hour of his suit of solemn black which he was now obliged to*

there was a lingering trace of foppishness, and the knot of crape on his hat was gathered in a fashion quite different from the common mode. Several old crones even commented on the richly-decorated coffin; and a few of the hardened wretches that are found in all societies, peeped into the grave to see if the child's three names were on the lid.

With Caper's sobered circumstances, the enmity of his former rivals moderated, and, not long after, he was unanimously elected deacon of the weavers. After he returned home on the day of election, elevated with honour and a few bumpers which were drained off on the occasion, the children raised a shout in honour of the deacon; and while Jeanie exclaimed: 'Whisht, bairns, mind he's but mortal!' Caper embraced his wife with ardour, as if assuring her that in his exaltation he had not forgotten her. That evening he dined with the magistrates, made a speech, and sang a song—and next Sunday he walked in procession with the magistrates to the town-church. On this occasion his wife, who, with the children, had taken up a position on the top of an outside stair to witness the procession, received a sweet smile of acknowledgment from the deacon as he passed; and while the weavers were highly gratified with the respectable bearing of their representative, Jeanie, with the revived spirit of former days, could not help tossing her head as he passed, and muttering to the bystanders that he was by far the *wyest-looking* man in the set. Sobered down in dress nearly to the point of plain propriety, Caper still contrived to look a little more tonish than his compeers; so, deeply deploring the weakness of his sight, he obtained an eye-glass with which he very impressively connd the text in the magistrates' gallery. This aggression on the usages of the higher orders, however, did not raise any decided sensation. Jamie was now looked upon as a sort of privileged person, or at least incorrigible, and was therefore let alone by the voice of scandal. The subsequent part of his career proved that he possessed not

only the taste for external gentility, but a mind of better things; in short, that a great mistake along been committed in fixing him to the ill-rudgeries of the loom. He had the good sense hand-weaving expired, to look for a better employment, and, by his steadiness and his address, won his way to favour. An extensive manufacturer adopted him first as foreman in his warehouse, and as clerk and traveller; and Caper, now a respectable looking middle-aged gentleman, may be seen it through the manufacturing villages of Scotland he is as well known under the appellation of the 'Braw Rider,' as he ever was under that of the 'Braw W' or, more notorious still, the 'Sticket Precentor.'

MY TWO LODGINGS:

BEING A FRAGMENT OF THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A RECRUITING-

I do not feel disposed to tell you how many years elapsed since I was a young dashing ensign of seven in a crack regiment of infantry. Suffice it to say although I am now a man of some experience in the world, and one who has, moreover, made some little in it, and who has perhaps done the state some and that, too, I should hope, without a spot of dishonour. I have not half so great an opinion of my own importance, or consideration now, as I had when strutting with a rich silver embroidered red coat, a cocked hat of formidable dimensions, with a feather of gigan most inconvenient altitude, leathern unmentionable military-boots up to my knees, and a long sword at my side. In the first place, I then thought that a woman's eye was turned upon me, as the heads of *and dandelions* naturally turn towards the sun. *here, in truth, I had some little reasonable ground of belief.* I was, in reality, a tall, and rather good

youth ; and being a lad of some prospects, I was so smiled on by the girls, and so pettled by their mammas, that it is by no means wonderful that I should have had a tolerable good opinion of myself in this respect. But whether I was equally correct in my estimation of the beauty of my mind, I shall leave the reader to judge from the facts. All my opinions were formed on those of some of the Nestors of our mess-table—by me deemed infallible oracles. Fortified by the corroborative approval of Captain Jones or Major Tomkins *of ours*, I was at all times prepared to hold everything that I uttered as incontrovertible, and to look with very great contempt, not unmingled with pity, upon whatever might drop from men in coloured-clothes, or *mustis*, as we used to call them. Even those whose brown wigs and huge gold spectacles betokened considerable advance in life, were considered by me as altogether unworthy of being listened to ; and as I was a good-natured fellow, I never spared my own tongue in giving to all such, when I met them, all the instruction I could cram into them. This was differently taken, according to the different nature of the individuals to whom it was administered. All were silenced by the loud and uninterrupted discharge of my battery ; some stared in a manner which I did not think altogether unnatural, and which I attributed to wonder mingled with admiration ; others smiled, as I thought, from the great gratification they experienced ; whilst a third set would utter half-muttered *pshaws* and *pishes*, as it very manifestly appeared to me, from the mortification they endured at finding themselves so much extinguished by the superiority of my intellect. Filled as I was with such convictions, however humbly I might have comported myself at the mess-table, in the awful presence of Colonel Clutterbuck and Major Tomkins, I no sooner felt myself seated at a private board, than I looked upon myself as the great focus of attraction, and the great dictator of the feast. The table might have been surrounded by dignitaries of the church—poets, philosophers, or judges of the land. In my eyes they were all as naught in comparison

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to myself, whom I believed to be naturally, and, as a matter of course, admitted by all to be, the greatest man among them. My logic, if I ever used any at that time, was this : all wisdom, as well as bravery, is centered in the British army ; *ours* is beyond all question the finest corps in the service ; if all officers are wiser as well as braver than all other men, so are the officers of *ours* wiser than all other officers ; I being of *ours*, therefore, am wiser than all other officers who are not of *ours* ; it therefore follows that I must be wiser than all men in all companies which do not happen to be at the time illuminated by the superior radiance of those stars of *ours*, in whose presence even I am compelled to hide my head.

I do not mean to say, that some of these vain and foolish fancies of mine were not rubbed out of me before my first suit of regimentals had become old enough to be hung on a peg, to be occasionally used for going on picket, or mounting guard on a rainy day. But there is no knowing how long the greater part of them might have adhered to me, had it not been for the circumstance of my having been one of a party sent from the regiment, which was then in Ireland, to recruit in Scotland. The party was commanded by a captain, and I was one of six subalterns who were under him. Our head-quarters were in Edinburgh, and the captain, with the sanction of the inspecting field-officer, distributed us through some of the nearer provincial towns. That which was kindly yielded to me by my comrades, was the chief town of my native county ; so that, whilst my sergeant and party were stationed there, I took up my abode with my father in the ancient hall of my ancestors. Being an only child, my father, who was a widower, was overjoyed to have me with him again, and I was as happy as a prince. He accompanied me in my sports ; he took an interest in all I did and said ; he became as proud of *ours* as I was ; my brother-officers were freely invited to his house, hospitably received, and earnestly pressed to remain. *This went on very well for a short time. By degrees, however, he came now and then to make remarks to me in private*

upon their unlettered ignorance. I had always been accustomed to venerate him, and everything that dropped from him ; and when I saw that he could not help laughing at the grossness of their occasional *mal-à-propos*, and that he put to flight my questioning regarding his doubts, by bringing forward hosts of written authorities, my faith in the Clutterbucks, the Tomkinsees, and the Joneses, began to be shaken ; and, like all rational sceptics, I took to inquiring for myself. I must pause here for a moment, however, to remind the reader, that the accomplished and well-informed officers of the army now-a-days, are a very different class of men from those food-for-powder boys who filled the army-list of my time ; and having said this much, I may proceed.

By degrees I fell into a course of reading, which I pursued with more and more zeal every day. The only interruption to this was the occasional field or river sports, or other exercises which my bodily health required, and which my active spirit enjoyed. Now and then, to be sure, I was called on by professional duty to visit the county town, or the capital, and yet more frequently, perhaps, to give audience to my non-commissioned officers regarding the necessary business of the party. Such duties were, in reality, light enough, to be sure ; but, light as they were, they became intolerably irksome to me when they occurred. Then they never failed to bring into my mind the reflection—very far from agreeable—that my present halcyon days of no parades, no guards, no pickets, no courts-martial, no disgusting exhibitions of raw and bleeding backed criminals, writhing under the unfeeling lash of the drummer's cat-o'-nine-tails, enough to sicken any gently-nurtured lad—the reflection, I say, that these my present days of quiet and study, must soon give way to an unceasing round of such duties, began most heartily to disturb my peace ; nor could I always shake from my mind the conviction, that I really ~~was~~ ^{was a} most unprofitable bargain at that moment for his majesty George III., and the country which he governed. But my studies were always bringing me back to good-humor

with myself; I was fast getting useful knowledge; and I comforted myself with the thought, that, if I was of no great use at present, I might make not a whit the worse soldier by and by, because I was somewhat better informed than my comrades. As these were before the days of active British warfare on the continent, the idea of actual service might almost be said to be out of the question; and as to my uselessness as a recruiting-officer, I felt comforted by the knowledge, that though, during the twelve months that had already passed away, I had not been lucky enough to secure a single recruit, my brother-officers had not been greatly more successful; and I felt strong in this truth, which, in case of emergency, I was prepared to give to the inspecting field-officer the moment that he should remark upon my want of luck, 'that in such an agricultural county as I was then stationed in, where labourers were getting at the time from half-a-crown to three-shillings-and-sixpence a day for working in the fields, it was not very likely that any one would be so foolish as to enlist to be shot at for a shilling a day.' 'I see,' said the inspecting field-officer, in answer to this argument—'I see, as you say, sir, that there is no chance of your doing any good here, so I shall change your quarters.' I found that, in my anxiety to exculpate myself, I had proved too much; and so I was compelled silently to submit to my fate.

I was now to be stationed in a very quiet, and what was then rather a dull country town, which I had once found merry enough when our regiment was quartered there, but where there was now not a red coat but those of my party. Thither I proceeded, therefore, in the Fly—a two-horse six-insided coach, that crawled like a caterpillar. My first care was to secure a lodging; and, full of a desire of privacy, and the prosecution of my studies, I avoided the more stirring parts of the town. I turned up my nose at all the seducing comforts of those rooms which were to be let in the mercantile mansions of the main street, which had been struggled for by our officers when the corps was there; and I sought a little fre-

quented suburb, where, caught by the lone appearance of a tall ghostly-looking house, I hastened to survey its interior. There I found that my windows looked across a piece of water to the mouldering walls of one of the most interesting of our Scottish ruins. 'Now,' said I to myself, as I gazed with delight on the quiet landscape before me, 'was there ever a spot more admirably adapted for study? How peacefully do those reflections of the surrounding objects repose upon that unruffled mirror, and to what mental reflections do these objects give birth! I may here read the account of some of the most important transactions of our national history, and people the scenes before me with the ideal persons of those who figured in them! If I can only be lucky enough to get a few recruits here now, to save my character for professional activity, and to satisfy my superiors, I could be well contented to stay here for any given length of time. What!' cried I again, 'music too!—ay, and if I mistake not, that most beautiful and plaintive of our Scottish melodies, *the Flowers of the Forest*. How romantic!' I listened for a few bars, and then discovered that the tune was chimed by the bells of an old-fashioned musical clock in that which was destined to be my bedroom. I was charmed. I hastened to close my bargain for a full week, with a very decent but anxious-faced elderly woman, in a widow's weeds, who declared herself to be the landlady, and whose rather sad features brightened up when she found that I had really resolved to become her lodger; and, rushing out of the house to catch, ere they fled, the last rays of the sinking sun, I wandered about in ecstacy until long after it was dark.

I had no sooner returned, than I ordered in my frugal supper, sent for my sergeant and corporal, and gave them some stronger injunctions than I had ever given them before. I shewed them, what was true, that little lay in the power of the officer, and much in that of the party. I pointed out to them how much it was their interest to do all they honestly could to get recruits; and I more than hinted, that I should not unwillingly come down with

certain private aid from my own pocket, to remove the opprobrium that now hung over us. The eloquence of Cæsar could not have more stirred up his tenth legion than my eloquence did my men ; their protestations were large, and the very clank of their retreating heels seemed to me to speak of a perfect regiment of young soldiers.

Somewhat fatigued with the occurrences of the day, I now retired to my bedroom. My bed was humble in appearance, but it was clean, and sufficiently comfortable for one of my profession ; and I was soon in too deep a sleep to hear even the dropping notes which fell from the bells of the old-fashioned clock, which stood at the foot of my bed. I slept till a later hour in the morning than I usually allowed myself to indulge in, for I had for some time accustomed myself to rise betimes to pursue my studies. On this occasion, my senses returned to me in that very gradual manner which leads the half-awakened spirit, in its progress toward perfect consciousness, through a number of visions, which, though the actual time consumed in them may be in reality short, gives to the soul an apparent lifetime of fancied existence. Amidst the many changes which my dreams underwent, I at last fancied myself at the court of Holyrood during the time of our Scottish Queen Mary. I was honoured by her attention ; I was basking in the sunshine of her beauty ; I was treated like a prince ; I partook of her gay hunting and hawking parties ; I rode by her bridle-rein ; I led the ball with her ; and I made one in her most private circles, where none were admitted but her Maries, and Rizzio, who sat there to obey her commands by making the harmonious strings give ready obedience to his sweeping fingers ; I was seated by the beautiful queen ; Rizzio was touching the melodious chords in a wild extemporaneous symphony, and as I strained my attention to catch up its import, I gradually awaked, and heard the musical clock at the foot of my bed beginning to play over, for the second time, the first measure of the *Flowers of the Forest*. Tink—tinkle—tinkle—tinkle—tinkle—tinkle—tinkle. ‘Pshaw!’ said I to myself, ‘is that all!’ I shut my eyes, and went

have fain recalled the delicious vision which had fled from me. But my efforts were vain; and as I lay repining, the tinkling bells of the old clock went on to play the second measure of the tune. But, alas! age had made a dreadful derangement in the notes that composed it. Time, who is famous for making war against teeth of all kinds, had made sad havoc with the teeth of some of the wheels of the machine. On went the clock for a bar or two, the notes maintaining their perfect musical sequence; when, all at once, there was a wide gap that gave no sound; then a note or two, and then another gap; and so on it went, overleaping the bars every now and then as a fox-hunter would do those he meets with in the heat of the chase. It galled me exceedingly, but I made the most of it by piecing in the bits of the tune very loudly, by whistling so as to patch it up in some sort; and so I got through with it for that bout; after which I returned to Queen Mary, and lay thinking of her and the happy visions I had had, till *burr—r—r*! went the warning of the clock. ‘What, again!’ cried I, starting bolt upright in bed. ‘Oh, impossible!’ But it was possible. A quarter of an hour had elapsed, and the sweet melodious jingle of the bells of the clock was regularly repeated every quarter of an hour; so up again it struck *the Flowers of the Forest—tink—tinkle—tinkle—tinkle*. I sprang out of bed, and proceeded to dress myself with all manner of expedition, whistling loudly all the time; and when we came to the fences in the second measure, I took all the leaps with all the readiness of the most experienced follower of the hounds, and with no other accident than a severe cut in my chin from what was sold to me at Sheffield as a hunting-razor. The second measure came to an end to be sure, but the clock played the whole tune so very slowly, that, beginning as it did at any given quarter of an hour, a considerable portion of that period had elapsed ere it had finished; so that, in a very few minutes, it was again called upon by the *burr—r—r* of the warning to recommence. But *the indelible clock, with its tink—tinkle—tinkle—*

tinkle, snapped the chain of my ideas at every link. I was distracted. I paced up and down the floor of my sitting-room in absolute despair, till at last I bethought me of ringing for my landlady, and prevailing on her to stop the clock. The lady came. I stated my grievance; she heard me, and her eyes filled with tears. Extremely excited, I anxiously inquired the cause, and learned that the clock had been so great a favourite of her deceased husband, that she had not the heart to put it to silence. I found it was the most tender subject I could touch upon with her. The clock was as it were her household god; and it was a matter of conscience with her to keep it duly wound-up, so that any further remonstrance on my part would have been cruel as well as useless.

Seizing my hat and stick, I resolved to abandon study for the day, and to take a long walk; and I returned late in the evening, pretty well tired, and so hungry, as to have forgotten all about the *Flowers of the Forest*. I was so famished, indeed, that I sat down to my beef-steak, and became so intensely engaged with it, that I believe the industrious clock played its tune even more than once without its being in the least regarded by me; and drowsiness coming quickly on me, I retired to my bedroom, and hastily prepared for repose, and, extinguishing my candle, jumped into bed. I need hardly mention, that no sooner was I about to drop into a slumber, than the same horrid tinkling commenced, and at once drove sleep from my pillow; and, to shorten my tale, I may at once say, that I lay tossing and tumbling without a moment's repose, heard every chime of every bell in the indefatigable old clock, and never closed an eye, nor had one wink of slumber, all that weary night.

The light of dawn had no sooner appeared, than I arose for the purpose of resting myself, and hurried out to allay my feverish feelings, by exposing myself to the cooling zephyrs of the morning. I took a long stretch of a walk; and as I was on my way home, I stopped to loiter for a little about the ancient ruins. There I was accosted by a stout ruddy-faced man who saluted me, whom I quickly

recognised to be a shopkeeper and magistrate of the town, with whom I had had a slight acquaintance when I was formerly there with the regiment. After a little conversation, he expressed his regret that I had not come to lodge at his house in the High Street, well known to be the best lodging in the town; and he so liberally offered his handsome apartments to me at my own price, that, having the tink—tinkle of the old clock in my head, I at once resolved to accept of them. I hastened home, therefore, and after despatching my breakfast, I sent for my landlady, and communicated my change of plan to her in as delicate a manner as I could. The poor woman's countenance fell sadly; but having paid her for my week's lodging, I begged of her to accept of a little present to shew my good-will, and we parted very good friends.

Being now fairly installed in my new lodgings, in the centre of the main street of the town, I could no longer command that privacy which I had been so desirous of courting. The little burgh is remarkable for its hospitality; and as I had been already known to some of its inhabitants during the time I was there with my corps, I was soon waited upon by all the best people of the place; and a course of invitations and consequent feastings followed, that sorely interrupted my studies. It was a difficult thing in those days to start two or three of these jolly fellows from a bowl of punch when they were once set heartily around it; and the consequence was, that what are called in Scotland the small-hours, generally beheld me returning to bed from such meetings. As I had no parade to go to, and was my own commanding-officer, I would have made up in the morning for the sleep I sacrificed at night. But, alas! although I had now got rid of the tink, tinkle, tinkle, of the clock, all sleep was banished from my eyes by five or six o'clock at latest, by the ceaseless hammer of an active fellow of a copper-smith who lived in the lower storey of the adjacent house. The large copper caldrons he made *were generally placed in the street opposite his own*

door, and there he would thunder away & rivalled big Tom of Lincoln, and which have waked the whole inhabitants of the a poor fellow like me, who was lying, immediately over him. To think of sleep six o'clock, therefore, was altogether hope a delightful morning saunter with my unwillingly owe to the indefatigable copy

I had now been some weeks in my without any appearance of more success than I had had in that where I was previous when one afternoon, as I had just finished solitary dinner, my servant came in to & sergeant wished to see me. There was man's eye as he delivered the message a still brighter sparkle in those of the he was ordered to enter, and I don't say not a certain degree of sudden illumination when Sergeant Baird, after duly saluting properly extended, and then drawn in an military hat, so as to form a sort of bow over his brow, joyously said : ' A recruit ' A recruit ! ' cried I, with as much astonishment as he had talked of a crocodile ; ' a recruit ' Out here, your honour, ' replied the sergeant ' parade him ? ' ' To be sure, ' cried I ; ' instantly. ' The sergeant saluted, disappeared in an apparition, and speedily returned with the recruit. And who, think ye, gentle recruit ? If my eyes sparkled at all at the thought that I was at last to have a recruit can, what was my satisfaction, when I discovered that said recruit was no other than the very whom I had so great a cause of grudge-copper-smith himself !

Alexander and his wife had had a small *In pet and dudgeon*, he had abandoned it and had joined some jovial companions *was now* and then went to have a lark

in imbibing some comforting compositions which were heated from the kettle of a certain Lucky Murray, who kept a public-house, where he and his friends occasionally resorted to refresh themselves, and to give them courage to meet the storms that were sometimes brewed at home. Alexander, though very far from being what is vulgarly called drunk, was so far pot-valiant as to have been converted from Alexander the Copper-smith into Alexander the Great. His indignation at woman's government had been brought to the boiling-point by Lucky Murray's bubbling kettle, until it began to distil a powerful warlike spirit within him. He had no children, so that he had no tie to cut but one, and that was one which, at the present moment, it gave him little uneasiness to sever. My sergeant came in at this critical instant. He was invited to join the party. And he had not long descanted on the glories of a soldier's career, when the copper-smith griped his hand as he would have done the handle of his largest hammer, and declared himself quite ready to join the gallant corps to which the orator belonged. My questions to Alexander were few. He drank the health of George III. in a glass of particularly fine old port, and, that nothing might be wrong, I sent to the inn for a post-chaise, to carry him, at my own expense, to Edinburgh, to be inspected and passed; and Alexander—now the Great—having got into it, with the sergeant and corporal, drove off from the door, cheering defiance at his indignant better-half, who was then looking coolly from the window, in much too proud a humour to shew the slightest symptom of emotion.

They were no sooner fairly off, than, filling a bumper, joyously drank it off to the inward toast of the British grenadiers; and, laughing heartily at the happy accident which had occurred to me, I hastened to dress, in order to go out to one of those honest substantial burgul suppers to which I was almost nightly invited; and as we walked to the house of my host, I inwardly chuckled at the thought that I need not be so particular in my *res to-night*, as I could to-morrow count upon undisturbed

turbed repose. Full of the triumph which I had had over Alexander the copper-smith, I exerted all my talents for humour to give the story to an unusually large party which I met, and I succeeded in keeping them for some time in a roar of laughter with my ludicrous narration of the circumstances. I did give myself a more than ordinary licence that night, and at a very late hour indeed, I went home to my lodgings, and put myself comfortably to bed, with strict injunctions to my servant, that I was on no account to be disturbed till I should ring my bell. 'Now for a sound sleep at last,' said I, as I covered myself up like a dormouse, and in one instant I was in the land of forgetfulness.

I cannot say how long I had slept; the time certainly appeared to me to be somewhat less than an hour, when I began to dream that I was in a battle. It was a hot one, and the cannonading was tremendous. My captain of the grenadiers was hit by a ball that absolutely dispersed him in powder before my eyes. I, as the older lieutenant, firmly stepped into his place, and the word being given to advance, I led on the company. The front-rank man next to me was my friend Alexander the Great. He now well deserved that appellation, for he had grown much taller and stouter, and he appeared to me to be the most powerful man in the whole line. He advanced with a steadiness and determination that made me proud of my recruit; I exulted in him. The thunder of the cannonade increased: it became so loud at last that it awaked me; I lay stupified and confounded for a moment. The thunder of the cannon was no other than the thunder of a large hammer on the side of a huge copper caldron. I rubbed my eyes for a moment; I listened; I jumped out of bed, and, rushing to the window, threw up the sash, and stretched out my night-capped head, as if I would have leaped into the street with anxiety to see what was passing below. What was my astonishment and dismay when I beheld, in the interior of a large copper-vessel, and working away with the fury of a Cyclop, the very identical man, Alexander the copper-smith! I started

as if I had beheld an apparition. The eyes of Alexander happened to turn up at that moment. 'A braw morning this, sir !' said he. I could not reply, but drawing in my head, and slapping down the window, I proceeded to the bell-rope, which I pulled with an energy and perseverance that speedily brought my servant to me in his shirt. A single question satisfied me as to the truth. Alexander, though he had passed in all respects as a sound healthy man, was found to be just the fifth part of an inch below the standard-height, and so he had been rejected by the inspecting field-officer. Thus was I at once deprived of the honour of sending a recruit, and exposed to a renewal of all the torment from which, for a moment, I had supposed myself free.

And so, for the present, must my recollections terminate. It is not impossible that, on some future occasion, I may be tempted to renew them.

JACQUES, THE COACHMAN.

THE street of Saint Antoine is the most truly Parisian quarter of all Paris. In it dwells a race, rude, untaught, frolicsome, and good-natured ; fond of spectacles, easily excited, brave, and ready to shed their blood at a moment's notice ; the true representatives, in short, of that people who, in the space almost of a few hours, have more than once overturned dynasties, and changed the fate of empires—who, in a fit of stern and savage ire, threw down the Bastille, and in the next instant danced merrily on its ruins.

Such being the peculiarities of the Saint Antoine people, it is not to be wondered at that the coachmen of the division, living in such an atmosphere, should partake of the general character, lively, rough, and rattling, of the other inhabitants. The vehicles which they drive *are for the most part of a half stage-coach order, and*

convey people to all the suburban quarters of the city not at very regular hours, but rather whenever chance brings a complement of passengers. As you enter the street Saint Antoine, you behold these personages standing in a dense knot, with tawny greatcoats on their backs, and otter-skin bonnets on their heads—a noisy restless assemblage, breaking up in a second, and a second re-collecting; a perpetual mob, in fact, though unlike other mobs, entirely beyond the power of the police. The moment you come in sight of this mob they divine at once by your step, by your glittering shoes, by your newly-brushed hat, and a thousand signs indistinguishable by others, that you are ‘for the count’ or for a drive. Then all the band starts like lightning to meet you, as hounds dart after a hare. One grasps you by the right arm, and cries: ‘To Charenton, sir!’ Another holds your left: ‘To Alfort, sir!’ A third takes you by the collar, roaring: ‘To Conflans, sir!’ and, up to the whole, you may think yourself extremely lucky, if you get out of their hands without having incurred the necessity of applying to your tailor as soon as you get home. Such is the mode of going to work practised by these wild men of the Saint Antoine stand, who are different from the polished, civil coach and cab drivers of other districts, as a street fiddler from Paganini.

One morning, wishing to go to Vincennes, I felt horror, from sad experience, of passing through among these reckless beings towards the other end of the street and took a circuitous route, intending to traverse a little back lane, which lay in the desired direction. The manoeuvre might have been successful at other times but now it took me into the very midst of the enemy. The Saint Antoine coachmen had not yet taken up their usual stands, and were seated on logs of wood, discussing their breakfasts, in this very lane, with their vehicles and horses beside them. I had popped on them before I saw my danger, and at the first glimpse of me, the whole band rose at once and the same instant, and flew towards me. My first thought was to fly, but they

too close for flight to save me; so, putting on a resolution, I clapped my hat firmly on my head, and marched towards them, with something of the feeling of a Curtius about to leap into the fatal gulf. A multitude of hands were speedily on my arms, shoulders, collar, and back, while reiterated queries were poured forth. 'Do you wish to go to Saint Mandé, sir?' 'To Vilette?' 'Go with me, sir!' 'With me, sir!' For a quarter of an hour this scene continued, by which time they had dragged me to the wheels of the first vehicle. Stunned and stupified, I at last shook them off, and roared to them all to 'go to the —;' the person, in short, not to be named to ears polite. A shout of laughter broke forth from them, the unflinching effect produced by anger that is unshared by those who have aroused it. 'But where do you wish to go to, sir?' cried one of them, after a short pause. 'To Vincennes,' said I, fairly wearied out. 'Ha!' cried a voice from the middle of the group; 'this is my affair; the gentleman belongs to me. Stand about, ye dogs, or I'll make you!'

The person who spoke thus was a vigorous-looking fellow, who immediately began to act up to his words. He pushed the others aside with his arms, and, having seized me by the collar, commenced whirling the butt-end of a very heavy whip round about our two heads, while at the same time he stretched out one of his legs, and made it perform a most extraordinary circular movement, such as I had never seen a limb perform before, and which carried with it so effective a species of eloquence, that the circle soon enlarged considerably around us. Then the victor, lifting rather than leading me to his vehicle, placed me on the front-seat outside, between an artillery-soldier and a servant-woman, who were already seated. 'There is no better seat, sir,' cried my coach-driver; 'all the insides are taken up.' And so it proved, for immediately a voice from that quarter grumbled out, in half-suffocated tones: 'They are taken up, truly! We are stuffed like a herring-barrel. Nine of us in a place where there is room only for six!'

on again, caring no more for the murmuring passengers than if he had nothing to do with. Suffice it to say, that we were at last on our Vincennes, and that I began to converse familiarly with our driver, whose coolness was equally tame and amusing. He was a man about forty, with a weather-beaten but not unpleasing face, and an active, person. Having observed something remarkable in the movements of his leg—the same one which caused to make such strangely efficient revolution—I looked attentively at the limb. He saw this and exclaimed: ‘Ah, you wish to see *Cossack*; we have it is.’ So saying, he showed me the leg to which he gave this odd name. It was a wooden one. ‘How do you like this?’ said I, taking off my hat, for to an old man or to a gray head, I always pay this involuntary reverence, and by the blue ribbon (waved with black) on his forehead. I saw that my friend had been in honourable war. In answer to my question, he told me the following story: ‘Twenty years ago, on the morning of the 30th of July 1814, a proclamation appeared in Paris, signed by Napoleon’s brother, Joseph, in which it was announced that the hostile allies were within a few hours’ march of the city.’

bullets." And away I went home, and took down the carbine which my father had handled at the taking of the Bastile. I dismounted it, cleaned it carefully, put it to rights, and then *said* to it: "Come, old one, do thy duty: rattle me these Prussians and Cossacks out of the land; and if a domestic traitor comes in thy way, keep quiet and still, till I look along thee at his heart! You understand me; that's all." Throwing it on my shoulder, I then took my way to Louise.

Louise, sir, was my betrothed, and as pretty and honest a girl as dwelt in the neighbourhood. I had known her from infancy, and often had I heard her say: "Jacques, I love thee." We were to have been married in fifteen days, if nothing came in the way. But something did come in the way, and that is the reason why I am still a bachelor.

As soon as Louise saw me coming with my old carbine on my arm, she ran to me, and cried: "O Jacques, are you going to fight?" "Yes, Louise." "And what if you are killed?" "Then I shall be happy, my dear, for I shall not see strangers and conquerors enter Paris." "But for me, Jacques—what will become of me?" "I will watch over you from above, Louise;" and I pointed to heaven. "But, tush!" I continued: "every soldier does not die in a battle. And it is but to-day that the serious chance will be, for to-morrow the Emperor will arrive, and then our enemies may pray to their saints to save their souls, if they have saints and souls, for we will have no pity on the invaders' bodies. We must leave all to the will of Heaven, Louise. Come, kiss me, my girl, and don't cry." At the same time, I wiped away two large tears from my own cheeks, but Louise did not see them, for her eyes were closed, and her cheek so pale, that one would have said she was dead. But she recovered, and fixing on me her two large sloes of eyes, she said: "Jacques, you must let me go with you!" "Impossible!" I replied; "where I go is no place for women." "You will have need of sutlers, Jacques: I will attend the wounded, and carry refreshments to

the soldiers. I will do anything that you desire of me! They won't refuse to allow a poor girl to be serviceable to her wounded and dying countrymen!"

"Yes, if that would be injurious to her, and not useful to others. But listen, Louise. In a few hours, I will meet the enemy, and I cannot deny that wounds may fall to my share as well as others. Well, *go this evening to Père la Chaise*, to the tomb of thy mother. If I am living, I will come and meet thee there; but if night comes, and you see me not, then, my Louise, pray to Heaven for me—and for France, for I, and many, many more, will then lie low!"

"At this moment, the trumpet-call sounded in the streets. A regiment defiled past the window, accompanied by several hundred artisans. I profited by the occasion, embraced and kissed Louise, who hung by my neck, and would scarcely let me go; opened the door, and in two steps I was with my comrades in the street. As long as I could see the house, I turned always back to look at it, and even thought of yet returning to my poor girl. But when her dwelling was out of view, I began to cry with the rest: "Long live the Emperor!" and then thought only of how quickly I could move forward to the foe!"

At this part of the story of Jacques, I cannot help remarking how much I was struck with the change in his manner as he warmed with his subject. His voice became grave and deep, and his expression and delivery easy and forcible, while at the same time the peculiarities of pronunciation common to his class disappeared.

"When we came to the wood of Romainville," he continued, "we found the Cossacks already in possession of it. We were charged by our old hero of a leader, Marshal Mortier, with the task of driving them out of the wood; and never, perhaps, since the invention of arms, did soldiers enter a battle with such good-will. The wood was carried at the point of the bayonet in twenty minutes! As I live, it was beautiful! But when we had gained our point, we saw forty thousand more of

the allied enemy appear, and move on towards us. We counted not two-thirds in all of that number, and had neither wall nor ditch to protect us. But, notwithstanding, we endured in that wood eleven consecutive attacks without flinching. We were at length compelled to evacuate the place, and, alas! to leave the enemy in possession of those positions from which he could destroy the capital. The suburbs were, in a measure, in the enemy's power. When I retraced my steps to Paris with my sad-hearted companions, I said: "If the Emperor is not here this night, his empire is ended!"

'Immediately after this, I recollected my appointment with Louise in Père la Chaise cemetery, and bent my course rapidly thither. As I entered the place of death, it was just growing dusk. The enemy had already begun from the outside of the city to rain small bomb-shells upon it, and the sounds of the cannonade contrasted strangely with the repose of the funereal grounds around me. I was also startled with something like the glitter of bayonets among the willows and trees of the place, but conceived my eyes to have misled me. My eyes, however, did not mislead me, when, on reaching the well-known grave of Louise's mother, which she and I had so often strewed with flowers, I beheld a soldier—an enemy, a Cossack—sitting with his arms folded on the very tombstone, and a woman's lifeless or motionless form stretched on the ground by its side! A dreadful thought flashed across my brain in an instant. An unprotected girl—the hour—and a savage enemy! What misery was in the thought! My knees trembled, my eyes lost their power of vision. But another feeling banished the momentary imbecility: I was close behind the unconscious monster, and, with my carbine swung in my hands, I advanced to him, and in another moment his brains sprinkled the ground at my feet!

'I sprang to the girl—to my own poor, unhappy Louise, raised her, and sat down with her in my arms. My voice recalled her from her swoon, but she shuddered at the sight of me. She came by degrees to a seeming

calmness, and parting her wildly dishevelled locks, looked me in the face for a time without speaking. "Jacques," said she at length, "I have lived too long! Be witness that Louise could not survive dishonour." With these words, she sprang from my arms, and seizing one of the pistols of the dead wretch at our feet, she held it to her head, ere I, stunned and stupified as I was, could interfere. But the weapon missed fire.

"The next moment, Louise threw herself at my feet, and pulling aside her soiled and torn dress, she presented to me her open breast. "Jacques!" cried she, in a tone of fearful calmness, "I cannot now be your wife! For the love of mercy, kill me!"

"I had in reality a thought of fulfilling her wish, and took up and loaded my carbine—but it was only a momentary thought. I let my weapon fall, and sat down, and cried like an infant. Louise had never moved. "Jacques!" said she again, in heart-breaking accents, "I am no longer worthy of you—kill me!" "Kill thee!" said I at length to the poor girl, who threw herself on the ground before me, "kill thee! Of what are you guilty? Do I not see that you are far more unfortunate than I?" A pause again followed. I passed my hand over my burning brow; and when I looked again, I saw that she was cold and chill. The sight cooled myself, and restored me to reason. I rose calmly, and said: "No, I will not kill thee. We have but been unfortunate. For me—while I shall breathe—I shall breathe hate to the invaders! Louise, I will avenge thee! Now, my girl, courage! Behold our nuptial-altar!"

"With these words, I knelt down beside her by her mother's tomb. "The words spoken over the bones of the dead are sacred," said I. "In presence of that Heaven which sees us, and of her who reposes below, I swear, that from this moment thou art my true and lawful wife! If I die, thou shalt bear my name." We rose together. "Heaven bless thee, my husband!" said Louise, with something like calmness; "now, thou wilt not prevent me from following thee. It is the duty of

a wife." "Be it so, my Louise. But see those bombs which fly in the air! They come to burn our houses; let us go and protect them. But hark!"

"I listened. I thought I had heard a noise—a rustling behind one of the tombs. At first, in the imperfect light, I saw nothing, but, on looking attentively, I beheld a figure creeping on all-fours at a little distance. I watched till the form rose to an upright posture by the side of a cypress, and then I knew it to be an enemy—a Cossack. I raised my carbine, and shot him through the heart. He made a leap in the air, and fell with a cry that sounded over all the cemetery. "Come, my wife!" said I to Louise, who applauded my deed with a wild bitterness most unlike her former gentle self. We began to move towards the city, but retreat was destined not to be so easy. The shot and the cry of the savage caused an unexpected commotion. From the further end of the cemetery, a body of men advanced, starting from grave to grave, and seeming like the dead raised to life, and playing a fearful game with one another among the tombs. I saw at once that they were a band of Cossacks, sent forward either to occupy the cemetery or to act as scouts. They saw Louise and myself, but luckily they had not yet passed the spot where the pathway out of the cemetery was yet open to us. Raising my nearly insensible Louise in my arms, I ran towards the city. The Cossacks had found their dead comrades, and forty or fifty balls whistled around us, but not one of them touched me, and Louise also was uninjured—till the last moment—till the last shot was fired, just as we reached a place of safety. I laid her down, ignorant of her hurt. "Jacques, my dear Jacques, adieu!" she whispered; "it is better thus—one kiss!" The life departed while her lips touched mine!

"I become a child, sir," said poor Jacques, when he came to this part of his story—"I become a child when I think of the death of Louise, of the only woman I have ever loved! But though she did not live to see me keep my vow, I avenged her deeply. Wherever a struggle with

the enemy took place at that time, *there I was*, marking these wretches of Cossacks with my old carbine. Ay, and when the land had been long cleared of them, I thought, when I fought at the barricades of the Three Days, that I was still fighting with the Cossacks, or, what was much the same, with those who had brought the Cossacks upon us. I did not grudge a leg in the cause, and in memory of those who took it from me, I call its substitute *Cossack*. That is all I have to tell, sir, and now here is Vincennes—all in good time.

It is astonishing, was my reflection on hearing the story of Jacques, what mines of strange and affecting recollections lie in corners of the world where they are least suspected to exist. Here is one of those rough, thoughtless, frolicsome beings, whose lives seem to be a continued exhibition of overflowing animal spirits—here is one of them, who cherishes ever, in the deepest recesses of his breast, images of the saddest and tenderest kind—memories of love and loveliness, and faith, and fond regret. Verily, it is a strange world, thought I; and not the least remarkable circumstances which have taken place in it, are those which marked the history of Jacques the Coachman.

FALL INTO A COAL-PIT.

AFTER the peace of 1763, Lieutenant George Spearing, of the navy, was residing in Glasgow, and on Wednesday, September 13, 1769, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon (to use the words of his own narrative), 'I went into a little wood called North Woodside, situated between two and three miles north-west of Glasgow, with the design to gather a few hazel-nuts. I think that I would not have been in the wood more than a quarter of an hour, nor have gathered more than ten nuts, before I unfortunately fell into an old coal-pit, seventeen yards

deep, which had been made through solid rock. I was some time insensible. Upon recovering my recollection, I found myself sitting nearly as a tailor does at his work; blood was flowing pretty freely from my mouth, and I thought that I had broken a blood-vessel, and consequently had not long to live; but to my great comfort, I soon discovered that the blood proceeded from a wound in my tongue, which I had bitten in my fall. Looking at my watch, it was ten minutes past four; and getting up, I surveyed my limbs, and to my inexpressible joy found that not one was broken. I was soon reconciled to my new situation, having from my childhood thought that something very extraordinary was to happen to me in the course of my life. I had not the least doubt of being relieved in the morning, for the wood was small, and situated near a populous neighbourhood, much frequented, especially in the nutting-season. Night now approached, and it began to rain; not in gentle showers, but in torrents of water, such as is generally experienced at the autumnal equinox. The pit I had fallen into was about five feet in diameter, but not having been wrought for several years, the subterranean passages were choked up, and I was exposed to the rain, which continued with very little intermission, so that I was in a short time completely wet through. In this comfortless condition, I endeavoured to take some repose. A forked stick which I found in the pit, and which I placed diagonally to the sides of it, served alternately to support my head as a pillow, or my body occasionally, which was much bruised; but in the whole time I remained here, I do not think I slept one hour together. Having passed a very disagreeable night, I was somewhat cheered with the appearance of daylight, and the melody of a robin-redbreast that had perched immediately above my head; and this pretty little warbler continued to visit my quarters every morning during my confinement, which contributed much to the serenity of my mind.

‘At the distance of about ten yards in a direct line from the pit, was a water-mill—the miller’s house was still

nearer. I could frequently hear the horses going to and from the mill—frequently I heard human voices ; and I did distinctly hear the ducks and hens about the mill. I made the best use of my voice on every occasion, but it was to no manner of purpose, for the wind, which was constantly high, blew in a line from the mill to the pit; which easily accounts for what I heard, and at the same time my voice was carried the contrary way. I cannot say I suffered much from hunger; after two or three days, that appetite ceased, but my thirst was intolerable; and though it almost constantly rained, I could not till the third or fourth day preserve a drop of it, as the earth at the bottom of the pit sucked it up as fast as it ran down. In this distress, I sucked my clothes, but from them extracted very little moisture. The shock I received in the fall, together with the dislocation of one of my ribs, kept me, I imagine, in a constant fever. I cannot otherwise account for my suffering so much more from thirst than I did from hunger. At last I discovered the thigh-bone of a bull—which I afterwards learned had fallen into the pit about eighteen years before me—almost covered with the earth : I dug it up, and the large end of it left a cavity which I suppose held a quart ; this the water drained into, but so very slowly, that it was a considerable time before I could get a nut-shellful at a time, which I emptied into the palm of my hand, and so drank it. The water now began to increase very fast, so that I was glad to enlarge my reservoir, insomuch, that on the fourth or fifth day I had a sufficient supply, and the water was certainly the preservation of my life. At the bottom of the pit there were great quantities of reptiles, such as frogs, toads, large black snails or slugs, &c. ; and these noxious creatures would frequently crawl about me, and often get into my reservoir ; nevertheless, I thought it the sweetest water I had ever tasted ; and at this distance of time—though so many years—the remembrance of it is so sweet, that if it were possible to procure any of it, I am quite sure that I would swallow it with avidity. I have frequently taken both frogs and toads out of my neck,

where I suppose they took shelter while I slept. The toads I always destroyed, but the frogs I preserved, as I did not know but that I would be under the necessity of eating them, which I would not have scrupled to have done had I been very hungry. Saturday the 16th, there fell but little rain, and I had the satisfaction to hear the voices of some boys in the wood. Immediately I called out with all my might, but it was all in vain ; though I afterwards learned that they actually heard me, but, being prepossessed with an idle story of a wild man being in the wood, they ran away affrighted. Saturday, 16th, was my birthday, when I completed my forty-first year ; and I think it was the next day that some of my friends, having accidentally learned that I had gone the way I did, sent out two or three porters purposely to search the pit for me. These men went to the miller's house and made inquiry for me, but on account of the very great rain at the time, they never entered the wood, but cruelly returned to their employers, telling them they had searched the pit, but that I was not to be found. Many people, no doubt, in my dismal situation, would have died of despair ; but I thank God I had always a perfect serenity of mind, and did not lose the hope of deliverance.

' At length the morning of the 20th September, the happy morning of my release, came—a day that, while my memory lasts, I will always celebrate with gratitude to Heaven. Through the brambles and bushes that covered the mouth of the pit, I could discover the sun shining bright, and my pretty warbler was chanting his melodious strains, when my attention was aroused by a confused noise of human voices, which seemed to be approaching fast to the pit. As soon as they heard my voice, they all ran towards the opening, and I could distinguish a well-known voice saying : " Good God, he is still living ! " Another of them, though a very honest North Briton, betwixt his surprise and joy, could not help asking me, in the Hibernian style, if I was still alive. I told I was, and " hearty too ; " and then gave them particular directions how to proceed in getting me

out. Fortunately, at that juncture a worker from a neighbouring pit was passing along the road, and hearing voices in the wood, his curiosity prompted him to learn the cause. By his assistance, and a rope from the mill, I was soon landed on terra firma. The miller's wife had kindly brought some milk warm from the cow for me, but on my coming to the fresh air, I grew faint, and could not taste it. Need I be ashamed to acknowledge, that the first dictates of my heart prompted me to fall on my knees, and ejaculate a silent thanksgiving to the God of my deliverance, since at this distant time I never think of it but the tears of gratitude start from my eyes! Every morning, in the pit, I tied a knot on the corner of my handkerchief, supposing that if I died there, and my body was afterwards found, the number of knots would certify the number of days I had passed in the pit. Immediately I drew the handkerchief from my pocket, and bade them count the knots. They found seven, the exact number of nights I had been there. We now hastened out of the wood. I could walk without support, but that was not allowed; each person present striving to shew me how much they were rejoiced to find me alive and so well. They led me to the miller's house, where a great number of people were gathered to see me. A gentleman in the neighbourhood sent to his house for some wine, and at my own request a piece of toasted bread was soaked in a glass of it, which I ate. After this, I was put to bed, with warm bricks at my feet. This, by expanding the blood-vessels, put me to great torture, and caused a mortification in both of my legs. One of my legs was taken away from this cause a little below the knee, and about six hours after the amputation, the ligatures all gave way, and the arteries bled a considerable time before it was discovered. Six weeks after this, I went out in a sedan-chair for the benefit of the air, and I afterwards took lodgings in the country, where, getting plenty of warm new milk, my appetite improved daily, and now I am in perfect health.* *

SLOGANS, OR WAR-CRIES.

THE *war-cry* may be traced up to the earliest ages amongst the most ancient people, and it seems, till a recent period, to have been almost universal. Sometimes the cry was of an invocatory nature for protection; at other times it was commemorative of some signal transaction; and in many cases it was a shout of allusion to a well-known place of rendezvous. The Irish, in all cases, used the interjection *aboo* along with their war-cries, as *Butler-aboo*, *Cromaboo*, *Leamhdearg-aboo*; and so forth. The Scoto-Irish brought with them the ancient custom of war-cries, though they dismissed the affix *aboo*; and for a long period they used a general cry before the onset began, shouting with an allusion to their native country and their generic name, *Albanich*. After the Saxon tongue was introduced into North Britain, the war-cry was called the *slagan* or *slogan*, from the word *slag*, signifying an alarm of war. The Highland chiefs were most tenacious of their war-cries, and in their case, the name of the gathering-place of the clan was generally adopted. The chief of the Mackenzies had for his slogan, *Tulloch-ard*, or the high hill; the mountain particularly signified being one of the most lofty in Kintail, and being that on the summit of which a flaming beacon was shewn when it was wished that the clan should gather. The chief of the numerous clan of the Grants had the war-cry of *Craigelachie*, or the rock of alarm, which rocky eminence is situated in the country of the Grants in Strathspey. The chief of the Macphersons had *Craig-dhu*, or the black rock, from a small but well-known eminence in Badenoch, the country of the Macphersons. The chief of the Macdonalds had *Craig-an-Fhithich*, the rock of the raven. The chief of the Macfarlanes had *Loch Sloy*, a place in the district of Arroquhar, at the head of Loch Lomond.

The chief of the Macgregors had *Ard Challich*. The chief of the Buchanans had *Clareinch*, which is an island in Loch Lomond, where he anciently resided. The Lowland barons had likewise their slogans. The war-cry of the potent family of the Scotts of Buccleuch was *Ale Moor*, from its commodious situation in the midst of the clan. The cry of the retainers of the Earls of Home was, *A Home! a Home!*—that of the Douglasses, *A Douglas! a Douglas!*—and that of the house of Winton, *A Seaton! a Seaton!* The Maxwells had for their cry, *I bid you bide, Wardlaw*, which is the hill above Caerlaverock Castle, where the clan rendezvoused. The Johnstons, when they were the wardens of the Borders, assumed for their slogan, *Light, thieves all*, which was the command of the warden to alight from their horses, and submit to the law. During the change of customs, ancient families converted their war-cries into *mottoes*, which they placed upon escrols above their crests; as the Dukcs of Lennox, like the Duke of Leinster, assumed the war-cry of the family, *Avant Darnley*, as an appropriate motto for their armorial crests.

THE INVALID OF ALICANT:

A TRUE STORY.

‘Who is that most interesting pair!’ said I to a friend, as we paced slowly along one of the most retired portions of the public walk or alameda at Alicant. As I spoke, I pointed to two persons, who had for some minutes past rivetted my whole attention. These were a gentleman and lady, both extremely young; the first being seemingly little more than twenty, and his companion still considerably under it. The customary order in which *the sexes* usually walk together was in this case reversed. The gentleman leaned upon the lady’s arm, and, in truth, *his looks* betokened greatly the want of support. He

was sadly emaciated in person, and his countenance, though it appeared ever to bear a smile for her by his side, had entirely lost the hue of health and strength. Yet his pale features and wasted figure were still full of beauty and elegance; and one could see that, if unaffected by illness, or restored to convalescence, his form would be a model of manly grace. The youthful lady on whose arm his own rested, was also of most attractive appearance; but the most captivating point about her, was the deep interest and constant attention she shewed towards her invalid companion. She hung upon his every look, watched avoidingly every little inequality of ground, and seemed, in short, as if she would fain have prevented the winds of heaven from visiting his face too roughly.

Such were they who arrested my eye on the walk at Alicant, and respecting whom I put the question: 'Who is this interesting pair?' to the lady who was my companion. That lady was the wife of an English gentleman, resident for many years at Alicant, and who was well acquainted with the society of the place, as well as with its manners and customs. She looked at the gentleman and lady to whom I directed her notice, and immediately exclaimed: 'Ah, my dear friend, your eye has indeed alighted on an object of real interest. That is no common pair, and their story is no common one.'

'Then, I pray, let me hear it, if it is in your power to do so,' said I, still following with my eye the slow onward motions of the pale invalid and his fair supporter.

'All Alicant can tell the story, as you would soon have learned had you been longer here,' returned my companion; 'yet few, I believe, know the particulars so fully as I myself do; a circumstance arising from my being acquainted with a most intimate friend of the unfortunate gentleman whom you have now seen. Turn aside to this shaded seat below the lime-tree, and you shall hear the story.'

I obeyed my kind friend, though still glancing after the objects of my sympathy—and not of mine only.

for I could plainly see that every passing group on the walks cast on them looks of the deepest respect and pity.

‘The worn and wasted figure whom you have looked on with so much interest,’ began my companion, when we had seated ourselves, ‘was but a very few years ago the gayest and most admired of the officers of the First Royal Horse Regiment, stationed at Valencia. Signor Cazalla, for such was his designation, had distinguished himself almost in boyhood in Ferdinand’s service, and, having the advantages of birth and family to back him, rose, by the time he was twenty, to the rank of colonel. Shortly afterwards, his duties brought him to Alicante, not far from which his family lived. In Alicante, where he found both friends and relatives, he mingled freely with the society of the place, and won the love and respect of all by his personal qualities and winning manners. His friends wished him to marry, but the individual whom they selected for him, though young and beautiful, was not she towards whom his affections tended. He had been but a short time in Alicante, when he saw and loved a young lady, a member of one of the first and wealthiest families of the place. Baltazara Perez was perhaps the most perfect specimen that could be anywhere seen of true Spanish beauty—a lustrous, growing daughter of the south, with features charmingly formed, and an eye dark and reflective as a pool by night. In the favourite national dance, where her exquisite, though almost girlish proportions were finely displayed, Baltazara was first seen and admired by Cazalla. Observing her afterwards to be addressed by Don Pedro de Rivar, a gentleman whom he knew, the colonel seized the opportunity, and gained an introduction through the medium of this acquaintance. He danced with the young beauty, talked with her, and loved her.

Opportunities frequently occurred afterwards, in the course of the assemblies and parties of the town, for the confirmation of the colonel’s passion, as far as such a circumstance depended on the mere sight of the object

in the company of others. But it was a much more difficult matter to obtain any chance of private conversation. The parents of Baltazara received few visitors, although they did not forbid the junior members of their family from appearing in public. Yet, though the colonel could see the object of his love only in crowds, he saw enough of her to give him some hopes that she was not insensible to his attentions. His anxious eye was ever comparing her conduct to himself with her behaviour to others, and in spite of all his fears, he could not help believing that she distinguished him from the host of flutterers around her. This encouraged him to hope, and to make his manner more and more expressive of his feelings; for it was by his manner alone, under the circumstances, that he could express them. He observed no displeasure, but the reverse, in consequence. At length he ventured to seize a favourable chance of revealing his passion in whispered words, and though no return was made in the same way, he had the delight of being satisfied that his meaning, while undeniably understood, was by no means distasteful to Baltazara Perez.

‘I am thus particular, my dear friend, in detailing these circumstances, because they bear sadly upon the sequel of the story.’

I interrupted the recital here. ‘Tell me one thing,’ said I, ‘for my curiosity can be no longer restrained on the point. Was the lady whom we saw supporting Cazalla, Baltazara Perez?’

‘She was not,’ replied my friend.

‘Psha!’ muttered I, ‘the old story. A case of jilting—and a broken-heart! And that must have been merely his sister: I see it all!’

‘You see it *not*; you cruelly wrong the sex by these words,’ said my friend, with some asperity; ‘this is a tale for *man* to blush at, but for *woman* to glory in. However, pray let me go on. I had told you that Cazalla became at length satisfied that his passion was returned by Baltazara, and he resolved to bring matters to an

issuo. But this was no easy task. He had never visited at the house of Baltazara's parents, and the strange etiquette of Spanish life prevents the lover, if he appears acknowledgedly in that character, till accepted and affianced, from having domestic interviews with his mistress. Colonel Cazalla wished to know Baltazara's mind decisively, and in this emergency he bethought himself of using the services of a friend, the same Don Pedro de Rivar already mentioned, who was intimate with the father and family of the object of Cazalla's affection. Don Pedro was a man of middle age, one who had long led a loose single life. He had ever courted the society of Cazalla, and professed a great friendship for him. As De Rivar was a man of birth, mixed in the best society, and bore a fair character with the world, Cazalla had not repelled his advances. To this personage the colonel had now recourse. "My dear Don Pedro," said he, when he had got De Rivar seated, by invitation, at his table, "you can do me a great, an unappreciable favour." "You have but to name it, colonel, and, if practicable, it is done." "I love Baltazara Perez," returned Cazalla, succeeding by an effort in opening the business which lay at his heart. "This is no secret, colonel," replied Don Pedro; "no secret at least to me." "Others, I am certain, have no idea of it," said the colonel, somewhat startled; "you must have observed closely, De Rivar." "I am a friend of the family," returned Don Pedro hastily; "and of course"—"And it is because you are a friend of the family," interrupted the young colonel, "that I now speak to you of this. I love Baltazara; I hope—nay, I have the blessed belief, that she loves me also; but it is through you that I trust to become assured of it beyond all doubt, and to make her mine." The ice thus broken, the lover found no difficulty in detailing all his wishes.

Don Pedro de Rivar promised ultimately to do all that the ardent and ingenuous lover required. He engaged to seek an interview with Baltazara Perez, to make an unreserved declaration of Cazalla's passion.

for her, and to bear back to him the lady's reply. Confident almost, from the feelings he conceived her to have evinced towards him, that the answer of his mistress would be favourable, and such, in short, as would permit him to avow his passion openly, and make advances for their union, Colonel Cazalla saw Don Pedro depart after the interview with elation and hope. He knew that the staid age of Do Rivar, and his intimacy with the family, would render it an easy task for him to procure the desired interview with Baltazara. And that interview Don Pedro did obtain: but most unlooked-for was the result. When the emissary returned, he announced to the lover that Baltazara had rejected his suit with haughty scorn. Don Pedro declared himself to have pled warmly, but without any other effect than producing reiterated expressions of contempt. The lady's last words, he said, were: "The suit and the suitor I alike scorn and despise." It would be difficult to describe the shock which Cazalla received at this news. The blow was the more stunning, because truly unexpected. The unsuccessful messenger attempted to console the lover, but the colonel could only wring his friend's hand, and entreat to be left alone. When he was in solitude, it is possible that the assurance which he felt of Baltazara's having, tacitly at least, encouraged his passion, might have led him actually to doubt the reality of all that he had been told, had not an unfortunate piece of evidence presented itself in corroboration of the statement of Don Pedro. Previously to having recourse to the aid of that individual, Cazalla, ever occupied with the attempt to discover a mode of corresponding with the object of his love, had been tempted to endeavour to effect his purpose through one of the servants of the family. This personage fell in his way immediately after he had seen Don Pedro, and unhappily was enabled to confirm the latter's statement, by having overheard the last words of Baltazara—"The suit and the suitor I alike scorn and despise." Though this corroboration *was scarcely needed, it confirmed Cazalla's despair.*

He thought the circumstances clear beyond doubt, and, still mindful of the encouragement he conceived himself to have received, he concluded Baltazara Perez to be a "coquette—a heartless, worthless flirt." The issue was—although he struggled against it with his whole strength of mind—that for a time he was an inmate of his chamber and bed.

His friends gathered around him, and when he recovered partly from the shock, he tacitly and almost passively followed their advice and wishes, and became the wedded husband of Donna Inez, the young lady whom they had previously chosen for him. Before he had met Baltazara, he had seen much of this lady, having at the time something of the feeling of Juliet—

"I'll look to like, if looking liking move."

Though the sight of Baltazara had utterly banished the idea of Inez from *his* mind, yet from *her* mind the impression left by him had not fled so readily, and it was with deep though silent joy that she became his wife, trusting, by the depth of her loving-kindness, to remove the cloud that seemed to hang upon his brow. Such were the circumstances under which this union took place.

"The irrevocable step had not been many weeks taken, and the married pair were living at a short distance from Alicante, when common report brought into their circle the intelligence that Baltazara Perez was ill—not expected long to live. Cazalla could not hear of the circumstance without agitation, though he was far from dreaming of the whole truth. But he *did* learn it. While alone one day in his dwelling, he was surprised by the announcement of a visitor—and that visitor the father of Baltazara. The old man was usually calm and grave in deportment, but on this occasion there was also a stern sadness in his manner. "Colonel Cazalla," said he, disregarding the seat offered to him by the colonel, "my child—I need not say which—is ill—*dying*. Her mother's prayers have at length *wrong* from her the secret that has blighted her young heart,

and is bringing her to the grave. You, sir, professed to love her, won her whole affections, and then—left her to die!" "Hold, sir," exclaimed the colonel; "this is an error! There has been, if you speak truth, an awful, a killing mistake!" "Are you not now the husband of another?" resumed the old man. "But I come not to reproach you with vain words; nor shall I, or kinsman of mine, lift hand against you. I have but told you what has been the result of your conduct. If you have the heart of a human being in your bosom, the knowledge that you have taken from her parents the sweetest, the most dutiful"—The father could not continue, and was about to turn abruptly away, when Cazalla exclaimed: "For the love of Heaven, stay and hear me, old man! This is error—madness! Baltazara cast me off—scorned me and my love, ere I wedded another! Pedro de Rivar, your own and your family's friend, bore to your daughter the open avowal of an affection, which had been often before evinced by look and manner. Had the answer been other than it was, I should then have addressed myself to you; but Baltazara rejected and despised me." "Pedro de Rivar!" said Perez; "he sought and obtained, I know well, an interview with my child, but it was to proffer his own hand, nor did we blame her for rejecting it. Your words, young man, *may* be true." "They are too true," cried the colonel, pacing the apartment in a state of agony. "O fool that I was to believe in the inconstancy of one so sweet, so lovely—I have been miserably duped; and now your daughter and myself—and others also—are irrecoverably lost and wretched, through the arts of a villain—a treacherous villain, whom I was a madman to trust!"

'Cazalla's distraction was too plainly sincere to allow the father of Baltazara to entertain any further doubt of his fidelity, or of the wickedness of De Rivar. Painful as the subject was, a full explanation took place, and *when they parted, it was on terms of sad and strange friendship, and with the understanding, felt rather than*

expressed, that the truth should be explained to her who had suffered most from the grievous misconception. For some time afterwards, the colonel remained buried in grief; but rage at the villain who had deceived him, by degrees gained the ascendancy over more depressing feelings, and restored him for the time to his wonted energies. Avoiding the sight of his poor wife, he left his house, mounted his horse, and took the way to Alicante, determined to wring the truth from the wretch's heart. He was not long in finding Don Pedro, and in explaining his business. The heartless, hardened traitor, only laughed at the charge. "How could you be so silly, colonel," said he sneeringly, "as to imagine I would take the trouble to plead any man's cause! I loved the girl myself, and for myself I spoke." "Wretch!" exclaimed Cazalla; "why then accept the trust which I was mad enough to give you?" "Oh, my good colonel, all stratagems, you know, are fair in love. I never had confidence, I confess, to speak my mind till I saw you coming forward." "Draw, infamous villain," cried the colonel, almost exasperated to madness, "draw, if you would not be beat like a dog on the public walk!" Don Pedro retained his coolness. "There is no occasion for that, colonel. Only let us retire a little way, where we may be more comfortable." They did so, and fought.

'On that night Colonel Cazalla was conveyed to his home, wounded in the chest by the sword of his adversary. Don Pedro also was wounded, and much more seriously to appearance. But, alas! the colonel's proved the more permanent injury. His unfortunate lady was rendered almost frantic by the event, which she understood only to arise from a casual quarrel. For many months Cazalla lay on a bed of sickness. Ere he arose, Baltazara Perez was in her grave! Though ignorant of her father's intent to visit Cazalla, which maidenly pride could not have permitted her to sanction, she *blest* the occurrence afterwards, when it proved the means of assuring her of her lover's unbroken faith and truth. But it could not avert her doom. Consumption

had laid its withering hand upon her, and she sank into the tomb, happy, and breathing wishes of happiness for Cazalla and those around her. Of the encounter of the colonel with De Rivar, and its consequences, she died in ignorance.

‘Nearly two years,’ continued my friend, ‘have passed since that event. Cazalla still lives, but his lungs sustained a fatal injury by the wound, and he is wasting away by degrees. Nothing, in truth, but the unparalleled care and devotion of his wife could have so prolonged his days. That matchless creature has long known the whole truth from her husband’s own lips, but the disclosure changed not her feelings towards him. He tells her now, that he would fain live for her sake; but it is obvious, nevertheless, that the expected approach of death gives him no pain. Alas! for that wretched deception. Three of the noblest-hearted beings that ever breathed, fated to perish by it! For Inez lives only on her husband’s looks; her whole soul is bound up in him; and when the thread of his existence snaps, hers is too closely entwined with it to sustain the shock. Surely, surely these three unfortunates will yet be happy together in a world to come!’

A silence of some minutes followed this recital.

‘And the scoundrel—the villain!’—said I, after a long breath.

‘Don Pedro de Rivar recovered, and still lives. Many of the friends of Perez and Cazalla would have again called him to account, but both the colonel and the old man forbade it. And they have done well to leave him to his own feelings and public odium. For, though he long endeavoured to brave the matter out, he found it impossible ultimately to endure the aversion and hatred of all around him. He has been compelled to shut himself up in his house, and there lives almost a prisoner. Men will scarcely even take his money for the necessaries of life, much less associate with him.’

‘It is a deplorable condition,’ said I; ‘but who can pity him?’

POPULAR FALLACIES ABOUT THE MOON.

THE laborious researches of M. Arago respecting the supposed influence of the moon on the state of the weather, and on animal and vegetable bodies, have tended materially to clear up a subject on which there has long prevailed much prejudice and superstition. These researches were ably reported in two articles in the *Monthly Chronicle*, and from them we propose to lay some instructive and amusing particulars before our readers. The Influence of the Moon on the Weather forms the subject of the first article. From a very early period, meteorological phenomena were supposed to be connected with the lunar motions; nor was this supposition unnatural, considering the obvious and undeniable, though at the same time mysterious, influence of the same planet on the tides. Originally, however, the moon and other heavenly bodies were regarded more as *signs* than *causes*, as far as atmospheric phenomena were concerned; but in course of time these signs degenerated into a most absurd system of rules, having no real foundation in nature.

The following, for example, is one of the axioms regarding the moon's influence: 'If the horns of the lunar crescent, on the third day after new moon, are sharply and clearly defined, the weather may be expected to be fair during the ensuing month.' The absurdity of this is made apparent by the plain argumentation subjoined. 'The lunar crescent is produced by a peculiar relation of position which subsists between the aspects of the moon presented to the sun and the earth. If only half the hemisphere which receives the sun's light be presented towards the earth, the moon is exactly halved; if a quarter of the hemisphere be turned to the earth, the moon is a crescent, and its age is then nearly four days. When its age is less

than two days, therefore, less than an eighth of its illuminated hemisphere is presented to our planet, and consequently it appears as a very thin crescent. It is evident that these effects, if seen through perfectly transparent space, could not alter with circumstances; and that, in the same position of the moon, with respect to the earth and sun, the crescent must be at all times equally sharp and distinct. But when the moon is viewed, as it is by us, through an atmosphere from thirty to forty miles high—that atmosphere being liable to be more or less loaded with imperfectly transparent vapours—it will be seen with more or less distinctness, according to the varying transparency of the medium through which it is viewed. The fact, therefore, of the crescent appearing distinct and well defined, or obscurely with the points of the horns blunted, is merely a consequence of our atmosphere being at one time more pure, clear, and transparent, than at another.’

Another axiom of lunar meteorology declares, that ‘if on the fourth day the moon project no shadow, we are to expect bad weather during the month.’ In this instance, also, the moon simply serves as an instrument to determine the humidity of the air; for as the quantity of light reflected from the moon must be always the same, its intensity on reaching our earth, or, in other words, its power to produce a shadow, must be determined by the amount of vapours in the atmosphere which it passes through. The proposition, therefore, is identical with the last; and only means, that when ‘the atmosphere in the west, a little after sunset, on the fourth day of the moon, is loaded with humidity, the weather during the month will be bad.’ These two propositions, accordingly, couched under such seemingly profound terms, signify no more than that we shall always have bad weather during any given month, if the atmosphere in the western horizon is vapoury for an hour or two, on a certain evening, towards its beginning—a proposition most superlatively lame, impotent, and inconclusive.

The ingenious writer of these papers, after exhibiting the fallacy of such axioms as these, proceeds to examine the justice of the very common notion, that 'a change of weather accompanies a change of the moon.' The long train of scientific reasoning which follows on this subject would occupy too much of our space, and we shall content ourselves, therefore, with stating the conclusion to which the writer arrives. 'From all that has been stated, it follows then, conclusively, that the popular notions concerning the influence of the lunar phases on the weather have no foundation in theory, and no correspondence with observed facts. That the moon, by her gravitation, exerts an attraction on our atmosphere, cannot be doubted; but its effects are either too small in amount to be appreciable in the actual state of meteorological instruments, or they are obliterated by other more powerful causes, from which they have not yet been eliminated.' The notion, therefore, that a change is to be looked for at full and new moon, venerable as that notion is from its antiquity and the universality of its acceptation, receives no countenance from the results of scientific inquiry.

The supposed influence of the moon is not confined to the weather. Gardeners in some countries have an idea that the *red moon* kills the young shoots of plants. The red moon is that which is full between the middle of April and the close of May. Now, in charging such a moon with an injurious effect on plants, the accusers simply mistake a sign for a cause. Plants are killed frequently at that season as if by frosts, though, on the nights when the death takes place, a thermometer in the open air may stand many degrees above the freezing-point. Observing this to be the case, gardeners can see no cause for the evil done to the plants but the lunar light, which they notice to be always keen and strong at the period. But, in reality, the state of the atmosphere is the true cause of the injury to the vegetables. On clear and unclouded nights, substances on the earth's surface lose heat by radiation, while the

sky is not in a state to restore to them any of their lost warmth. Ice is, in fact, produced in warm climates, under such circumstances. But if the atmosphere be clouded, these clouds, having the quality of radiating heat, restore the caloric radiated from substances on the surface of the earth. On cloudy nights, accordingly, when the moon is veiled, plants receive no injury by the radiation of their heat; while, on cloudless nights, when the moon is vivid and unveiled, plants are injured. The moon falsely bears the blame, whereas, in reality, she is only a sign of that condition of the atmosphere which is justly chargeable with the injury. There is another equally erroneous aphorism respecting the influence of the moon on vegetables. Almost all European gardeners and agriculturists hold that vegetables, plants, and trees, which are expected to thrive, should be planted, grafted, and pruned, during the *increase of the moon*. One supporter of this theory has thus attempted to prove its accordance with physical principles: 'During the day, the solar heat augments the quantity of sap which circulates in plants, by increasing the magnitude of the tubes through which the sap moves; while the cold of the night produces the opposite effect, by contracting these tubes. Now, at the moment of sunset, if the moon be increasing, it will be above the horizon, and the *warmth* of its light would prolong the circulation of the sap; but, during its decline, it will not rise for a considerable time after sunset, and the plants will be suddenly exposed to the unmitigated cold of the night, by which a sudden contraction of leaves and tubes will be produced, and the circulation of the sap as suddenly obstructed.' This is the best reasoning which can be adduced by its supporters in favour of this doctrine, and, unfortunately for them, the whole can be very simply shewn to be based on error—though no matter of moonshine. 'If we admit,' says the writer in the *Monthly Chronicle*, 'the lunar rays to possess any *sensible calorific power*, this reasoning might be allowed, *but it will have very little force when it is considered*

that the extreme change of temperature which can be produced by the lunar light does not amount to the ten-thousandth part of a degree of the thermometer. But, in truth, argumentation is not required to overturn this fallacy. It is enough that experiment decisively shews, that no appreciable difference can be observed in the qualities of vegetables planted at different times in the lunar month. Pliny's prescription of the full moon as the time for bean-sowing, and of the new moon as the season for putting lentils in the earth, excites a smile in M. Arago. 'Truly, we have need,' says he, 'of robust faith to admit, without proof, that the moon, at the distance of 240,000 miles, shall in one position advantageously on the vegetation of beans, and there at the same distance, and in the opposite position, shall be propitious to lentils.' It is strange how long these and other fallacies relative to the supposed influence of the moon on vegetables, have held a place among the practical and everyday aphorisms of mankind without being supported even by the shadow of a firm argument!

'It is a prevalent notion in some parts of Europe, that the moon's light is attended with the effect of *darkening the complexion*.' Here, again, the 'silver regent of the sky' gets the repute of effecting changes which seem to be more properly attributable to other causes. The sun's rays have, it is well known, a striking effect on the colour of many objects, but the moon's rays appear to possess but little of the same power. The white complexion of silver becomes a deep black when laid in the shade, while the moon's rays do not affect it in the least. These and other circumstances, lead us to doubt the moon's power in blackening the skin. M. Arago thinks it is improbable, that the radiation of unrestored heat from the skin may tend to darken its hue when exposed to the air on a clear cold night. Bivouacking by night in the open air soon deepens the tint of the human face. But here it is not the moon that acts, although the same cause will operate often when the moon is unveiled.

ouds, as in the case of the vegetables already adverted . A clear moonless night will have the same effect as clear night with a visible moon.

There is a prevailing notion amongst butchers, in some parts of the world, that the marrow found in the bones of animals varies in quantity according to the phase of the moon in which they were slaughtered. Experiments, instituted for the purpose, have proved this belief to be without foundation, and this is the only mode of refutation which the subject will admit of. The same answer may be given to the assertions, that shell-fish become rger during the increase than during the decline of the moon, and that a healthy man gains two poundweights at the beginning of every lunar month, which he loses ere it end. Experiment disproves both. Another common error is, that *putrefaction* is forwarded by the light of the moon. This is another instance—if the fact really be as stated—of the substitution of the moon for the clear sky, which permits the moon to be visible. It is in clear nights that dew is deposited, and humidity has a tendency to accelerate putrefaction.

Passing over several minor instances, noticed by our authority, of supposed lunar influence, we come to that opinion which has given origin to the word *lunatic*, as applied to insane persons. From a very early period, human diseases, generally, were held to be deeply connected with the planetary bodies. The critical seasons of almost all maladies were conceived by Hippocrates and Galen to be affected by the moon's phases. All cases of this kind, however, have now been banished from medicine, excepting as regards insanity, and nervous and brain diseases in general. There still are persons, and even physicians, who maintain that the paroxysms of insane persons are more violent when the moon is full than at other times. Those who support this opinion refer to numbers of recorded cases in proof of it. Lunar eclipses, in particular, are referred to as having been frequently instrumental in exciting maniacs to tragous paroxysms, as well as in causing death.

both to persons in this unfortunate state, and to others. Mathiolus Faber writes of a maniac, who, at the moment of a lunar eclipse, became furious, seized a sword, and fell upon all around. In 1693, an Italian physician found a great number of deaths to occur on the occasion of an eclipse, during the prevalence of a fever. But an eclipse, it must be remembered, was a source of profound terror in those days, and it is certain that it has now no such effects. A careful examination of cases of mental aberration will, in all likelihood, lead to a similar conviction—that the moon has really nothing whatever to do with insanity, or any other disorders of the brain.

JOHN FITCH.

THE following account of a new candidate for the honour of discovering steam navigation, is given in Hall's *Notes on the Western States of America*, published some years ago :—

‘In 1785, John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, conceived the design of propelling a boat by steam. He was both poor and illiterate, and many difficulties occurred to frustrate every attempt which he made to try the practicability of his invention. He applied to Congress for assistance, but was refused ; and then offered his invention to the Spanish government, to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi, but without any better success. At length a company was formed, and funds subscribed, for the building of a steam-boat, and in the year 1788 his vessel was launched on the Delaware. Many crowded to see and ridicule the novel, and, as they supposed, the chimerical experiment. It soon became known that the idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr Fitch, but instead of them, oars were used, which worked in frames. He was confident of success ; and when —

boat was ready for the trial, she started off in good style for Burlington. Those who had sneered began to stare, and they who had smiled in derision, looked grave. Away went the boat, and the happy inventor triumphed over the scepticism of an unbelieving public. The boat performed her trip to Burlington, a distance of twenty miles: but, unfortunately, burst her boiler in rounding to the wharf at that place, and the next tide floated her back to the city. Fitch persevered, and with great difficulty procured another boiler. After some time, the boat performed another trip to Burlington and Trenton, and returned in the same day. She is said to have moved at the rate of eight miles an hour; but something was continually breaking, and the unhappy projector only conquered one difficulty to encounter another. Perhaps this was not owing to any defect in his plans, but to the low state of the arts at that time, and the difficulty of getting such complex machinery made with proper exactness. Fitch became embarrassed with debt, and was obliged to abandon the invention, after having satisfied himself of its practicability. This ingenious man, who was probably the first inventor of the steam-boat, wrote three volumes, which he deposited in manuscript, sealed up, in the Philadelphia Library, to be opened thirty years after his death. When or why he came to the West, we have not learned; but it is recorded of him, that he died and was buried near the Ohio. His three volumes were opened about five years ago, and were found to contain his speculations on mechanics. He details his embarrassments and disappointments with a feeling which shews how ardently he desired success, and which wins for him the sympathy of those who have heart enough to mourn over the blighted prospects of genius. He confidently predicts the future success of the plan, which, in his hands, failed only for the want of pecuniary means. He prophesies that, in less than a century, we shall see our western rivers swarming with steam-boats; and expresses a wish *to be buried on the shores of the Ohio, where the song*

of the boatmen may enliven the stillness of his rest place, and the music of the steam-engine soothe his spirit. What an idea! Yet how natural to the mind of an ardent projector, whose whole life had been devoted to one darling object, which it was not his destiny to accomplish! And how touching is the sentiment found in one of his journals: "the day will come when a more powerful man will get fame and riches from invention; but nobody will believe that *poor John F* can do anything worthy of attention."

VISIT TO THE CAVE OF CASTLETON

DERBYSHIRE.*

I HAD travelled 170 miles from London, when, on ascending the highest eminence which lay before me, I at once obtained a view of a charming valley completely enclosed by mountains, and intersected by rivers and brooks. In this valley lay Castleton, a small village consisting of mean-looking houses, and which derived its name from an old castle, the ruins of which are still to be seen. A narrow path winds down the side of the mountain into the valley and through the town, where I quickly swallowed a refreshment, and continued my journey to the cave. A small brook, which flows through Castleton, guided me to the entrance. Here I sat gazing awhile in wonder and astonishment at the enormous masses of steep rock which rose before me, overgrown on both sides with green shrubs, and crowned at the top with the shattered walls and towers of an ancient stronghold that once stood there, while at the bottom yawned the immense opening of the cavern. As I sat rapt in admiration at the scene, I observed a person of rather rough and wild aspect standing in the gloom

* By K. P. Moritz, a German author of celebrity.

mouth of the cave. In a voice which in harshness corresponded with his uncouth appearance, he asked me if I wished to see it. I answered in the affirmative, and he forthwith told me to follow him boldly, and we stepped together into the cave. On the left-hand side of the entrance lay a huge trunk of a tree, near which the boys of the village were playing. The descent was somewhat steep, so that the broad day which seemed streaming through the entrance was gradually lost in twilight. After proceeding forward a few paces, what was my surprise on perceiving all at once on my right, under the immense vault of the cave, a whole subterranean village, where the inhabitants, it being Sunday, were enjoying an interval of repose, and sat with their children before the doors of their lowly dwellings, apparently cheerful and happy. Immediately on passing these abodes, I saw here and there a number of large wheels, with which on working-days the subterranean inhabitants manufactured ropes and cordage.

As we descended deeper down, the opening by which the light of day entered appeared to grow smaller and smaller, and the darkness to increase almost with every step we took, until at length only a few rays seemed to dart through a little aperture, and which coloured the thin cloud of vapour that rose curling through the twilight to the vaulted roof of the cavern.

At last we arrived at a door where the high vault of rocks closed upon us, and here an old woman presented us with a couple of lights, each of us taking one in his hand. My guide now opened the door, which totally excluded the faint twilight that yet remained, and conducted me into this temple of Night, whose vestibule alone I had yet traversed. The roof here was so low, that for some paces we were under the necessity of stooping our bodies to be able to pass. But how great was my astonishment on reaching the opposite extremity of this strait, to see, as far as our lights permitted us, the vault expand into a length, height, and breadth, so *amazing as to make the first huge cavern through which*

we had come appear of no consideration. After w for a whole hour over a flat sandy soil, as if ben black midnight sky, so lofty was the roof and s the darkness, the rocks again began by degrees to c in height, and we found ourselves suddenly on the r of a tolerably broad river, which, with the gl of our lights, threw back a remarkable reflect the surrounding gloom. To the bank of the there was fastened a small boat, in which some was lying; and my guide told me to step into stretch myself out in the bottom, because in the of the river the impending rocks approach very the edge of the water. After I had done so, he s into the stream, which reached above his middl drew the boat after him. The solemn stillness of reigned around us, and as we advanced, the rock a dark gray cloud, sunk deeper and deeper, till they almost touched my face, and I was scarcel to hold the light from my breast. In this position as in a coffin, not daring to move, until the fr strait was passed, and the rocky roof of the cave swelled upwards on the opposite shore, where safely set down by my conductor.

Our way was now all at once broad and hig then, as suddenly, again it became low and n As we passed, we observed on each side of us a mu of petrified plants and animals, some of large size, smaller, but which, from want of time, we could n to examine. We now arrived at a second rive however, so broad as the first, for we were a discern the opposite shore; and there being no boat here, my guide carried me across on his sho Proceeding onwards a few steps, we came to a narrow stream of water, which extended long before us, and led the way to the extremity cavern. The road which wound along this rivul wet and slippery, and sometimes so narrow, th scarcely could get one foot placed before another. withstanding the difficulties which I had to so

I with pleasure continued my journey along the subterranean shore, delighted with the appearance of the wonderful objects which surrounded me in this realm of darkness and shadows, until my attention was suddenly arrested by sounds resembling music heard from a distance, which broke the silence of this dreary solitude.

Struck with astonishment, I came to an instant halt, and asked my guide what was the meaning of this. 'You will soon see,' was his reply.

But as we went on, the melodious tones died away; the noise became fainter and fainter, and was lost at last in a gentle drizzle, as if caused by drops of rain falling from the roof. How great was my surprise to find this was really the case, and that, from the rocks above, as from a dense cloud, an everlasting shower of rain descended, the drops of which, now glittering in the light of our torches, had, by their fall on the floor, caused the melodious sounds which we heard! The phenomenon is occasioned by a muddy brook, which searches down through the veins of the rocks above, and drips into the vault as from a huge filter.

We dared not approach too near, lest the falling drops should extinguish our lights, and then, perhaps, we might in vain have attempted to explore our way back. We continued our course along the margin of the narrow stream, and, in passing, I observed a number of wide openings in the walls of rock which rose on each side of me. They seemed the entrances to new caverns, but I proceeded without stopping, till told by my conductor to prepare for one of the most splendid appearances of the cave, and which was just at hand. Scarcely had I gone on half-a-dozen of steps, when I was ushered into a majestic temple, consisting of magnificent arches resting upon beautifully formed pillars—all so delicately moulded, that they seemed the handiwork of an accomplished architect, rather than the fortuitous productions of nature. This subterranean temple, whereon no human hand had been laid, appeared to me at the moment

brook, which here made a semicircular bend. It was thus closed as with a door of adamant barring all further progress to human foot. My conductor sprang into the water, and I to the rocks, and also down for some feet, in purpose of shewing me that it was impossible any further, unless we could blast the rocks with powder, and perhaps open up a second cave. It was now my belief that our next way would be again; but I was destined to encounter greater and to behold lovelier scenes, than any which I hitherto met with.

Turning himself round, my conductor led me through an opening in the wall of rock on the left, and I followed him. He now inquired if I had any objections to creeping a tolerable distance beneath the rocks, which brooded so low as almost to touch the ground, and telling him I had not, he bade me take care of my light, and faithfully follow him. Our bodies, we commenced our journey on all-wet sand, and through openings of rocks scarcely enough to allow our bodies to pass. After this irksome part of our travel, and assuming,

rose to such a height, at the same time looking down into such a frightful chasm on either side, that my head yet grows giddy when I think upon the scene.

At length we reached the summit, where, having been pointed out a *securus* place to stand upon, my conductor told me to remain without stirring, and then, descending the hill, left me alone to meditate on my situation. I lost sight of him for a considerable time: at last I perceived not him, but his light, shining like a beautiful star far down in the depths of the abyss. The view was splendid, indeed indescribably so; and after allowing me to enjoy it a sufficient length of time, my guide returned, and taking me on his shoulders, I was safely landed on the spot from which the ascent was begun. But a still more surprising sight awaited me. Leaving me standing where I was, he again ascended the hill, and placing his light in such a manner as to make it shine through a small opening of the rocks—while at the same time I concealed my own light with my hand—it seemed as if at darkest midnight a star were gleaming through a thick cloud: it was a sight which, in loveliness, far surpassed anything that I had seen. We had now reached the limits of our subterranean journey, and with much trouble and difficulty we retraced our steps to the world above us. Again we entered the solemn temple which we had so lately left; heard anew the rain-drops gently drizzling near us; listened to the melodious sounds which they produced at a distance; recrossed the streams which flowed on so noiselessly; and passed along the vast hall of the cavern to the narrow door where we had taken leave of the light of day, and which I again longed to hail after my sojourn in this realm of darkness. But before my guide opened the little door, he bade me prepare for yet another sight, which he said would excel in beauty all the former views. I found that he was right; for on opening the door only half, I felt, not dreamingly, but in reality, as if I had obtained a glimpse of Elysium—*so wonderfully beautiful did every object appear in*

the refreshing twilight which dawned upon the gloom. Day gradually broke upon me, clearer and clearer, and night and darkness vanished in proportion. Far in the distance, I first saw the smoke of the cottages, and then the cottages themselves. Still higher up, the boys, yet at their play around the large tree, came into view; then I beheld the purple streaks which ran along the evening sky beaming through the opening of the cavern, and, just as we reached its mouth, the sun disappeared below the western horizon. I had thus spent nearly half a day in the cavern; and when I began to examine myself a little attentively, I found that, in regard to attire, I bore a tolerable resemblance to my guide, whose dilapidated dress had attracted my notice when we first met. My shoes, too, scarcely held together on my feet, so much had they been torn and destroyed by my walk over moist sand and hard sharp-pointed stones.

THE VALLEY OF POISON IN JAVA.

ALL the world has heard of the celebrated poison-tree of the island of Java, with a fabulous account of the existence of which Europe was first imposed upon by one Foersch, a Dutch physician. A translation of his romance, as it ought to be called, originally appeared in the *London Magazine* for 1783-4, and from its extravagant nature, its susceptibility of poetical embellishment, and its alliance with the cruelties of a despotic government, it at once obtained equal currency with the wonders of the Lerna hydra, the Gorgons, the Chimera, or any other of the classic fictions of antiquity. Darwin the poet found it admirably adapted to his purpose in composing his poem called the *Botanic Garden*, in which the vegetable kingdom is personified under various forms, and endowed with human feelings and passions. It was

well be believed, that the upas-tree would be represented in no very amiable light; accordingly, as a malignant demon, like the evil spirit amongst maukind, it is assigned the appropriate form of a serpent :—

‘Fierce in dread silence on the blasted heath,
Fell upas sits, the hydra-tree of death.
Lo! from one root, the envenomed soil below,
A thousand vegetative serpents grow;
In shining rays the scaly monster spreads
O’er ten square leagues his far diverging heads :
Or in one trunk entwists his tangled form,
Looks o’er the clouds, and hisses in the storm !
Steeped in fell poison, as his sharp teeth part,
A thousand tongues in quick vibration dart ;
Snatch the proud eagle towering o’er the heath,
Or pounce the lion as he stalks beneath ;
Or strew, as marshalled hosts contend in vain,
With human skeletons the whitened plain !’

Admitting the existence of such a dreadful plant as the upas, the above personification—notwithstanding the pomposity and grandiloquence of the style—is by no means bad; but now, when we know that such a tree never had existence, except in the brain of Foersch—who would have looked for such grave mendacity in a Dutchman!—one can scarcely forbear smiling on reading the passage.

But although the island of Java is no longer invested with imaginary terrors on account of the deadly upas, there, nevertheless, exists in its interior a place equally fatal to animal life—indeed, in this respect it is the most extraordinary spot in the whole world. It is called the *Guevo Upas*, or Valley of Poison or of Death—a most appropriate name—in short, it may be called a great natural sepulchre, where no bird can alight, nor beast stray, nor human being set foot, and live. Dr Horsfield has the following notice of this fearful Golgotha :—‘The Guevo Upas is dreaded by the natives, and, according to their account, resembles the Grotta del Cane, near Naples; but they could not be prevailed on to conduct me to this opening.’ In 1830, however, Mr Alexander Loudon succeeded in inducing some of

the natives to conduct him to the valley in and an account of his visit first appeared in *the Royal Geographical Society*, in a letter to Dr Horsfield. Whilst at Batur, on the 3 of the above year, he was informed by one of chiefs, that there was a 'valley only three n Batur, which no person could approach without his life, and that the skeletons of human be all sorts of birds and beasts, covered the bott valley. At this time I did not credit all that the chief told me: I knew that there was a lake of one of the hills which it was dangerous to too near, but I had never heard of this valley o

On the following day, Mr Loudon set out in with a friend and some natives, taking with dogs and some fowls, to make experiments. 'O at the foot of the mountain, we left our h scrambled up the side of a hill, full a quarter holding on by the extended roots and branche and we were a good deal fatigued before w the path being very steep and slippery, from rains during the night. When within a few the valley, we experienced a strong, nauseous, and suffocating smell; but on coming close to the smell ceased. We were now lost in ast at the awful scene below us; the valley was a mile in circumference, oval, the depth fr to thirty-five feet, the bottom quite flat, no a few large (in appearance) river-stones, and covered with the skeletons of human beings, ti deer, peacocks, and a great variety of birds a We could not perceive any vapour or openi ground, which appeared to be of a hard sandy The sides of the valley, from the top to the bot covered with vegetation, trees, shrubs, &c. It proposed by one of the party to enter the v at the spot where we were, this was difficul for me, as a false step would have been fat assistance could be given. We lighted our

with the assistance of a bamboo, we descended to within eighteen feet of the bottom ; here we did not experience any difficulty in breathing, but felt a sickening, nauseous smell. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo eighteen feet long, and sent in ; we had our watches in our hands, and in fourteen seconds he fell on his back : he did not move his limbs or look round, but continued to breathe eighteen minutes. We then sent in another, or rather he got loose from the bamboo, and walked in to where the other dog was lying ; he then stood quite still, and in ten seconds fell on his face, and never moved his limbs afterwards, though he continued to breathe for seven minutes. We then tried a fowl, which died in a minute and a half ; we threw in another, which died before touching the ground. On the opposite side of the valley is a large stone, near which is the skeleton of a human being, who must have perished on his back with his right arm under his head ; from being exposed to the weather, the bones were bleached as white as ivory. I was anxious to get this skeleton, but I soon found that any attempt to get at it would have been madness.' After remaining two hours in this valley of death, Mr Loudon and his companions returned to Batur. 'The human skeletons,' he observes, 'are supposed to have been rebels, who had been pursued from the main road, and had taken refuge in the difficult valleys. And a wanderer cannot know his danger till he is in the valley ; and when once there, he has not the power or presence of mind to return.'

We are further told, that there is not the least smell of sulphur, nor any appearance of an eruption ever having taken place near it, although the entire range is volcanic, there being two craters at no great distance which constantly emit smoke. Indeed, the whole island is volcanic, and numerous eruptions have occurred in it. It is the opinion of Sir Stamford Raffles, that the face of the country has been repeatedly changed by these convulsions, and history and tradition support the opinion.

This being the case, we are to look to volcanic agency for an explanation of the cause of this remarkable phenomenon. But first let us briefly advert to some phenomena of the same nature, but on a much more limited scale, which occur near Naples.

The Grotta del Cane, or Dogs' Cave, is the most remarkable of the many grottos around Naples which are mentioned by Pliny. It is hollowed out of a sandy soil, to the depth of ten feet and the breadth of four. A light vapour is always seen rising to the height of about six inches, but no smell is emitted, except that which is generally connected with a subterranean passage. Dogs are generally the subjects of experiment with this vapour, but its effects are the same on all animals. At first, they struggle considerably, but lose all motion in two minutes, and would immediately die if not withdrawn into the open air. It is known to be the presence of carbonic acid gas which produces death merely by suffocation. This grotto has lost much of its celebrity since several volcanic caverns emitting carbonic acid have been discovered in other countries. We may, for instance, mention the still more remarkable and deadly Cave of Secundereah, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, but prefer quoting an account of another nearer home. Mr Hamilton, British envoy at the court of Naples in 1825, has given a circumstantial and admirable description of the 'Lago di Amsancto'—the *Amsancti Valles* of Virgil—in the province of Principato Ultra, in the kingdom of Naples; and from his account, which is brought forward in illustration of Mr Loudon's communication regarding the Valley of Death in Java, we extract a few facts. The description is exceedingly interesting in itself, and valuable as throwing some light on the fearful phenomenon of Java. The lake is situated about a mile and a half from Rocca St Felici, at the mouth of a valley, and close under a steep shelving bank of decomposed limestone, which bears ample evidence of having been acted upon by sulphureous acid gas. It is of a rhomboidal shape, being in its smallest

dimension about twenty paces in length, and not more than thirty in its longest dimension. The water continually bubbles up over a large portion of the surface, with an explosion resembling distant thunder, though not reaching to the height of more than two feet. The water is of a dark ash colour; indeed, it may almost be called black, which is the effect of its mixture with earth blackened by the effect of the sulphureous acid gas. On one side of the lake is also a constant and rapid stream of the same blackish water rushing into it from under this barren rocky hill, but the fall is not more than a few feet. A little above are apertures in the ground, through which warm blasts of sulphuretted hydrogen gas are continually issuing with more or less noise, according as the opening is large or small. 'On the opposite side of this small lake is another but smaller pool of water, on the surface of which are continually floating, in rapid undulations, thick masses of carbonic acid gas, which are visible 100 yards off. This pool is called the Coccoia, or Caldron, as having the appearance of being perpetually boiling.' The larger lake bears the appellation Mephite.

The vapours arising from these waters are at times fatal, particularly when they are borne in a high wind in one direction. 'In calm weather,' says Mr Hamilton, 'as was the case while we were there, the danger is much less, as the carbonic acid gas will not, in its natural state, rise more than two or three feet from the ground, so that we could walk all round the lake and caldron, and even step over some parts of it; but it was necessary to take care not to slip, so as to fall, as a very short time, with our faces too near the ground, would have sufficed to fix us to the spot. As it was, I had much difficulty in filling a small bottle with the water from the lake, as I was obliged to hold my head up high while I bent down; nor could I stoop low enough to place an insect on the ground, on which I wished to try the experiment how long it could live on it; but we saw the dead bodies of many strewed upon the ground all round the lake.

They say birds, too, sometimes fall down dead either into the lake, or on the banks, and strayed sheep are frequently killed by the vapour.' The gaseous products of these lakes, as ascertained by proficient chemists, are—1. Carbonic acid gas; 2. Sulphuretted hydrogen gas; 3. Sulphureous acid gas; and, 4. Carburetted hydrogen gas. About 150 yards from the lake, is a small stream of running water, in which, for the space of about ten yards, is a place called 'The Vado Mortale,' where is also a bubbling of carbonic acid gas, with a mixture of sulphureous acid gas in the stream itself. There are some other places besides those mentioned, where carbonic acid is constantly escaping; from all which we may draw the conclusion, that this is a very dangerous neighbourhood. One circumstance remains to be stated regarding the lake—namely, that with a constant stream rushing into it, and perhaps a supply from below, with the rising gas, there is no apparent exit, except when it overflows during the season of rain. But this is by no means singular, as all acquainted with physical geography know full well.

Mr Loudon offers no opinion as to what causes death in the Valley of Poison which he describes. But we have little hesitation in saying, that it is carbonic acid gas, which, escaping through some fissures in the ground, collects in a large body at the bottom of the valley; carbonic acid being much heavier than common air, settles near the surface of the earth, as we find in the case of the Neapolitan lakes. This gas, probably mixed with other gases, as in the instances referred to, is in all likelihood set free by volcanic action going on under ground, but with an intensity less than that which produces an eruption. This is supposed to be the case at Naples; for although there is no appearance of volcanic products in the surrounding district, yet all the world knows that this is a volcanic country. Vesuvius is close at hand, and, as is well known, is in a state of frequent activity. Some parts of Java are in a state of almost constant volcanic activity, there being several

hot wells, mud volcanoes, and places where vapour is constantly emitted. One of these mud and vapour volcanoes has been well described by Dr Horsfield in his account of Java; and as its attendant phenomena bear a considerable resemblance to those exhibited by the lake Amsanctus, we make an extract from his description. 'About the centre of this limestone district, is found an extraordinary volcanic phenomenon. On approaching it from a distance, it is first discovered by a large volume of smoke rising and disappearing at intervals of a few seconds, resembling the vapours arising from a violent surf. A dull noise is heard, like that of distant thunder. Having advanced so near that the vision was no longer impeded by the smoke, a large hemispherical mass was observed, consisting of black earth, mixed with water, about sixteen feet in diameter, rising to the height of twenty or thirty feet, in a perfectly regular manner, and, as it were, pushed up by a force beneath; which suddenly exploded with a dull noise, and scattered about a volume of black mud in every direction. After an interval of two or three, or sometimes four or five seconds, the hemispherical body of mud or earth rose and exploded again. In the same manner, this volcanic ebullition goes on without interruption, throwing up a globular body of mud, and dispersing it with violence through the neighbouring plain.' Further on, we are told that 'a strong, pungent, sulphurous smell, somewhat resembling that of earth-oil, is perceived on standing near the explosion; and the mud recently thrown up possesses a degree of heat greater than that of the surrounding atmosphere. It owes its origin to the general cause of the numerous volcanic eruptions which occur on the island.'

We must briefly advert to the coincidences between the two phenomena. They both occur in districts where *lime* is present, it would appear, in abundance, in combination both with carbonic acid and with sulphuric acid. By internal heat these are disengaged from the lime with which they are combined, and of course seek a vent,

and rise to the surface of the ground. Sulphuretted and carburetted hydrogen are gases often formed in the bowels of the earth by the agency of heat, in connection with other causes, and emitted in certain localities. They make their escape at the Lago di Amsancto, and in all probability at the mud volcanoes of Java. But this is an immaterial point. Whether carbonic acid gas be present in the Java case, we know not, as Dr Horsfield is silent upon the subject: he does not appear to have made any experiments with animals, so that the evidence is negative. It *may* be present, as in the Neapolitan instance, and very likely it is so. In both cases, the vapours make their escape with a noise resembling 'distant thunder'—such is the descriptive phrase employed by both writers. The water of the one, and the mud of the other, are coloured black by the action of sulphureous acid gas upon the earthy matter. This is the only one of the gases mentioned which is visible to the eye as a vapour; carbonic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen and carburetted hydrogen gases, being all colourless, so that Mr Hamilton is in error when he says, that the undulating masses which are visible at some hundred yards' distance are carbonic acid. The vapour is certainly sulphureous acid gas, but having the others mixed with it of course. Dr Horsfield expressly states, that when standing 'near the explosion' he felt a 'strong, pungent, *sulphureous* smell.' Did our limits permit, we might point out other coincidences, but we have shewn enough to warrant the conclusion, that the phenomena are of the same description, and produced by the same cause.

There being no vapour seen in the Valley of Poison, is neither for nor against the supposition that carbonic acid is the cause of death to animals, because it is a colourless gas, and may be present in great quantity without being visible. Our object in bringing forward the case of the mud volcano, is to prove that at least one of the gases discharged from the Neapolitan lake is also emitted by it; and that, as in the first instance, the

same cause likewise sets free carbonic acid, so in the second it may do the same, although the latter gas issues in another locality, and unaccompanied by visible vapour. There is no necessity for the contemporaneous existence of *all* the gases in either instance; and the one which appears in the shape of smoke—namely, sulphureous acid gas—may therefore be absent in the case of the Valley of Death.

Lastly, we may observe, that carbonic acid is the gas which is so destructive to the lives of those shut up with burning charcoal, and which is also found in brewers' vats, in cellars, wells, drains, graves, and other places which have been long unopened, and into which it may prove fatal to descend until they are ventilated. Carbonic acid in a more harmless shape gives its effervescing quality to the humble beverage, soda water. Thus by a coincidence, by no means singular in nature, does the same gas afford a mortal poison and a luxurious refreshment. It has been reduced to a solid state in a very ingenious manner by Mr T. K. Kemp, chemist in Edinburgh. It is not, therefore, at all unlikely that in this condensed form carbonic acid may yet prove very useful in the arts and in medicine.

TO THE CUCKOO.

BY MICHAEL BRUCE.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood!

Attendant on the spring;
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
*Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?*

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is filled with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering in the wood
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

A CARD-PARTY.

It is related of Madame du Deffan, that three of her friends brought a card-table to her bed-side at her request, in her last illness, she taking a hand. As she happened to die in the midst of an interesting game, her partner played dummy for her, and thus the three quietly played it out, and settled the stakes before they called the servants to notify them of the very important demise of their mistress. Shocking as is this incident, it is trivial in comparison with one that is said to have occurred at Albany many years since. There was at that time a low-eaved, peak-roofed, stone-built inn,

situated in the upper part of the city, known as the 'Colonie;' a place much frequented by Schenectady teamsters and Mohawk boatmen, before the completion of Clinton's grand canal had caused that dissipated mongrel race to be superseded in their vocation. At this inn one day, a man by the name of Derrick Helfenstein, but better known as 'Dirk Hell of German Flats,' had been seized with convulsions amid a drunken frolic, and expired during the fit, with his limbs all twisted and knotted together by the fierce muscular action incident to his disease. In Albany, at that time, the Dutch custom of several friends of the deceased remaining all night in the same room with the body, and keeping their vigil until the moment of interment, was always strictly observed; coffee, and mulled wine, with *dote*, or dead-cakes, and other refreshments, being generally provided by the nearest relatives to cheer the gloomy duty of the watchers. Dirk Hell—or Helldirk, as he was quite as often called—though a wretched vagabond, had still some whom he called friends among the rockless and gambling crew with whom he chiefly associated; and as the landlord of the inn where he died could not well refuse the customary refreshment of liquor upon an occasion like this, three idle hangers-on of the establishment readily consented to honour the obsequies of Dirk by the usual vigil. The dead man, in the meantime, was duly laid out; but the distorted shape which his body had assumed in the death agony, made it necessary to use great force in straightening out the corpse, and recourse was had to cords to bind down his limbs to the decent form it was desirable they should assume. This disagreeable task being accomplished, the three friends of the gambler, when night came on, took possession of the apartment where he was laid out. With characteristic recklessness, they had brought a pack of cards into the chamber of death, and after taking a glass of liquor all round, and drinking the memory of their comrade, with some unfeeling allusion to his sudden fate, the three profligates sat down to a game of cards upon the foot of his bed.

Four hands were then dealt ; that of 'dummy' falling almost upon the feet of the corpse, and the other three upon the opposite sides and extreme end of the bed around which the players were thus arranged. The game proceeded apparently to the satisfaction of all parties ; each of them by turns playing the hand of dummy, until drinking and gambling had carried them deep into the middle watches of the night. Some slight dispute, however, now occurred as to who should play the next dummy. Words waxed high, and the two opposite players both attempted to seize upon the vacant hand at the same time, while the third, impatient at the contention, exclaimed : ' I wish that Helldirk would spring up, and take the cards from both of you ! ' The wretch had hardly uttered the wish, before the cords which bound the corpse gave way with a sharp cracking noise—the struggle about the feet having probably disarranged them—and the distorted body, released from its ligatures, bounded forward in resuming the form under which life had left it, and seated itself upon its haunches, with knees drawn up to its chin, arms akimbo, and hideously distended jaws, in the midst of the appalled and disconcerted trio. The three worthies were said never to have played a game of cards afterwards.

THE BROOCH OF LORN.

' Whence the brooch of burning gold,
That clasps the chieftain's mantle-fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,
On the varied tartan beaming,
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the morning-star.'

Lord of the Isles, canto ii.

In these lines Scott makes allusion to a jewelled brooch worn by the heroic King Robert Bruce, as a means of

keeping together the folds of his plaid or mantle, and which still exists in the possession of the chief of one of the Highland clan families. As this bijou has gone through some rather remarkable adventures, a short history of it, which we derive from the best and in part from original sources, may be interesting to our readers.

The brooch, we must premise, is an article essential to the dress once worn by both sexes in the Highlands. Brooches were used by all ranks in that country, and were of all degrees of plainness and elegance, from the simple ring with a tongue across it, up to the massive silver-plate of complicated mechanism, and glittering with precious stones. A Highland bridegroom gave his bride, not a ring but a brooch, usually with some affectionate inscription upon it; and as the same article sometimes served several generations of one family, it was apt to become invested with many endearing associations. A friend of the writer has seen one inscribed with the names of five successive couples of one family, of whose matrimonial union it had been the outward symbol. Sometimes a still more sacred feeling was connected with the brooch, and it was considered as a sort of amulet, possessing a power to charm away disease. Pennant, in his *Tour of 1769*, gives a drawing of a beautifully jewelled one, belonging to Campbell of Glenlyon, the reverse side of which contained the names of the three kings of Cologne, Caspar, Melchior, and Baltazar, with the word *consummatum*—a clear proof that it was a consecrated article, as it is well known that the names of these royal sages, written on slips of paper, or otherwise, were esteemed in the middle ages—and perhaps to this day in some parts of Europe—as preservatives against the falling-sickness.

The brooch to which the present paper more immediately refers, is represented by unvarying tradition in the Highlands as having been worn by Robert Bruce, king of Scotland. It is not of gold, as Scott, from misinform-

tion, erroneously represented it, but of silver, and composed of a circular plate, about four inches in diameter, having a tongue like that of a common buckle, on the under side. The upper side is magnificently ornamented. First, the margin rises a neatly-formed rim, with hollows in the edge at certain distances, like the embrasures of an embattled wall. From a circle within this rim project eight round tapering obelisks, about an inch and a quarter high, finely cut, and each studded at top with a river gem. Within this circle of obelisks there is a second rim ornamented with carved-work, and within which is a neat circular case, occupying the whole centre of the brooch, and slightly overtopping the obelisks. The exterior of this case, instead of forming a plain circle, projects into eight semi-cylinders, which relieve it of all appearance of heaviness. The upper part is likewise carved very elegantly, and in the centre there is a gem. This case may be taken off, and within there is a hollow which might have contained any small article upon which a particular value was set.

In the summer of 1306, Robert Bruce caused himself to be crowned at Scone, but almost immediately afterwards he was overthrown in battle by the troops of Edward I., which then occupied the country. With only a few gentlemen in his train, he was obliged to become a fugitive and vagabond in the country which he pretended to govern. On the 11th of August, as he was endeavouring to make his way across the Highlands, he ordered to take refuge in Ireland, he was encountered at a place now called Dalree, near Tyndrum, on the border of Argyleshire, by a powerful lord, named in the old writings 'Alexander of Argyle,' the ancestor of the Macdougals of Lorn. Alexander was one of those Hebridean and Argyleshire chiefs who at this time, more than a century after, deemed themselves independent of the king of Scotland. He was in alliance with the English monarch, and had further and more serious causes of hostility to King Robert, from his being married by marriage to John Cumyn, whom Bruce had

ain at Dumfries. A fierce combat ensued between
 ruce's party and the followers of the Lord of Argyle,
 ; related in the following terms by Barbour—the spelling
 ing modernised :—

‘ The king’s folk full weel them bare,
 And slew, and fellit, and wounded sair ;
 But the folk of the other party
 Faught with axes sae fellily,
 For they on foot were everilk ane,
 That they feil of their horse has slain.*
 And till some gave they wounds wide ;
 James of Douglas was hurt that tide,
 And also Sir Gilbert de la Hay.
 The king his men saw in affray,
 And his enseinzie ‘gan he cry ;
 And amang them right hardily
 He raid, that he them dushit all,
 And feil of them there garred he fall.
 But when he saw they were sae feill,
 And saw them sae great dints deal,
 He dred to tyne his folk.† Porthy,
 His men till him he ‘gan rely,
 And said : “ Lordings, folly it were
 Till us for till assemble mair,
 For they feil of our horse has slain ;
 And gif we fecht with them again,
 We sall tyne of our small menzie,‡
 And ourselves sall in peril be.
 Therefore methink maist awenand
 To withdraw us, us defendand,
 Till we come out of their danger,
 For our strength at our hand is near.”

Then they withdrew them hailly,§
 But that was not full cowardly,
 For them intill a sop held they,
 And the king him abandoned ay,
 To defend behind his menzie ;
 And through his worship sae wrought he,
 That he rescued all the fleéars,
 And stinted sae-gate the chasérs,||
 That nane durst out of battle chase,
 For always at their hand he was.
 Sae weel defended he his men,
 That whasaever had seen him then

* Have slain many of the horse.

† Dreaded to lose his people.

‡ Retinue.

§ Wholly.

|| Stopped in such a manner the pursuers.

Prove sae worthily vasselage,
 And turn sae oft-siths the visage,
 He suld say he aucht weel to be
 A king of a great royalty.'

The poet then states, that the Lord of Lorn him-
 self not help admiring the prowess of the king, w
 likened to Gaul, son of Morni, famous in Celt
 But the action was not yet concluded :

———' twa brothers were in that land,
 That were the hardiest of hand,
 That were intil all that countrie;
 And they have sworn, if they might see
 The Bruce, where they might him o'erta'
 That they should die, or there him slay.
 Their surname was *Alacindrosser*,
 That is, as mickle to say here
 As the *Durward's son* per fay.
 Of their covin * a third had they,
 That was right stout, ill, and feloun.
 When they the king of great renown
 Saw sae behind his menzie ride,
 And saw him turn sae mony-tide, †
 They abade till that he was
 Entered in ane narrow place
 Betwixt a loch-side and a brae,
 That was sae strait, I underta'.
 That he might not weel turn his steed;
 Then with a will till him they gaed;
 And ane him by the bridle hynt:
 But he raucht till him sic a dint,
 That arm and shoulder flew him frae,
 With that ane other 'gan him ta'
 By the leg, and his hand 'gan shoot
 Betwixt the stirrup and his foot;
 And when the king felt there his hand,
 In his stirrups stithly 'gan he stand,
 And strack with spurs the steed in hy, ‡
 And he launched forth deliverly;
 Sae that the tother failed feet,
 And not forthy his hand was yet
 Under the stirrup, maugre his.
 The third, with fall great hy, with this
 Right till the brae-side he gaed,
 And stert § behind him on his steed.
 The king was then in full great press;

*

*

*

* Company.

† So often.

‡ Haste.

§ Le

—syne him that behind him was,
 All maugre his will, him 'gan he rass *
 Frae behind him, though he had sworn,
 He laid him even him beforne,
 Syne with the sword sic dint he gave,
 That he the head to the harms clave.†
 He rushed down of blood all red,
 As he that stound fell off dead.
 And then the king in full great by,
 Strak at the other vigorously,
 Whom he after his stirrup drew,
 That at the first stralk he him slew.
 In this wise him delivered he
 Of all these felon faes three.'

The king and his party were now permitted to retire. It is said by tradition to have taken refuge that night in a cave at the head of the glen of Balquhiddier, which is now called from that circumstance *Craigree*, or the *Red Rock*. Another account states, that his shelter that night was a cave at *Craigrostan*, on *Lochlomond*—where his companions were a flock of goats; and as it is said, with his nocturnal associates, he afterwards made a law exempting all goats from tax or rent.

Scott's story makes no allusion to the brooch; but from the varying nature of the tradition, there can be no doubt that he lost that part of his habiliments on this occasion. The local story is, that in making his escape, as under the necessity of parting with his plaid, he brooch which fastened it. It is said that *Finlay Macdonald*, chief of the name, who headed his clan in the rebellion of the Lord of Lorn, came into personal conflict with the king. Throwing down his sword, he grappled with Bruce, and being a man of uncommon strength, as like to have the advantage, when the king, finding himself about to be overpowered, contrived to get the king by the waist, and with a sudden grasp of his Herculean antagonist. According to the latter narration, Alexander of Lorn was himself the man who entered into a personal struggle with

* *Rass*.

† Clove the head into the brain.

the king. He was thrown down, and would have been slain, had not three of his vassals, named M'Keoch, a father and two sons, come to his rescue, and dragged the king away by his mantle, which, with the brooch, remained in their grasp. In whatever way the brooch was gained, the uniform tradition represents it as continuing for centuries in the possession of the family of Alexander of Lorn, as a proud trophy of the victory gained by him at Tyndrum.

The ultimate ascendancy of Bruce proved ruinous to this great family, on the ruins of which rose the Campbells and other clans. In the seventeenth century, the Macdougalls, once styled of Argyle, afterwards of Lorn, but now of Dunolly, while boasting of a most distinguished ancestry, and the chiefs of their clan, possessed but a comparatively small estate. Dunolly Castle, which overlooks the sea near Oban, and Goalan Castle, in the neighbouring island of Kerrera, were their chief seats. In the civil war, the Macdougall of that day adhered to the royal cause, and suffered as much thereby as he had formerly done by opposing it. In 1647, he was besieged in Dunolly by a detachment of General Leslie's troops under Colonel Montgomery. From the impregnable nature of the situation, he was successful in holding out this strength; but Goalan Castle was taken, sacked, and burned. Campbell of Inveraw, who took part in the latter affair, secured the brooch of King Robert, or, as it was now commonly called, the *Brooch of Lorn*, which he took into his possession as fair spoil, though he did not think proper to make his good-fortune too well known, lest the Macdougall might have thought it necessary afterwards to attempt the recovery of the highly valued relic by force. Time rolled on; the Macdougall of the early part of the last century lost his lands in consequence of his embracing the cause of the Pretender in 1715; his son regained them in consequence of keeping loyal in 1745. Meanwhile, the brooch won at Dalree continued safe, amidst all the vicissitudes of the family fortunes.

in the strong chest at Inveraw. To the Macdougalls themselves it was not even known to exist.

At length, about forty years ago, this precious relic passed into the hands of a cadet of the Inveraw family, who, at a subsequent time, appointed it by testament to be sold, and the proceeds divided amongst his younger children. It was accordingly, about the year 1819, sent to Messrs Rundell and Bridge, in London, to be exposed for sale, the price put upon it being L.1000. The late King George IV., then Prince Regent, is said to have offered L.500 for the brooch, but without obtaining it; nor did any other customer appear who was willing to give the large price put upon it by the possessor. It must be understood that, when thus laid before the public, it was openly described as the *Brooch of Lorn*, originally the property of King Robert Bruce; yet the fact of its existence and exposure for sale did not become known to the representative of the Macdougall family, till after it had been withdrawn from the market. Ultimately, in the year 1825, the late amiable General Campbell of Lochnell, being anxious to bestow some mark of grateful regard on his esteemed friend and neighbour Macdougall, purchased the brooch, and caused it to be presented to that gentleman, by his chief the Duke of Argyle, at a social meeting of the landholders of the county. It thus, after an interval of more than a century and a half, found its way back to the family, who, next to King Robert and his heirs and representatives, were certainly its most rightful owners. It is at present kept with great care at Dunolly Castle.

[NOTE.—The Brooch of Lorn was shewn some years ago at a meeting of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, on which occasion the present writer had the gratification of seeing it. A representation of it in oil was taken at the expense of the society, and hung up in their hall in Edinburgh. Some other remarkable instances of trinkets recovered at great distances of time may here be adverted to. About the year 1690, a year after the battle of Killiecrankie, the Viscountess of Dundee, widow

of the Jacobite chief who fell in that action, paid a visit to Colzium, in Stirlingshire, a seat of the Kilsyth family. William Livingstone, afterwards Viscount of Kilsyth, and who subsequently married her, paid his first addresses to Lady Dundee on this occasion. As a pledge of his love, he presented her with a ring, which, unfortunately, she dropped next day in the garden—a circumstance regarded as extremely unlucky. To obviate evil forebodings, she offered a large reward for the recovery of the ring, but in vain. She married Lord Kilsyth, and, when he had to leave his country for his concern in the Rebellion of 1715, she accompanied him to Holland, where she and an infant son were soon after killed by the fall of a house. The public were greatly surprised when, in 1795, the bodies of this lady and her child were found in an embalmed and perfect state in the vault beneath the church of Kilsyth; but it was a still more remarkable circumstance, that, in the ensuing year, the lost ring was found by the tenant of the garden at Colzium, while digging for potatoes. It had then been lost for exactly 106 years. On the internal surface were the words, 'Zovrs onlly and Euer.' About 100 years ago, Mr Murray of Tofingall, in Caithness, while walking on the sea-beach, near his house, lost a massive gold ring, bearing his coat-armorial and initials. So anxious was he to recover it, that all his tenants were brought to the place to look for it; but they looked and searched in vain. A few years ago, a herd-boy, sauntering on the beach, found this ring under a rock, and restored it to the descendant of the original owner—Sir Peter Murray Threipland of Fingask, Baronet.]

RICHARD PARKER, THE MUTINEER.

IN the year 1797, when the threatening aspect of affairs abroad made the condition of her naval force a matter of vital consequence to Britain, several most alarming mutinies broke out among the various fleets stationed around the shores of the country. In April of the year mentioned, the seamen of the grand fleet lying at Portsmouth disowned the authority of their officers, seized upon the ships, and declared their determination not to lift an anchor, or obey any orders whatsoever, until certain grievances of which they complained were redressed. After some delay, satisfactory concessions were made to them by the government, and the men returned to their duty. But the spirit of insubordination had spread among other squadrons in the service; and about the middle of May, immediately after the Portsmouth fleet had sailed peacefully for the Bay of Biscay, the seamen of the large fleet lying at the Nore broke also out into open mutiny. The most prominent personage in this insurrection was an individual named Richard Parker, whose history it is our special object in this paper to lay before the reader.

Richard Parker was a native of Exeter, where he was born about the year 1765 or 1766. His father was a reputable tradesman, and kept a baker's shop at St Sidwell's, in the bounds of the city mentioned. Young Parker received an excellent education, and in the course of time went to sea, which he had chosen as the scene of his future career. He served for a considerable period in the royal navy as midshipman and master's mate, and at one period also, it is said, held the post of lieutenant. He appears to have given up the naval profession on his marriage with Miss Ann Machardy, a young lady resident in Exeter, but of Scottish origin, being a member of a respectable family in the county of Aberdeen. This

connection led Parker to remove to Scotland, where he embarked in some mercantile speculations that proved unsuccessful. The issue was, that he ere long found himself involved in difficulties, and without the means to maintain his wife and two children. In Edinburgh, where these embarrassments fell upon him, he had no friends to apply to, and, in a moment of desperation, he took the king's bounty, and became a common sailor on board a tender at Leith. When he communicated to his wife the step he had taken, she was in the greatest distress, and resolved to set off instantly for Aberdeen, in order to procure from her brother there the means of hiring two seamen as substitutes for her husband. Though successful in raising the necessary funds, no time was allowed her to complete her project. On her return from Aberdeen, she was only in time to see the tender sail for the Nore, with her husband on board. Her grief on this occasion was bitterly aggravated by the death of one of her children. Parker's sufferings were shown to be equally acute by his conduct when the vessel sailed. Exclaiming that he saw the body of his child floating on the waves, he leaped overboard, and was with difficulty rescued and restored to life.

It was in the beginning of May 1797 that Parker reached the Nore, or point of land dividing the mouths of the Thames and the Medway. Probably on account of his former experience and station as a seaman, he was drafted on board the *Sandwich*, which was the guard-ship, and bore the flag of Admiral Buckner, the port-admiral. The mutinous spirit which afterwards broke out certainly existed on board of the Nore squadron before Parker's arrival. Communications were kept up in secret between the various crews, and the mischief was gradually drawing to a head. But though he did not originate the feeling of insubordination, the ardent temper, boldness, and superior intelligence of Parker, soon became known to his comrades, and he became a prominent man among them. Their plans being at length matured, the seamen rose simultaneously against their officers, and deprived

them of their arms, as well as of all command in the ships, though behaving respectfully to them in all other respects. Each vessel was put under the government of a committee of twelve men, and, to represent the whole body of seamen, every man-of-war appointed two delegates, and each gun-boat one, to act for the common good. Of these delegates, Richard Parker was chosen president, and, in an unhappy hour for himself, he accepted of the office. This representative body drew up a list of grievances, of which they demanded the removal, offering to return immediately afterwards to their duty. It is unnecessary to specify these demands further, than that they related to increase of pay and provisions, a more equal division of prize-money, liberty to go on shore, proper payment of arrears, and other points of naval discipline. A committee of naval inquiry subsequently *granted* almost all that was demanded, thereby acknowledging the general justice of the complaints made. Parker signed these documents, and they were published over the whole kingdom with his name, as well as presented to Port-Admiral Buckner, through whom they were sent to government.

When these proceedings commenced, the mutineers were suffered to go on shore, and they paraded about Sheerness, where a part of the fleet lay, with music, flags—*red* in colour, the customary hue of insubordination—and other appendages of a triumphal procession. But on the 22d of May, troops were sent to Sheerness, to put a stop to this indulgence. Being thus confined to their ships, the mutineers, having come to no agreement with Admiral Buckner, began to take more decisive measures for extorting compliance with their demands, as well as for insuring their own safety. The vessels at Sheerness moved down to the Nore, and the combined force of the insurgents, which at its greatest height consisted of twenty-four sail, proceeded to block up the Thames, by refusing a free passage, up or down, to the London trade. Foreign vessels, and a few small craft, were suffered to go by, first receiving a passport, signed by Richard

Parker as president of the delegates. In a day or two, the mutineers had an immense number of vessels under detention. The mode in which they kept these was as follows:—The ships of war were ranged in a line, at considerable distances from each other, and in the interspaces were placed the merchant-vessels, having the broadsides of the men-of-war pointed to them. The appearance of the whole assemblage is described as having been at once grand and appalling. The red flag floated from the mast-head of every one of the mutineer ships. It may be well imagined that the alarm of the citizens of London was extreme. The government, however, though unable at the period to quell the insurgents by force, remained firm in their demand of 'unconditional submission as a necessary preliminary to any intercourse.' This, perhaps, was the very best line of conduct that could have been adopted. The seamen, to their great honour, never seemed to think of assuming an offensive attitude, and were thereby left in quiet, to meditate on the dangerous position in which they stood in hostility to a whole country. They grew timorous; the more so, as the government had caused all the buoys to be removed from the mouth of the Thames and the adjacent coasts, so that no vessel durst attempt to move away for fear of running aground. The mutineering vessels held together, nevertheless, till the 30th of May, when the *Clyde* frigate was carried off through a combination of its officers with some of the seamen, and was followed by the *St Fioranzo*. These vessels were fired upon, but escaped up the river.

On the 4th of June, the king's birth-day, the *Nore* fleet shewed that their loyalty to their sovereign was undiminished, by firing a general salute. On the 5th, another frigate left the fleet, but its place was supplied by a sloop and four men-of-war, which had left Admiral Duncan's fleet at the Texel to join the mutiny. On the 6th, Lord *Northesk* met the delegates by desire on board the *Sandwich*, and received from them proposals for an accommodation, to which the unfortunate Parker still put his

name as president. The answer was a direct refusal, and this firmness seems to have fairly humbled the remaining spirit of the mutineers. From that time, one vessel after another deserted the band, and put themselves under the protection of the fort at Sheerness. On the 10th, the merchantmen were allowed by common consent to pass up the river, and such a multitude of ships certainly never entered a port by one tide. By the 12th, only seven ships had the red flag flying, and on the 16th, the mutiny had terminated, every ship having been restored to the command of its officers. A party of soldiers went on board the *Sandwich*, and to them the officers surrendered the delegates of the ship—namely, a man named Davies, and Richard Parker.

Richard Parker, to whom the title of Admiral Parker had been given by the fleet and by the public during the whole of this affair, was the individual on whom all eyes were turned as the ringleader of the mutineers. He was brought singly to trial on the 22d of June, after being confined during the interval in the blackhole of Sheerness garrison. Ten officers, under the presidency of Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Paisley, composed the court-martial, which sat on board the *Neptune*, off Greenhithe. The prisoner conducted his own defence, exhibiting great presence of mind, and preserving a respectful and manly deference throughout for his judges. The prosecution on the part of the crown lasted two days; and on the 26th, Parker called witnesses in his favour, and read a long and able defence which he had previously prepared. The line of argument adopted by him was—that the situation he had held had been in a measure forced upon him; that he had consented to assume it chiefly from the hope of restraining the men from excesses; that he had restrained them in various instances; that he might have taken all the ships to sea, or to an enemy's ports, had his motives been disloyal, &c. Parker unquestionably spoke the truth on many of these points. Throughout the whole affair, the injury done to property was trifling, the taking of some flour from a vessel being the chief ac-

of the kind. This was mainly owing to him. But he had indubitably been the head of the mutineers. He was proved to have gone from ship to ship giving orders, and haranguing the men—to have been cheered as he passed along, and treated with the honours of a chief. Nothing could save him. He was sentenced to death. When his doom was pronounced, he stood up, and uttered these words in a firm voice: ‘I shall submit to your sentence with all due respect, being confident of the innocence of my intentions, and that God will receive me into favour; and I sincerely hope that my death will be the means of restoring tranquillity to the navy, and that those men who have been implicated in the business may be reinstated in their former situations, and again be serviceable to their country.’

On the morning of the 30th of June, the yellow flag, the signal of death, was hoisted on board of the *Sandwich*, where Richard Parker lay, and where he was to meet his fate. The whole fleet was ranged a little below Sheerness, in sight of the *Sandwich*, and the crew of every ship was piped to the fore-castle. Parker was awaked from a sound sleep on that morning, and after being shaved, he dressed himself in a suit of deep mourning. He mentioned to his attendants, that he had made a will, leaving his wife heir to some property belonging to him. On coming to the deck, he was pale, but perfectly composed, and drank a glass of wine ‘to the salvation of his soul, and forgiveness of all his enemies!’ He said nothing to his mates on the fore-castle but ‘Good-by to you,’ and expressed a hope that ‘his death would be deemed a sufficient atonement, and save the lives of others!’ He was strung up to the yard-arm at half-past nine o’clock. A dead silence reigned among the crews around during the ceremony. In closing their account of this affair, the journals of the day state that the body of Parker was put into a shell, and interred, within an hour or two after the execution, in the New Naval Burying-ground at Sheerness. A curious sequel to this account, however, it is now in our power to present to the reader.

Richard Parker's unfortunate wife had not left Scotland when the rumour came to her ears that the *Nore* fleet had mutinied, and that the ringleader was one Richard Parker. She could not doubt that this was her husband, and immediately took a place in the mail for London, to save him, if possible. On her arrival, she heard that Parker had been tried, but the result was unknown. Being able to think of no way but petitioning the king, she gave a person a guinea to draw up a paper, praying that her husband's life might be spared. She attempted to make her way with this to his majesty's presence, but was obliged finally to hand it to a lord-in-waiting, who gave her the cruel intelligence, that all applications for mercy would be attended to, except for Parker. The distracted woman then took coach for Rochester, where she got on board a king's ship, and learned that Parker was to be executed next day: she sat up, in a state of unspeakable wretchedness, the whole of that night, and at four o'clock in the morning went to the river-side, to hire a boat to take her to the *Sandwich*, that she might at least bid her poor husband farewell. Her feelings had been deeply agonised by hearing every person she met talking on the subject of her distress, and now, the first waterman to whom she spoke, exclaimed: 'No! I cannot take one passenger. The brave Admiral Parker is to die to-day, and I will get any sum I choose to ask for a party.' Finally, the wretched wife was glad to go on board a Shoerness market-boat; but no boat was allowed to come alongside the *Sandwich*. In her desperation, she called on Parker by name, and prevailed on the boat-people, by the mere spectacle of her suffering, to attempt to go nearer, when they were stopped by a sentinel threatening to fire at them. As the hour drew nigh, she saw her husband appear on deck between two clergymen. She called on him, and he heard her voice, for he exclaimed: 'There is my dear wife from Scotland!' Immediately afterwards, she fell back in a state of *insensibility*, and did not recover till some time after she was taken ashore. By this time all was over; but the

poor woman could not believe it so. She hired another boat, and again reached the *Sandwich*. Her exclamation from the boat must have startled all who heard it. 'Pass the word,' she cried in her delusion, 'for Richard Parker!' The truth was now told to her, and she was further informed, that his body had just been taken ashore for burial. She immediately caused herself to be rowed ashore again, and proceeded to the church-yard, but found the ceremony over, and the gate locked. She then went to the admiral, and sought the key, which was refused to her. Excited almost to madness by the information that the surgeon would probably disinter the body that night, she waited around the church-yard till dusk, and then, clambering over the wall, readily found her husband's grave. The shell was not buried deep, and she was not long in scraping away the loose earth that intervened between her and the object of her search. She got the lid removed, and then she clasped the cold hand of her husband in her own !

Her determination to possess the body aroused the widow from the enjoyment of this melancholy pleasure. She left the church-yard, and communicated her situation to two women, who, in their turn, got several men to undertake the task of lifting the body. This was accomplished successfully, and at three o'clock in the morning, the shell containing the corpse was placed in a van, and conveyed to Rochester, where, for the sum of six guineas, Mrs Parker procured another wagon to convey it to London. On the road, they met hundreds of persons, all inquiring about and talking of the fate of 'Admiral Parker.' At eleven P.M., the van reached London; but here the poor widow had no private house or friends to go to, and was obliged to stop at the Hoop and Horse-Shoe on Tower-Hill, which was full of people. Mrs Parker got the body into her room, and sat down beside it; but the secret could not be long kept in such a place, more particularly as the news of the exhumation had been brought by express that day to London. A great crowd by and by assembled about the house, anxious to

see the body of Parker, which, however, the widow would not permit. The lord mayor heard of the affair, and came to ask the widow what she intended to do with her husband's remains. She replied: 'To inter them decently at Exeter or in Scotland.' The lord mayor said, that the body would not be taken from her, but prevailed on her to have it decently buried in London. Arrangements were made with this view, and finally the corpse of the unfortunate Parker was inhumed in White-chapel Church-yard; although not until it had to be removed to Aldgate Workhouse, on account of the crowds attracted by it, and which caused some fears lest 'Admiral Parker's remains should create a civil war.' After the closing ceremony was over, Mrs Parker, who had in person seen her husband consigned to the grave, gave a certificate that all had been done to her satisfaction. But though strictly questioned as to the parties who had aided her in the disinterment, she firmly refused to disclose their names.

Parker, as has been said, made a will, leaving to his wife a small property on which he had claims near Exeter. This she enjoyed for a number of years; but ultimately her rights, whether erroneously or not, were decided to be invalid, and she was deprived of the pittance which had formed her maintenance. She was thrown into great distress, and was compelled to solicit assistance from the charitable, having become nearly if not entirely blind. The late King William gave her at one time L.10, and at another L.20. In 1836, the forlorn and miserable condition of poor Parker's widow was made known to the London magistrates, and a temporary refuge was provided for her. But temporary assistance was of little avail to one whose physical infirmities rendered her incapable any longer of helping herself, and again her miserable condition came under the cognisance of the public authorities. An appeal to the charitable was made in her favour by a portion of the daily press, but with what success we are unable to say.

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

ANTONIO JOMELLI was the best artisan of his profession in Naples. He was a worker in bronze, a department of the arts for which the Italians have been long celebrated. Antonio's skill had gained him reputation, abundant employment, and from his workshop had issued the greater number of the candelabras and other metal ornaments to be found in the palaces of Naples. The bronze-worker had grown rich by his occupation, the usual concomitant of riches, pride, he had eschewed. He still laboured away at his trade, with his own hands confining his personal attention chiefly to the finer and more difficult articles which he was required to fabricate, while men in his employ manufactured, in a large and separate workshop, the common articles of trade.

One evening, as Antonio sat alone in the little apartment where he pursued his labours, he was informed a lady wished to speak with him. He desired her to be admitted immediately. The visitor was a female of an elegant and stately form and carriage, with a dark thick veil thrown over her head and face, so as to prevent the bronze-worker from discerning the features beneath. The lady, for such her dress betokened her to be, did not speak until the servant who had admitted her had left the room for some moments. Turning, then, to give a glance from the door to Jomelli, and seating herself in the chair which he had placed for her, she said, in a voice which her hearer thought the most sweet and mellifluous that had ever fallen upon his ear, but which seemed strangely agitated, considering the common-place manner in which it uttered: 'You work in bronze—you can make bronze ornaments of all kinds? Is it so?'

'It is, lady,' replied the artisan; 'and I shall be glad to execute anything of that nature for you.'

'Yes, yes,' said the lady; 'I wish a piece of work done. I have a statue of great value—the statue of a conqueror and king—done by the hand of a first-rate sculptor. It is perfect in every respect but one: it wants a chaplet of flowers to adorn its temples; and this is what I wish you to make for it.'

'Is the statue of bronze, madam?' was the artist's question.

'No,' replied the lady; 'it is white, of pure marble, and you must paint the chaplet of that colour when you have made it.'

'What form then, lady, do you choose it to be of?' said the artist; 'what shape or pattern shall the ornaments have? But, perhaps, I had better see the statue, and measure the dimensions of the head.'

'No, no,' exclaimed the visitor hurriedly; 'it will not be necessary. I have looked upon it so often, that I can tell you perfectly well how large it is. Your own head is very near it; yes, you cannot go wrong, if you fit the chaplet to your own head.'

'And the fashion of the ornaments, madam?'

'Let it be heavy, very heavy,' replied the lady, sinking her voice to a concentrated whisper. 'Let it be very weighty, that it may not fall off easily; and make it jagged, and full of spikes inside, that it may adhere to the brows of the statue.'

'Still, lady, the band should be wrought in some ornamental fashion,' said Antonio.

'Do that as you please,' was the lady's reply; 'but, remember, it is to be heavy, and full of spikes; and forget not that it is to be painted white, so as to resemble flowers. And now, when will it be finished?'

'Oh, in a few days, madam,' said the artist.

'A few days!' cried the lady vehemently, rising from her chair at the same time; 'it must be ready to-morrow evening, sir! I *must* have it to-morrow!'

'I cannot do justice to the chaplet, lady,' said the bronze-worker, astonished at her violence of tone; 'the ornamental part'—

'I care not for any ornaments,' was the hasty reply; 'make it as I have directed; and to-morrow I must have it, because—because I am to have a party, and wish the statue to be then ornamented.'

'Well, madam,' said the artist resignedly, 'I shall do my endeavour. And whither shall I have the honour of sending it?'

'I shall call for it myself at this hour to-morrow, and shall pay what you will for it. Remember what I have said—heavy, and set with spikes.' With these words the lady departed, leaving on Jomelli's mind the impression that, fanciful as many of his former employers had been, this new one was the most flighty of all.

On the evening following that on which this singular order was given to the artist Jomelli, all the grandees and fashionables of Naples, and not a small part of the populace, were on the move towards the splendid theatre of San Carlos. A piece of great interest was to be performed, and the prima donna, who was young and beautiful, was the exquisite vocalist Signora 'Marina. The lady had but lately been appointed to take the part of chief singer, and had therefore superseded one who had formerly been her acknowledged superior—Madame Gambrieci. Considering the comparative humiliation which Madame Gambrieci had endured in the eyes of the Neapolitans, it was not to be supposed that she would on the present occasion make her appearance in the house. But few knew the real character of their former favourite. To the astonishment, and, we should add, the delight of the audience, Gambrieci attended, as if for the purpose of acknowledging the merits and gracing the triumph of the inimitable Marina. She appeared in one of the most conspicuous parts of the theatre—the front corner of the upper box overhanging the stage.

Before the opera commenced, the audience called out the name of their former favourite, Gambrieci, and cheered her for her seeming freedom from jealousy in being present on such an occasion. The object of their attention, however, appeared to be abashed by the

plaudits she had raised, and moved not a muscle in reply, but, half covered by her veil, sat with her eye fixed on the stage. The piece at length commenced, the young prima donna appeared, and the cheers were long and loud. Marina had not been overpraised, either as regarded her person or performance. Every step which she took across the stage elicited admiration, for her movements were like those of a sylph; every note which she uttered drew forth applause, for her voice was sweet and strong as Philomel's. In every song of the piece she was successful, but attention and expectation were chiefly rivetted upon one song, once Gambrici's master-piece. Marina at length reached this part of the opera; she was then alone upon the stage. She sang the first verse, and the audience were in raptures. She sang the second, and crowns of flowers were scattered upon the stage, while even Gambrici was seen by the audience to applaud. She sang the third and last, and in doing so chanced to stand immediately below Gambrici's box. To the delight of the spectators, Gambrici rose at that moment with a large crown of flowers, and waving it in the air, threw it down on the young Marina's head. The crown bounded from the singer's brow, and rolled along the stage, while Marina herself fell prostrate on the boards. She gave one scream, and never spoke or moved again. The flower-covered crown or chaplet was the heavy bronzo one made by Jomelli, and one of the spikes had entered the victim's brain!

It would be impossible to describe the confusion, the horror, the execrations that ensued. Gambrici having gratified her malignant revenge, seemed contented that she should pay for it with her life. She had slain her rival, the unfortunate Marina, and was satisfied. Dreadful must those passions have been, which could prompt the execution of so unhallowed a deed. Looking around her with calm and reckless indifference, she did not make the slightest attempt to escape, and was forthwith seized, and speedily brought to justice. Antonio Jomelli was confronted with her for form's sake, and avowed hav-

made for her the fatal wreath. It has only to be added, that she did not die on the scaffold, but put an end to her existence by poison in the prison where she was confined.

PROVOST DRUMMOND.

ABOUT ninety years ago, Provost Drummond was the chief magistrate of Edinburgh, and renowned for the benevolence of his disposition. He was one day coming into the town by the suburb called the West Port, when he saw a funeral procession leaving the door of a humble dwelling, and setting out for the church-yard. The only persons composing the funeral company were four poor-looking old men, seemingly common beggars, one at each end of a spoke, and none to relieve them; there was not a single attendant. The provost at once saw that it must be a beggar's funeral, and he therefore went forward to the old men, saying to them: 'Since this poor creature, now deceased, has no friends to follow his remains to the grave, I will perform that melancholy office myself.' He then took his place at the head of the coffin. They had not gone far till they met two gentlemen who were acquainted with the provost, and they asked him what he was doing there. He told them that he was going to the interment of a poor friendless mendicant, as he had none else to do it; so they turned and accompanied him. Others joined in the same manner, so that there was a respectable company at the grave. 'Now,' said the kind-hearted provost, 'I will lay the old man's head in the grave,' which he accordingly did, and afterwards saw the burial completed in a decent manner. When the solemnity was accomplished, he asked if the deceased had left a wife or family, and learned that he had left a wife, an old woman, in a state of perfect destitution. 'Well, then, gentlemen,' said the provost, addressing those around him, 'we met in

rather a singular manner, and we cannot part without doing something creditable for the benefit of the helpless widow; let each give a trifle, and I will take it upon me to see it administered to the best advantage.' All immediately contributed some money, which made up a respectable sum, and was afterwards given in a fitting way to the poor woman; the provost also afterwards placed her in some way of doing, by which she was able to support herself without depending on public relief.

WILD SPORTS IN LITHUANIA.

In Lithuania, formerly a part of Poland, now a province on the western borders of the Russian Empire, wild animals still abound, particularly wolves and bears. When it is mentioned that the country is still partially overspread with forests, and that one of these, styled the Grand Forest, is no less than twenty-five miles in extent each way, this will not appear surprising. The cattle belonging to the peasantry suffer much from these animals, and it accordingly becomes necessary, at certain periods of the year, to hunt them, with a view to keeping down their numbers. A Scottish gentleman of our acquaintance, who spent a summer in Lithuania, and joined occasionally in both wolf-hunts and bear-hunts, supplies us with the following particulars of an affair of the former kind:—

A wolf-hunt usually takes place on a Sunday, as on no other day would it be possible to gather a sufficient body of the peasantry to join the regular huntsmen. One Saturday evening, a pack of wolves which had been very destructive amongst the cattle about three weeks before, was reported by the head-huntsman, at the house where our friend resided, to have taken up a position in the centre of the Grand Forest. A party of chasseurs was immediately

ordered to proceed to the forest, for the purpose of *calling the wolves*—a duty which consists in keeping up a howling noise near the wolves all night, to which the wolves reply, the men thus ascertaining the exact place where the animals are prowling, and also the den or covert in which, at the approach of morn, they station themselves for the day. When the wolves on this occasion had taken to their covert, the chasseurs returned, and made their report, and notice was immediately communicated to the people of the neighbourhood, to assemble at church with all the fitting accoutrements.

When mass was ended, seventy men with guns, and a hundred and fifty *beaters*, ranked themselves up as ready to attend the hunt. After travelling six or seven miles, the party arrived at the centre of the Grand Forest, where a number of the under-chasseurs were in waiting. 'I think,' says our friend, 'the horses on which my host and I were mounted must have known what we were going after, from their snorting so much, and patting the ground in so remarkable a way with their feet. When the party was assembled in the wood, and, looking round me, I saw such a multitude of eager-looking men, clad in such various costumes—some of them of an Eastern cast—and armed so variously, I could not help wishing that David Wilkie or William Allan had been present, to fix the scene upon immortal canvas.'

No extraordinary adventure signalled the hunt ; but the way in which it was set about is worthy of being particularised. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile round the covert of the wolves, a circle is formed by the party, the chasseurs and other armed persons filling the one-half of this circle, each man about thirty yards distant from another. The other half of the circle is formed by the more numerous class named *beaters*, whose duty it is, in the first place, to advance slowly, beating the bushes as they move along, for the purpose of driving any stray wolves towards the centre. In the middle of the *beaters* the head-huntsman takes up his station ; and, directly across the circle, in the middle of the *chasseurs*

and armed peasants, did our informant and his host plant themselves, that being the point to which it was most likely that the pack, when dislodged, would proceed, so that they had the best chance of a shot of the whole party. All the persons engaged were on foot.

When the semicircle of chasseurs and armed peasants had been properly formed, and the beaters were also marshalled in proper order, the head-huntsman blew his horn, as a signal for the commencement of the hunt. The beaters then advanced in a close phalanx, which always grew closer as they approached the den. Notwithstanding all their care, however, three of the wolves broke through their ranks, and escaped. The other two—for there were but five—ran forward, but not, as had been expected, towards the place where our informant was stationed. They went in different directions towards the sides of the semicircle, where they were shot by the chasseurs. It is perhaps scarcely worthy of being mentioned here, though it was productive of some good soup at the time, that three hares were added to the more important game. A chasseur now stationed himself at the original place of rendezvous, whence we had set out to take our places in the circle: by blowing a horn, he quickly gathered us all together once more at that spot, where the appearance of the party was even more striking than before, in consequence of the excitement which had been raised by the hunt. Presently, two peasants approached, bearing the two slain wolves on their backs, which, with great glee and triumph, they laid at the feet of the chief gentleman of the party. With this ceremony ended the hunt. It was afterwards learned, that two of the wolves which had broke through amongst the beaters, found their way into the neighbouring road, where a gentleman travelling along on horseback, seeing their ferocious appearance, gave himself up for lost, but was speedily relieved from his terrors, as the animals, too much frightened to attack any human being, instantly plunged into the forest on the other side. The wolf is, in his ordinary state, a cowardly animal, and never attacks human beings except when

very hungry, or when put to great difficulty in a hunt. In these conditions, however, he is decidedly dangerous. Our friend, one day passing a field in the course of being reaped, was surprised to see two chasseurs apparently mounting guard on the reaping-party, one at each flank. Inquiring the reason, he learned that the soldiers were there to protect the reapers, in the event of a hungry wolf walking up to them from the neighbouring forest. He also learned that, not long ago, a peasant girl, returning from Wilkomirz to this place, was attacked by some wolves, and so dreadfully torn by them before she was rescued, that she died the following day.

The bear-hunt is rather of a more dangerous nature than the wolf-hunt. Two kinds of bears haunt the Grand Forest; the large black bear is the more powerful and fierce of the two. He is a cunning, as well as a fierce animal, and proves very destructive to horses, cattle, and sheep. Nor does he scruple, when he finds an opportunity, to walk off with the children of the peasantry. When attacked in his den, he makes a most determined fight, often killing the dogs, and sometimes even the hunters. In the spring of 1838, at a bear-hunt which took place near the house where our friend resided, a gentleman, observing a large black bear approaching, discharged his piece at the animal, aiming, as he thought, at a vital part. The bear tumbled over, and the gentleman, supposing him killed, or at least thoroughly disabled, went up to the spot. The monster almost instantly recovered his feet, and attacked the hunter, from whose face and head he tore off the whole integuments, before any one could come up to his assistance. The unfortunate gentleman lived thirty-six hours in this deplorable condition. The brown bear is less dangerous; he lives chiefly on honey and vegetables, but, when put to a push, can fight a good battle. A curious instance of the revengeful spirit of a bear was mentioned to our friend. A peasant having lost a cow, and observing the marks which had been made by the animal as it was drawn into the forest, followed immediately upon those traces, and after walking a long way,

re to a spot where he found the cow lying on the ground half devoured. Feeling assured that the depredator was not far off, and would in time return to renew his feast, he erected a kind of stage between two trees, the purpose of fully commanding the spot, and being in some degree of safety from the bear. Here he took his station, with his gun in his hand, and a boy for a companion. In the course of a few hours, a large black bear made its appearance, and began to regale himself with the cow. The man fired, and the bear rolled over, as killed. He descended from the stage to complete his victory if necessary, but was immediately attacked by the bear in a most furious manner. The boy ran off screaming, and soon brought a number of peasants with him to the rescue of their companion, but before they could force the bear to let the man go, he was quite dead. The bear bore off the body through the wood towards his den, and, as they went, the bear hung upon the party, wounded as he was, made repeated and furious attempts to get his victim once more into his power. When he reached the house, and deposited the body, the peasant came up to the door, and made many attempts to prevent his way in, his object evidently being to revenge himself still further upon the man who had wounded him. A little, growing faint with loss of blood, he withdrew, and after two or three fearful growls, lay down opposite the door, and died.

Of the other sports of Lithuania, our friend supplies the following note from his journal:—'The fishing is excellent. The river St Swinton, which runs close by, and joins the men at Kovno, the salmon reach to about thirty pounds weight; and I never ate better fish at Broughty-Ferry. St Swinton is the river the Prince of Lithuania was baptised in when converted to Christianity). There is also a kind of sea-trout, which gives very good sport. One moon, I killed twenty-seven, some weighing nearly two pounds, all with a small black fly and a light fishing-rod. This kind of angling was never before heard of in this country. There is also in the loch, near the house

excellent pike, perch, and bream, which give go
Some pike have been killed, weighing upwards o
pounds.'

A HISTORICAL BALL.

THE time has not yet fully arrived for making the late war the theme of grandfathers' tales or romances, but yet it is surprising with what zest we occasionally hear or read of incidental associations of persons to which that contest is turned as the public mind of Britain now is the social improvements which befit a state of reminiscence of Bonaparte or Wellington startle like the blare of the trumpet suddenly arising in the midst of a commercial street, to call attention to a state proclamation. We were forcibly struck by the fact some years ago, when, at an evening party, a man of no more than middle age chanced to give an account of a certain ball at which he was present in the year 1815. The narrative, briefly and as it was expressed, related to circumstances so common, and so unlike anything which has since occurred, or is likely ever to occur again, that the whole, after listening to it in almost breathless silence, seemed it to be more like a chapter of romance than of fact which a living man might be supposed to have passed through in his own proper person. In compliance with a request, the narrator has thrown his story into the present shape, for the benefit of a more numerous audience.

On arriving in Paris about the end of July 1815, I had an intensely interesting sojourn of some time in the region of the memorable contest of Waterloo, and with great curiosity to see the men who had achieved the great victory, by which the capital of France had fallen into their hands about a fortnight before my arrival. I was informed by my friend Sir John Malcolm, who

a companion in arms of the Duke of Wellington in India, that, in two days, His Grace was to give a splendid ball to the monarchs, princes, generals, and statesmen who were then, from so many countries of Europe, met in Paris; though, for obvious reasons, none of the royal family of France were expected to be present. My friend, of his own accord, promised to endeavour to obtain for me, late as it was, a ticket of admission. This prospect, enough to raise any one's hopes, had its full effect on mine, and my disappointment was great indeed when informed on the morning of the day itself, that I was too late; the Duke had peremptorily refused to issue one admission more—too many for even his spacious saloons having been given out already. There was nothing for it but resignation, and the whole day was passed by me in *seeing sights*, with an occasional sigh for the ball, not less sincere than that heaved on similar occasions by many a ticketless damsel, whose case is aggravated by having to assist in dressing a more fortunate sister for the treat which has been denied to herself. It was nine at night of a hot and most fatiguing day, my only remaining ambition then being to be lifted by some good angel, and put into bed without the labour of even undressing. I could not move a muscle without the greatest reluctance, but lay on a sofa, a capital subject for the experiment of the power of mind over body, which was the next moment to be made upon me.

A note arrived, which I had just strength to unseal and read. It said: 'Put on your silk stockings speedily, get a *chapeau-bras*, jump into a fiacre which waits for you at your hotel gate, and come off to the Place Vendôme without asking a question!' This spoke too plainly to be misinterpreted. Fatigue fled as if by magical influence; I could have leaped over the house; and in an incredibly short time I was stockinged, hatted, and away, as directed by my good genius, and literally without having put a single interrogation to my conductor. Arriving at my excellent and most considerate friend's hotel, I was considerably cooled down by finding that he and a large

party, of which Sir Walter Scott was one, had for the ball, leaving only a verbal message follow, to make my way, and, if I should find any in gaining admission, to call him out, when he all to rights. My first feeling was, that the gan Make my way! call him out! with the halls, and staircases of the palace before my en imagination—crowded, with guards and speaking all the languages of Europe—and a multitude in the saloons themselves, amidst a friend appeared lost beyond recall—the thin impossible. I therefore gave orders to the driv fiacre to return to my hotel, when it occurred t at the worst it was only failing. The object worth a bold stroke, and, if I should not succeed at least, like Phaeton, or Napoleon himself on occasion, fail in an undertaking of no com To the palace, then, of Marshal Junot, in the the Place Louis XV., then the residence of the Wellington, I heroically drove.

In my doubtful state of mind, I desired that might wait five minutes for the chance of a f and entered the courtyard. A guard of hor each of the allied powers, displayed by a blaze light, was the first of the striking scenes of The mixture of troops and nations was as sple was friendly. In approaching the door of en accidental circumstance 'set all to rights' wi intervention of Sir John Malcolm. An English with a coronet on its panel, drove up, and disc gentleman and two ladies: I stepped back to g the lead, but followed so closely, without inter effect, that I became, to the perceptions of all th we had to pass, a fourth component of my lor His name alone was announced, and the two I I passed halls and staircases with him, and without question, into the saloon, where the I receiving his illustrious guests, the first party a door of which was my friend's.

‘Well, you have made your way.’

‘Yes I have; and done the most impudent thing I ever did in my life.’

‘Never mind, you are really an invited guest, and I will by and by tell you how. In the meantime, take your place with us, and you will learn to know the guests by hearing them announced.’

We were fortunately early, and no very illustrious visitor had yet arrived. As we gazed with intense curiosity at the door, nobles, statesmen, generals, marshals, entered it in rapid succession. Schwartzenberg, Benningsen, Platof, Prince Wrede the hero of Hanau, Barclay de Tolly, Metternich, Castlereagh, Bulow, Humboldt, and many others of not less note, passed, announced in French. The company included, as might be expected, every British officer of distinction. Amidst a splendid display of scarlet, mingled with rich foreign uniforms, we readily distinguished a profusion of the uniform of Austria, which, being white, gives its wearers, to a British eye, the appearance of the musicians of a band. Diamonds blazed, and stars, crosses, and ribbons were seen in every direction. ‘Son Altesse le Prince de Benevento’ was declared, and for the first time I saw, close to me, the celebrated Talleyrand. The wily politician’s appearance surprised us all. It did not indicate that superior talent and vigour which had politically survived repeated revolutions, and warned Napoleon himself of the commencement of the downward movement which hurried him to his fate. All seemed old-beau-like about him—a powdered, old-fashioned gentleman, something younger, but much resembling Lord Ogleby in the play, and as unfit apparently to govern the diplomacy of Europe. But we did not allow his countenance to go unscrutinised, and we saw, or thought we saw, in its very calm and mildness, the practised tranquillity of the prince of diplomatists. Fouché soon followed, and we beheld the minister of police, the mover of the most tremendous engine of tyranny known to modern times. He looked the office well, and it was

very exciting to see, almost to touch, a man who had exercised a sway of terror not excepted Napoleon's own. A bustling *cortège* of officers and men, with a veteran at their head, were the announcement, 'Son Altesse Sérénissime le Prince Blucher.' On his entry, there was a rush to greet him, and a strong feeling experienced when Wellington met him half-way down the stairs, and gave him a hearty shake of both hands. Sir Walter Scott, I remember, moved to tears, and said to himself, 'that—a few weeks ago, these two men delivered a most extraordinary spectacle, by the way, seemed to make a deep impression upon this illustrious personage, and deep veneration sat upon his countenance. Most of the evening, to the marked and unusual intelligent expression, and he appeared engrossed by mastering feelings, as was that man who, overpowered by the beauties of Loch Leven, asked what he thought, answered: 'I do only feel.' Our common Edinburgh friends of an extraordinary aspect, though we were not able to account for it as we might be in the character of the great master of modern fiction, so well explained by himself and others.

Crowds of everyday rank and nameless persons continued to arrive, and we all acknowledged with indifference to what is the chief adornment of the balls, the charms of the ladies, with a variation, that it was for once only in our midst of some gay chat upon this subject, suddenly called to the folding-doors, which, flying open, we learned that the next entrance was a monarch. In louder accents than usual, following announcement:—'Sa Majesté le Roi et leur Altesses Royales les Princes Royaux de Mecklenburg.' The king entered with a *cortège*, and, after being solemnly received by the illustrious host of the night, and shortly conversed with the king, passed on among the gay crowd, and joined

centre of which was Lady Castlereagh, and one of its components, the veteran Blücher. This monarch had been remarked in Paris for his gentlemanlike appearance and great plainness of circumstances. He seemed about forty-five years of age, and would have passed for a well-bred English gentleman. There was also observed a sober and rather melancholy expression of countenance, imputed to his great loss in his amiable queen. His two sons were mere youths. The Prince of Orange followed, pale from his recent wound, and with his arm in a sling. He spoke some time with the Duke of Wellington, and then joined the circle of Lady Castlereagh. I observed General Alava much beside the Duke: he had distinguished himself by writing a spirited account of the battle, and has since been ambassador from Spain, his native country, to Britain. After all had assembled, there was no figure present which commanded a larger share of attention than the Duke of Wellington. His person was new to the bulk of the company. Familiar as *that* has since been, as he used to walk the streets of London in his blue surtout, it was a most exciting novelty to those who had followed him only in the *Gazette* in his career of victory, and there was an eagerness to get his form into the memory by studying it well. He was in field-marshal's uniform, and seemed in remarkably good and even high spirits, as befitted the gay occasion. He was seen in every room, noticing every one whom he at all knew, and conversing with many in the most frank and easy manner. It was said that he was induced to dance; but I did not witness this proof that the hero of Waterloo, the pacificator of Europe, was, after all, a mortal man. The most powerful sovereigns in Europe seemed to shrink beside this son of an English baron, mere external rank being felt as little or nothing in comparison with the greatness of commanding intellect, and the merit of having wrought out the deliverance of many nations.

One of the most striking and significant features of the scene, was the appearance of a portrait of Napoleon

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which had been recently finished for Juno leaning against the wall in one of the room with true magnanimity, had allowed to remain, so that the fallen Emperor also was a part of the company. I saw the king and one or two other personages whose fate strangely connected with his, stand before the portrait, and make a few remarks on the fidelity of the likeness. At this time, the king, on his passage to St Helena, disrowned and a life, as it afterwards proved—while here in the palaces occupied in triumph by his conqueror, who, a few months before, would have consoled him for one of the earth's best kingdoms, put his neck beneath their yoke, and reproached themselves by criticising his picture, which remained of him to his country. Can such a scene of fortune ever again be witnessed on earth? Scott observed to me, that if he should write fiction, to depict such a scene as was before us to our eyes, with all its circumstances and details, brilliant, noble, and affecting, he should be charged with unpardonable exaggeration. He was right. Reality is privileged to bring such words under observation.

When wearied to a certain degree with the excitement by what we saw in the rooms, we went into the gardens, which were lighted up by the serene starry night, and enlivened by the tricks of jugglers and grimacers. A sumptuous banquet spread out in the gardens under elegant awnings. On returning into the rooms, we learned that a ball just been announced. I made an effort to go to the *grand salle-à-manger*; and here I expected to find the Duke presiding over monarchs and princes, already full, and I failed. A little disappointed, I went into a small room close at hand, and here I found the tables spread on several small round tables. That where I was seated, sat two very

ladies, keeping a chair vacant between them. One of them was the wife of a great minister then present, and the other the wife of a minister who has since borne a conspicuous part in the affairs of England. In a few minutes, the Duke of Wellington himself looked into the room, when the ladies called to him that they had kept a place for him. He joined them, passing so close to where I sat, that I rose and put my chair under the table to let him pass, for which he thanked me. When he had taken his seat, I could not help remarking—for such things had then a strange interest—that, over his head, by mere accident, was a bust of Napoleon. The *trio* were presently joined by Sir Walter Scott, of whom I had for some time lost sight, and the *four* formed a very merry supper-party. I could not help hearing their conversation, for it was rather loud; but there were no state secrets in it. What became of the crowned heads and *their* supper, I never heard or inquired. About four in the morning, I again came in contact with Sir Walter, who said he was quite worn out with excitement, and, presuming I was in no better condition, proposed that we should go home together. I at once complied, and left the extraordinary scene as one awakes from a splendid dream—a dream never to be forgotten.

Next day, when I called to thank my friend Malcolm, I naturally asked him how he had got me an invitation after all. He said he had made one more attack upon the Duke, who answered: 'If you will shew me how my rooms can be made to hold more people than they *will* hold, you shall have tickets for all the surplus.'

My friend replied, with that readiness for which he stood unrivalled: 'I will tell you how your rooms will hold more than they *will* hold: light up your gardens as we used to do in India, and put a juggler or two and a punchinello into them, to draw out the crowd.'

'It shall be done,' rejoined the Duke; and the result was a hundred or two additional tickets.

The effect was as anticipated. One-third of the company was always in the gardens, and a large portion of

them supped there. I observed a grimacier or maker of faces performing to a crowd, in which stood the young princes of Prussia, who were in ecstasies of delight especially with his wig, which seemed to have been transferred, without any of the ceremonies of preparatory manufacture, from a sheep's back to his head. While speaking, perhaps lightly, of this worthy, my friend said, 'It would become you in gratitude to allude to this gentleman in the wig a little more respectfully, see that you owe your admission mainly to him.'

'How, in the name of the succession invariable cause and effect, could that have been!'

'Oh, most logically thus:—But for him, the garden would not have attracted out a large part of the company without the certainty of that result, the gardens would not have been lighted up, and you would not have been present, at what certainly will stand on record the most memorable ball which ever was given.'

PETRA, THE CITY OF TOMBS.

Nearly 2000 years ago, a Roman traveller and geographer, Strabo, gave a brief description in his writings of a large and flourishing city, named Petra, capital of the Nabateans, or Idumeans, a people inhabiting the country now called Arabia Petræa, or Arabia Rocky. Petra, according to the ancient geographer, was a city of great antiquity, and lay in a spot which in its early days was level and plain, but which was hemmed in and fortified all round with a barrier of precipices. Several of the writers of old allude to Petra; but, upon the whole, the notices of it by the ancients are exceedingly scanty; and in more modern times, still less was known, the very spot which it occupied remaining for centuries a mystery. At last, however—within these few years—a light has been thrown upon the subject. Petra has not only been discovered

t travellers, but has been found, most unexpectedly one of the most interesting and extraordinary monuments of former ages known to exist on the face of the earth. An account of this ruined city, we are confident, will gratify our readers.

The barren precipitous character of Arabia Petræa, and the fierce dispositions of the wandering Arabs who inhabit its stony defiles, were the main causes of the desolation in which the world so long remained with respect to the interior of the country. The activity and perseverance of Burckhardt ultimately overcame all the obstacles that lay in the way, and won for him the glory of being the first to behold and to reveal to the world the antique treasures that had lain so long unobserved in the barren wilderness. This journey of Burckhardt involved him in great personal peril, not so much from the inaccessible nature of the country, or even from the jealousy of the Arabs, as from the *prejudices* of the Europeans, who conceive that the ruined cities which are the sole attraction of their country, are filled with hidden treasures, and that European visitors come to the place with the sole purpose of carrying these away. Having no resources or resources as these to contend with, Burckhardt did more than merely discover the ruins of Petra, but he was the first to penetrate to the spot. Captains Irby and M. Leon de, two intelligent British officers, were the adventurers on the first of these occasions, and M. Leon de, an enterprising Frenchman, was at the head of the expedition. From the descriptions given by all of these travellers, we now draw up the following notice of this remarkable place.

The reader can imagine himself brought, after having ascended a lofty and rugged table-land, to the brink of a perpendicular precipice, 500 or 600 feet high, from the top of which he looks down upon a large and level valley of an oblong shape, extending lengthwise about 4000 feet, from 2000 to 3000 feet in breadth, and bounded by a point which the eye can reach by perpendicular

precipices of great height, he will have some idea of the site of the ruins of Petra. In this valley, walled in nature in so striking and impregnable a manner, that it was built, as the numberless remains of houses, of temples and palaces, strewn up and down, abundantly testify, the gazer stands, however, in the situation we have described, he soon finds his eye arrested by features of a scene still more extraordinary than those mentioned. He discovers that the superb muniment of rocks surrounding the valley is pierced with myriads of excavations, and that their steep fronts are hewn and ornamented in a manner as to cause them to resemble a pillared and porticoed street. By far the greater number of the multitudinous excavations are tombs, and it is this that stamps a peculiar character on Petra, that she wears the immense antiquity, and that has gained for it the impressive appellation of a vast 'necropolis,' or city of the dead.

Having presented this general view of the site of Petra, we shall now attend to the details of the scene. There is but one proper approach to the city, and this lies through a narrow defile, or ravine, hemmed in by lofty rocks, giving passage to a stream which formerly supplied the town with water. With Captains Irby and Mangles as our guides, let us enter this pass, the sides of which, those of the valley, abound in excavations, statues, and other sculptures. 'It is impossible,' say these officers, 'to conceive anything more awful and sublime than this eastern approach to Petra: the width is not more than just sufficient for the passage of two horsemen abreast; the sides are in all parts perpendicular, varying from 700 feet in height; and they often overhang to such a degree, that, without their absolutely meeting, the sun is intercepted and completely shut out for 100 yards together, and there is little more light than in a cavern.' This half-subterranean passage is more than two miles in length, and retains throughout the same extraordinary natural character. Along the side of the rocks, a great aqueduct has been formed, for the purpose of con-

water into the city at a higher level than the bed of the defile. Only at one part does the pass open up a little, and the amphitheatre thus formed is adorned, at its entrance, 'with columns, statues, and cornices, of a light and finished taste, as if fresh from the chisel, without the tints of weather-stains of age, and executed in a stone of a pale rose colour.' As the visitor advances into the area, he beholds in front of him one of the most splendid and beautiful objects in or around Petra, and what may justly be called one of the wonders of antiquity. This is the front of a great temple, nearly sixty-five feet in height, excavated from the solid rock, and embellished with the richest architectural decorations, all in the finest state of preservation. Six pillars, thirty-five feet high, with Corinthian capitals, support an ornamented pediment, above which stand six smaller pillars, the centre pair crowned by a vase, and surrounded by statues and other ornaments. Mere description can do no justice to this building, which is called by the Arabs the Khasne, or the Treasury of Pharaoh. A wide and open vestibule in the forepart of the building leads into a middle chamber, about twenty-five feet high and sixteen paces square, with two smaller apartments branching off from it. In all these places there are exquisitely carved figures and ornaments. From the smallness of the interior excavations, Mr Burckhardt is disposed to consider this astonishing work of art, grand as it is, as only the tomb of some great prince, or ruler of Petra.

After passing the Khasne, the defile becomes contracted again for 300 yards, when suddenly, say Captains Irby and Mangles, 'the ruins of the city burst on the view in their full grandeur, shut in on the opposite side by barren craggy precipices, from which numerous ravines and valleys, like those we had passed, branch out in all directions. (All of these ravines, however, that were explored, were found to terminate in a wall of rock, admitting of no passage outwards or inwards). The sides of the mountains, covered with an endless variety of excavated tombs and private dwellings, presented altogether the most

singular scene we ever beheld. We must despise the reader an idea of the peculiar effect of tinted with most extraordinary hues, whose present us with nature in her most savage and form, whilst their bases are worked out in symmetry and regularity of art, with colonnades, pediments, and ranges of corridors adhering to a perpendicular surface.'

Nearly at the spot where the defile opens in the city, one excavation in the site of the temple attracts the attention of the traveller. This is a vast theatre hewn out of the solid rock, consisting of three seats of stone sloping upwards, and situated in some degree sheltered, by the rocks and countless tombs in the immediate vicinity of the edifice lead M. Laborde to remark on the excellent taste of the people of Petra, in selecting a place for their burial, encircled on all sides by the mansions and of death.

The brook of Wady-Mousa—the name given by the Arabs to the Valley of Petra—after leaving the defile by which it entered, passes directly into the valley, and makes its exit by a rocky ravine or almost impassable by the foot of man. On the banks of this stream are situated the principal ruins of Petra. Here, at least, are found those in chief notice—for, properly speaking, the whole valley is said to be covered with ruins. The most remarkable, perhaps, among the crumbling edifices scattered in the valley, is that called by the natives the Palace or Temple, though it most probably was a temple. It is a square building, with a frieze and cornice in excellent taste, and the interior presenting traces of fine decorations. Near it stand the remains of a noble triumphal arch. The remains of paved ways, and other structures, are still to be seen among the ruins of the valley. Not the least interesting object observable in the vale, is the aqueduct which is to be seen from the eastern approach along the face of

tituting the eastern wall of the city. This aque-
 is partly hewn and partly built, and is yet in a very
 et condition.
 is unnecessary to enter into a minute description of
 excavated tombs and sculptures studding the rocky
 around Petra. The basis of the architecture, in
 st all cases, is Grecian, mingled with Roman, though
 any instances a style is apparent, which must be
 rded as Egyptian, or rather, the native style of Petra.
 y of the chambers within the tombs are so immensely
 , that their real character might be doubted, were it
 or the recesses they contain, destined, it is plain, for
 eception of bodies. How enormous must have been
 labour and expense necessary for the excavation of
 sepulchres, some of which are large enough to stable
 orses of a whole tribe of Arabs! It is impossible to
 eive that such resting-places could have been appro-
 ed to any other persons than rulers or rich men, and
 t, indeed, as Mr Burckhardt remarks, 'must have
 the opulence of a city which *could* dedicate such
 uments to the memory of its rulers.' Some of the
 t mausoleums, as we have already seen, are not in the
 valley, but in the ravines leading from it, where
 multiplicity is beyond conception. In a ravine on
 north-west, M. Laborde beheld one, called by the
 res El-Deir, or the Convent, of much larger dimen-
 , than the Khasne, and, like it, sculptured out of the
 , though not in a style so perfect. El-Deir literally
 pies the whole front of, what may be called from its
 a mountain. It was in the ravines, chiefly, that
 ains Irby and Manglos saw those excavations which
 the appearance of having been human habitations.
 carefully cut flights of steps leading to them, and
 r general construction, put this beyond a doubt. One
 arkable observation made by the travellers mentioned,
 be noticed. 'Our attention,' say they, 'was particu-
 rly excited by remarking with how much care the
 ty soil (on the precipices) had been banked up into
 ces, and disposed into fields and gardens; every nook

certain Roman consul died at Petra, when Arabia. The only living being found residing in the immediate neighbourhood of the ruins, with the exception of the reptiles that infest the excavations, was an old man, who had lived for forty years on Mount Hor, an eminence to the west of Petra. A tomb, said to be that of Aaron, is seen. The Arabs, who revere the Jewish traditions, hold the place as sacred, and support its old guardian by pilgrimages and contributions. From Mount Hor and the neighbouring localities of Petra are seen almost to be anticipated, they are strewn far and wide with ruins ; shewing that, when the capital was in its days of splendour, its suburbs also contained a flourishing population.

At what period of time Petra, the capital of the Nabataeans, was founded, it is impossible to determine. The mention of its inhabitants the Edomites, or Idumeans, in scriptural history, as well as from the remains of the monuments, it is evident, however, that the city is of immense antiquity. Sir Isaac Newton, in his geological work, records his opinion that the Edomites were a prosperous and partially civilised at an early period.

many civilised arts. From it we learn that they wrought mines, manufactured wire-brass, and coined money; that they possessed mirrors, used scales and the weaver's shuttle, and had many musical instruments; and, finally, that they were well advanced in astronomy and natural history, and had correct notions of a deity and a future state. They also cut inscriptions on tablets, and their rich men built splendid tombs. All these things betokened no mean degree of civilisation in the land of Edom at a very early date, and confirm the supposition, that portions of the remains of Petra are among the oldest, if not really the oldest, existing monuments of man's hands.

Petra lies between latitude 30° and 31° , and nearly in longitude (from Greenwich) 36° , almost in a line between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Akaba, at the head of the Red Sea. From El Akaba, a town at the head of the Gulf, the ruins are distant but a few days' journey. In concluding our notice of this interesting city, we may briefly allude to the remarkable applicability of a scriptural prophecy respecting Idumea and its present condition. 'O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill; I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord.' And fearful, indeed, has the fall of the Idumean grandeur been. No man shall pass through the country and live, says another of the prophecies of Scripture; but this, we should suppose, must be taken in a restricted sense, for, after a long period of danger to travellers, the country has been lately opened up to the inspection of enlightened Europeans; and it is possible that, in the progress of events, the land of Edom, and Petra its capital, may attract the visits of the numerous class of English travellers who delight in the contemplation of the antique and picturesque.

BILLARD'S ADVENTURE IN A W

THE story of the unfortunate Dufavel, who was accidentally in a well, and remained in it for a long time, is not without a parallel in the history of similar actions in France. In the department of the Ardennes, and parish of Fleure-la-Rivière, March 27, 1845, at half-past eight in the morning, Etienne Billard, a mason, descended a well 120 feet deep, for the purpose of examining it preparatory to some repairs. He had reached the bottom, or nearly so, and a large portion of the sides fell in upon him, and shut him out from the light of day; but, by a remarkable good-fortune, the materials, in falling, formed a natural arch of about three feet in diameter around him. Had it not been for this, he would have been fatally hurt by the heavy stones of the masonry, and have been suffocated immediately. Every foot of the well around his body was filled compacted by the fallen materials. The noise of the irruption heard by some workmen near the spot, who immediately ran up to it. On listening intently, they heard the cries of Billard, and the certainty that he was yet alive inspired the hope of delivering him. Sending one of their number to alarm the neighbouring authorities, these workmen then lowered a lighted lantern down the well, the danger of a further fall of the sides deterring themselves from going down. The lantern came down 100 feet, thus shewing that about twenty feet of the mass, or a considerable portion thereof, lay above the unfortunate Billard. In reply to their call, he answered distinctly to say, that he could not see any light. 'I am assured,' he moreover said, 'that I am a lost man. But I suffer no pain, and I breathe freely.' No ordinary difficulty, it was obvious, stood in the way of relief in this case. For workmen to descend

narrow deep well, and attempt to clear away the ruins, without some security against a further fall of the sides, was a dangerous task. The authorities of the district, as soon as they arrived, and saw the nature of the accident, sent off an express for the district-superintendent of roads and bridges, M. Certain. He was at some distance, and did not arrive till next day. In the meantime, one man, a slater, ventured to descend to the top of the fallen mass of stones and earth, which proved, as had been shewn by the candle, to be about 100 feet below the orifice. Urged by the indistinct cries for help which they heard from poor Billard, the men on the spot began to lift the stones forming the sides of the well. When M. Certain arrived, he descended without hesitation into the well, and put several questions to Billard respecting his situation. M. Certain judged it proper to continue the raising of the sides of the well, as the displacement of the lower part would render it most imprudent to go on otherwise. No side-boring could be executed with such speed as the whole well could be cleared. The soil, fortunately, was clayey and firm. While this labour was going on day and night, with the utmost rapidity compatible with a proper degree of caution, friends and fellow-workmen of Billard descended occasionally to animate him with the cheering sound of kindly voices, and with the assurance that help was near.

On the morning of the 29th, the governor and head-engineer of the department of the Indre arrived. M. Ferrand, inspector of works, was with them, and descended into the well. He gave his assent to the continuation of the operations going on, which some of the anxious friends of the prisoner were beginning to exclaim against, from their seeming slowness. In presence of the gentlemen mentioned, the labours were continued, and on the evening of the 29th, the well was clear to the upper part of the fallen mass. *Without delay, the process of lifting them was begun; but from the size of the stones, the work went on very tardily,*

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through the difficulty of hoisting them to such a distance above. After they had advanced a certain way, a new difficulty met them in the face. It was impossible to tell the exact state of the arch formed so miraculously over the head of the unfortunate man, or its degree of stability. It was necessary, therefore, to go on with the elevation of the stones with extreme care and delicacy, otherwise the unsettlement of any portion of the heavy masses above him might have caused his instantaneous death, either from a crush or suffocation.

At ten o'clock in the evening of the 29th, the workmen were calculated to be about six feet above the captive, who had now been shut out from the light since the morning of the 27th. It was impossible to send him food by a bore, as in the case of Dufavel, and he had therefore the pressure of hunger added to his misery. His voice was heard more clearly as the workmen went on, and they could now even tell the exact point where he was confined. But during the night of the 29th, his voice became a source of fear and alarm to the labourers above him. Billard's motionless condition, his want of food and air for so long a time, began to overthrow his moral courage. His reason gave place to delirium, his hope to despair. The workmen heard him at one moment lamenting his fate, and piteously crying for food, and at the next moment they heard him abandoning himself to the most extravagant gaiety. Laughter heard in such a situation was a thing almost too deplorable and shocking for human ears to listen to. When consulted on the meaning of these symptoms on the part of Billard, M. Nabert, a surgeon, who had never quitted the spot since the time of the accident, recommended the workmen to hurry on their labours, as the man could probably survive but a few hours in this state.

In consequence of this advice, a new direction was given to the work, and in place of passing down by the side of the spot where the poor man was supposed to be, the excavation was carried slopingly down to his head. In fine, after three days and three nights of incessant lab-

the head of Billard was reached, and cleared of all surrounding matter. The instant that this took place, it was notified to those above by a cry, and the deafening shouts that were immediately raised, shewed what an assemblage had gathered around the place to learn the issue of the case. The deliverance took place exactly a quarter of an hour before eleven o'clock in the morning of the 30th. When raised once more to the daylight, every precaution was taken to prevent any bad effects from a change so sudden. He was carried to a neighbouring house, with his body and head well wrapped up, and there he was laid in an apartment, from which the light was in a great measure excluded. After some spoonfuls of light broth and a little wine had been administered to him, he fell immediately asleep, never having tasted that blessing during his confinement. Before sleeping, he had spoken in such a way as to shew that his mind had recovered its tone. His pulse was weak but quick, beating 126 times in a minute; his skin was cold, his thirst burning, and his tongue stuck almost to the roof of his mouth. While confined, he had eaten a portion of the leather front of his cap or bonnet, and he had even, he said, endeavoured to grind with his teeth a stone that lay before his mouth.

Etienne Billard soon recovered. His imprisonment had not been so protracted as to render the vital heat difficult of restoration. His body, however, though not mangled or bruised, as it might have been expected to be, retained for a long time a feeling of dull pain, from the pressure that had been exerted upon it.

THE CANDLEMAKER-ROW FESTIVAL.

THE late James Hogg was accustomed in his latter days, to leave his pastoral solitude in Selkirkshire once or twice every year, in order to pay a visit to Edinburgh. He would stay a week or a fortnight in the city, professedly lodging at Watson's Selkirk and Peebles Inn, in the Candlemaker-Row, but in reality spending almost the whole of his time in dining, supping, and breakfasting with his friends; for, from his extreme good-nature, and other agreeable qualities as a companion, not to speak of his distinction as a lion, his society was much courted. The friends whom he visited were of all kinds, from men high in standing at the bar to poor poets and slender clerks; and amongst all, the Shepherd was the same plain, good-humoured, unsophisticated man, as he had been thirty years before, when tending his flocks amongst his native hills. In the morning, perhaps, he would breakfast with his old friend Sir Walter Scott, at the *shirra's* house in Castle Street, taking with him some friend upon whom he wished to confer the advantage of an acquaintance with that great man. The forenoon would be spent in calls, and in lounging amongst the back-shops of such booksellers as he knew. He would dine with some of the wits of *Blackwood's Magazine*, whom he would keep in a roar till ten o'clock, and then, recollecting another engagement, off he would set to some fifth storey in the Old Town, where a young tradesman of literary tastes had collected six or eight lads of his own sort, to enjoy the humours of the great genius of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, over unlimited rummers of whisky-punch. In companies of this kind he was treated with such unfeigned homage and kindness, that he usually got into the highest possible spirits, sang as many of his own songs as his companions chose to listen to, and told such droll stories, that the poor fellows were like

to go mad with happiness. After acting as the life and soul of the fraternity for a few hours, he would proceed to his inn, where it was odds but he would be entangled in some further orgies by a few of the inmates of the house, neighbours and friends of his own, who, like himself, had just returned from convivial meetings in town, and were not yet quite disposed to retire to rest. To endure all this, the poet was prepared by the habits of his native district, where strong muscular exercise, and a constant exposure to the air, render of little account what in a citizen could not fail to produce a complete dissolution of manners.

The only uneasiness which the poet felt in consequence of his being so much engaged in visiting was, that it rendered his residence at Watson's little better than a mere affair of lodging, so that, in his reckoning, the charge for his bed bore much the same proportion to that for everything else which the sack bore to the bread in Falstaff's celebrated tavern-bill. To remedy this, in some degree, the honest Shepherd was accustomed to signalise the last night of his abode in the inn by collecting a vast crowd of his Edinburgh friends, of all ranks and ages and coats, to form a supper-party for the benefit of the house. In the course of the forenoon, he would make a round of calls, and mention, in the most incidental possible way, that two or three of his acquaintances were to meet that night in the Candle-maker-Row at nine, and that the addition of this particular friend whom he was addressing, together with any of his friends he chose to bring along with him, would by no means be objected to. It may readily be imagined that, if he gave this hint to some ten or twelve individuals, the total number of his visitors would not probably be few. In reality, it used to bring something like a Highland host upon him. Each of the men he had spoken to came, like a chief, with a long train of friends, most of them unknown to the hero of the evening, but all of them eager to spend a night with the Ettrick Shepherd. *He himself stood up at the corner of one of Watson's*

largest bedrooms, to receive the company as it poured in. Each man, as he brought in his train, would endeavour to introduce each to him separately, but would be cut short by the lion with his bluff good-humoured declaration: 'Ou, ay, we'll be a' weel acquent by and by.' The first two clans would perhaps find chairs; the next would get the bed to sit upon; all after that had to stand. This room being speedily filled, those who came subsequently would be shewn into another bedroom. When it was filled too, another would be thrown open, and still the cry was: 'They come!' At length, about ten o'clock, when nearly the whole house seemed 'panged' with people, as he would have himself expressed it, supper would be announced. Then such a rushing and thronging through the passages, up stairs and down stairs, such a tramping, such a crushing, and such a laughing and roaring withal—for, in the very anticipation of such a supper, there was more fun than is experienced at twenty ordinary assemblages of the same kind. All the warning Mr Watson had got from Mr Hogg about this affair, was a hint in passing out that morning, that *twae-three* lads had been speaking of supping there that night. Watson, however, knew of old what was meant by *twae-three*, and had laid out his largest room with a double range of tables, sufficient to accommodate some sixty or seventy people. Certain preliminaries have in the meantime been settled in the principal bedroom. Mr Taylor, commissioner of police for the ward which contains the Candlemaker-Row, is to take the chair; for a commissioner of police in his own ward is greater than the most eminent literary or professional person present who has no office connected with the locality. Mr Thomson, bailie of Easter Portsburgh, and Mr Gray, moderator of the Society of High Constables, as the next most important local officials present, are to be croupiers. Mr Hogg is to support Mr Taylor on the right, and a young member of the bar is to support him on the left.

In, then, rushes the company, bearing the bard &

Kilmeny along like a leaf on the tide. The great men of the night take their seats as arranged, while others seat themselves as they can. Ten minutes are spent in pushing and pressing, and there is, after all, a cluster of Seatless, who look very stupid and nonplussed, till all is put to rights by the rigging-out of a table along the side of the room. At length all is arranged; and then, what a strangely miscellaneous company is found to have been gathered together! Meal-dealers are there from the Grassmarket; genteel and slender young men from the Parliament House; printers from the Cowgate, and booksellers from the New Town. Between a couple of young advocates sits a decent grocer from Bristo Street; and amidst a host of shop-lads from the Luckenbooths, is perched a stiffish young probationer, who scarcely knows whether he should be here or not, and has much dread that the company will sit late. Jolly honest-like bakers, in pepper-and-salt coats, give great uneasiness to squads of black coats in juxtaposition with them; and several dainty-looking youths, in white neckcloths and black silk spy-glass ribbons, are evidently much discomposed by a rough tyke of a horse-dealer who has got in amongst them, and keeps calling out all kinds of coarse jokes to a crony about thirteen men off, on the same side of the table. Many of Mr Hogg's Selkirkshire store-farming friends are there, with their well-oxygenated complexions, and Dandie-Dinmont-like bulk of figure; and in addition to all comers, Mr Watson himself, and nearly the whole of the people residing in his house at the time. If a representative assembly had been made up from all classes of the community, it could not have been more miscellaneous than this company, assembled by a man to whom, in the simplicity of his heart, all company seemed alike acceptable.

When the supper was finished, bowls and rummers were introduced, and the chairman proceeded to the performance of his arduous duties. After the approved fashion in municipal convivialities, he gave the king, the royal family, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen, the Duke

of Clarence and the Navy, and all the other *loyal and patriotic toasts*, before he judged it fit to introduce the *toast of the evening*. He then rose and called for a real—a genuine bumper. ‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘we are assembled here this evening, in honour of one who has distinguished himself in the poetical line; and it is now my pleasing duty to propose his health. Gentlemen, I could have wished to escape this duty, as I feel myself altogether incapable of doing justice to it; it is my only support in the trying circumstances in which I have been placed, that little can be required to recommend the toast to you. (Cheers). Mr. Hogg is an old acquaintance of mine, and I have read his works. He has had the merit of raising himself from a humble station to a high place amongst the literary men of his country. You have all felt his powers as a poet in his *Queen’s Wake*. When I look around me, gentlemen, at the respectable company here assembled, when I see so many met to do honour to one who was once but a shepherd on a lonely hill, I cannot but feel, gentlemen, that much has been done by Mr. Hogg, and that it is something fine to be a poet. (Great applause). Gentlemen, the name of Hogg has gone over the length and breadth of the land, and wherever it is known, it is held as one of those which do our country honour. It is associated with the names of Burns and Scott, and, like theirs, it will never die. Proud I am to see such a man amongst us, and long may he survive to reap his fame, and to gratify the world with new effusions of his genius! Gentlemen, the health of Mr. Hogg, with all the honours.’ The toast was accordingly drunk with great enthusiasm, amidst which the Shepherd rose to make his usual acknowledgment—‘Gentlemen, I was ever proud to be called a poet, but I never was so proud as I am this night,’ &c. This part of the business of the evening over, the chairman and croupiers began to do honour to other civic matters. The chairman gave the Magistrates of Edinburgh, which Mr. Thomson, one of the croupiers, felt himself bound to return thanks. Mr. Thomson then gave

Commissioners of Police, which brought the chairman upon his legs. 'Messrs Croupiers, and Gentlemen,' said he, 'I rise, as a humble member of the body just named, to thank you, in the name of that body, and my own, for this unexpected honour. I believe I may say for this body, that they do the utmost in their power to merit the confidence of their constituents, and that, if they ever fail in anything to give satisfaction, it is not for want of a desire to succeed. Gentlemen, the commission of police has forced its way into existence in spite of great opposition, I will not say from what quarter; and it is even yet a good deal sneered at by the lovers of the old irresponsible system. But let arithmetic speak for us. Gentlemen, you all know that the police affairs of the city were formerly administered at an expense to you—here a poor poet was observed to give a shrug of painful pocket recollection—of no less than one-and-sixpence a pound on the valued rental. And you all know what a system it was—how negligent, inefficient, and tyrannical. Now, gentlemen, our popularly elected commission has been seven years in existence, during all which time we have watched, cleaned, and lighted you—lighted you with gas—at thirteen-pence-half-penny! (Great cheering). It is by such facts, gentlemen, that we would reply to the insinuations made against us. (Hear, hear). It does not become me, perhaps, to speak of what we have done, or what we have saved; but I may just mention, that the late regulation about the batons of the patrol has been attended with the best effects, and that we have hopes of sparing at least one per cent. of the street-lamps next year. (Sensation; the poor poet apparently feeling the matter very deeply). Gentlemen, I have now had the honour to sit for this ward two years, and I must say, that the support you have given me, and my brethren, the resident commissioners, has been all that public men could wish, and sufficient to cheer us in this arduous path of our duty. Again, let me return my own thanks, and those of the other members of the

Board, for the distinguished honour you have conferred upon us.'

There is now for two hours no more of Hogg. The commissioners, bailies, and moderators, have the ball at their foot, and not another man can get in a word. Every imaginable public body in the city, from the University to the Potterrow Friendly Society, is toasted, most of them with the honours. Then they come to individuals. A croupier proposes the chairman, and the chairman proposes the croupiers. One of the latter gentlemen has a gentleman in his eye, to whom the public has been much indebted, and whose presence is always acceptable. The poor poet suspects he is to be the lucky man, and begins to look as unconscious as possible. When, after a long preamble of panegyric, out comes the name—the honoured name of Mr John Jaap, ex-resident commissioner of police for the next ward. 'Gentlemen, when I mention Mr Jaap, you must all feel how powerfully we are called upon to give the toast with enthusiasm. Mr Japp, gentlemen, was the friend of an improved system of police in the worst of times. He stood up against a mistaken magistracy in the days when it was not safe to do so; and it is to him, and to such as him, that we are to attribute the blessings which we now enjoy, and which have been so well described by my honourable friend in the chair. While we sit, gentlemen, secure and comfortable under the efficient and economical system now happily established, let us never forget to whom we owe it. Gentlemen, I give you Mr Jaap, and, if you please, with all the honours.' The other croupier now feels a new access of enthusiasm, and, rising, proposes that, as the health of the chairman had formerly been given, as *chairman*, he should now be once more toasted *as a private individual*, and in union, if the company pleases, with his fireside. The proposal is hailed with fervour, and acted upon, although many men there felt that, before one man was over-battered, it would have been as well to give a little scrape to various individuals

who had as yet got none. It is all in vain, however, for Mr Hogg's literary or professional friends to raise their voices amidst such a host of bourgeoisie. The spirit of the Candlemaker-Row and Bristo Street rules the hour, and all else must give way, as small minorities ought to do. Amidst the storm of civic toasts, a little thickish man, in a faded velvet waistcoat and strong-nose, rises with great solemnity, and addressing the chair, begs leave to remind the company of a very remarkable omission which has been made. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I am sure when I mention my toast, you will all feel how much we have been to blame in delaying it so long. It is a toast, gentlemen, which calls in a peculiar manner for the sympathies of us all. It is a toast, gentlemen, which I am sure needs no recommendation from me, but which only requires to be mentioned in order to call up all that feeling which such a toast ever ought to call up—a toast, gentlemen—yes, gentlemen, a toast—gentlemen, I say a toast, that is a toast, such as seldom occurs. Some, perhaps, of the gentlemen here, are not aware of an incident of a very interesting nature which has taken place in the family of one of our worthy croupiers this morning. It has not yet been announced in the papers, but it probably will be so to-morrow. In the meantime, I need only say—"Mrs Gray, of a daughter." (Cheering from all parts of the house). Yes, gentlemen, one more added to the seven daughters with which Mr and Mrs Gray have already been blessed; and the lady, I am glad to say, is as well as can be expected under the by no means extraordinary circumstances. On such an occasion, gentlemen, you will not think me unreasonable if I ask you to get up, and drink, with all the honours, a bumper to Mrs Gray, and her sweet and interesting charge.' (Drunk with wild joy by all present).

About two o'clock in the morning, after the second reckoning has been called and paid by general contribution, Mr Taylor leaves the chair, which is taken by the young advocate. Other citizenly men, including the

croupiers, soon after glide off, not liking to stay out late from their families. As the company diminishes in number it increases in mirth, and at last the extremities of the table are abandoned, and the thinned host gathers in one cluster of intense fun and good-fellowism around the chair. Hogg now shines out for the first time in all his lustre, tells stories, sings and makes all life and glee. *The Laird o' Lamington, the Women Folk, and Paddy O'Rafferty*, his three most comic ditties, are given with a force and fire that carries all before it, and the poor poet wonders if he will ever come to be so bright a genius, and the centre of so much admiration. About this time, however, the reporters withdraw, so that it is not in our power to state any further particulars of the Candlemaker-Row Festival.

* * * *

The Shepherd now reposes beneath the sod of his native Ettrick, all the sorrows and joys of his chequered career hushed with his own breath, and not a stone to point pale Scotia's way, to pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust. While thus recalling, for the amusement of an idle hour, some of the whimsical scenes in which we have met James Hogg, let it not be supposed that we think of him only with a regard to the homely manners, the social good-nature, and the unimportant foibles, by which he was characterised. The world amidst which he moved was but too apt, especially of late years, to regard him in these lights alone, forgetting that, beneath his rustic plaid, there beat one of the kindest and most unperverted of hearts, while his bonnet covered the head from which had sprung *Kilmeny* and *Donald Macdonald*. Hogg, as an untutored man, was a prodigy, much more so than Burns, who had had comparatively a good education; and now that he is dead and gone, we look around in vain for a living hand capable of awaking the national lyre. The time will probably come when this inspired rustic will be more justly appreciated.

SCENE WITH A PIRATE.

In the month of July 1813, I was on my way from New York to the island of Curaçoa, on board the American ship *Patrick Henry*, commanded by Captain Tuttle. We had had a fine passage, and were looking forward to the end of our voyage in about a week. I was the only passenger, and of course was thrown in a great measure on my own resources for amusement, the chief of which was testing the powers of an admirable glass of London manufacture upon every vessel that shewed itself above the horizon. Our captain was kind and civil, but there appeared a mystery about him that he did not like to be pried into, and our communication had in consequence been reserved.

In about latitude 20 degrees, and longitude 60 degrees 15 minutes, we were running along with a fine fresh breeze abeam, and all our weather studding-sails set. I was sitting alone in the cabin, ruminating upon the changes of scene and society into which I had been forced so contrary to my inclinations, and wondering whether the happiness of a quiet and domestic life was ever to fall to my lot, when the captain came down and told me that, as I was so fond of using my glass, there was a vessel just appearing on the horizon to windward, and that I might go and see what she was, for he could not make her out at all. I went on deck, and mounted into the main-top, and began my scrutiny.

‘Well, what is she!’ asked the captain from the deck.

‘I can hardly make her out, but I think she is a schooner.’

‘Ay—what’s her course?’

‘South-west by south, I think; about the same as ourselves.’ I remained in the top for a few minutes, and continued looking at the stranger. ‘She seems fonder

of the sea than I am,' I continued, 'for she might have her top-sails and top-gallants, and studding-sails to boot, all set, instead of slipping along under her lower sails.' The captain made no answer, but was looking hard at her with his eye. I now perceived through my glass a white speck above her foresail, flap, flapping against the mast.

'Well, she must have heard me, for there goes her fore-topsail.'

The captain now went to the companion for his glass, and after looking attentively at her for a short time, 'What's that?' he asked; 'is that her square-sail she's setting? I can't very well see from the deck.'

I looked again: 'Yes, 'tis her square-sail; as I'm alive, she's changed her course, and is bearing down upon us.' But by this time the captain had mounted the rigging, and was standing beside me; he was eyeing the distant vessel keenly. After having apparently satisfied himself, he asked me to go with him to the cabin, as he wished to talk with me alone. We descended to the deck, and I followed him to the cabin. He motioned me to take a seat, and after carefully shutting the door, 'I rather expect,' said he, 'that fellow's a pirate.'

'Pirate!' I asked in alarm.

'Yes, I say pirate, and I'll tell you why. In the first place, you see, he'd no business to be sneaking along in that do-little sort of a way, as when we first saw him; who ever, that had any honest business to do, would allow such a fine breeze to go by without shewing more canvas than a powder-monkey's old breeches to catch it? Next, you see, what the mischief has he to do with us, that, as soon as he clapped eyes on us, he must alter his course, and be so anxious to get out his square-sail? Again, he looks just like one of those imps of mischief, with his low black hull and tall raking masts. But it's no use talking; I tell you he's a pirate, and that's as true as my name's Isaac Tuttle. And now the only thing is, what shall we do? The Patrick Henry ain't a Baltimore clipper, and that ere devil will walk up to us like nothing. But I'll tell you what strikes me:—If we let them devils aboard,

most likely we'll all walk the plank ; so we'd better try keep 'em out. We ha'int got but an old rusty carronade and two six-pounders, and I don't believe there's a ball on board, we came off in such a hurry. Then, there's two muskets and an old regulation-rifle down in my state-room ; but they ha'int been fired I don't know when, and I as lief stand afore 'em as behind 'em. But our ship's handsome a looking craft as you'll see ; and couldn't look wicked-like now, and try to frighten that cut-throat-looking rascal !'

I confess I was at first startled at the captain's opinion of the strange sail, and his reasoning left me hardly a hope that his judgment was not correct ; but his cool and collected manner impressed me with confidence in his management, and I told him he knew best what we should do, and I would second him as I best could. He walked up and down the cabin twice ; then rubbing his hands together as if pleased with his own idea, ' I have it,' he said ; ' I'll just go on deck to put things in order, and in the meantime you'd better amuse yourself looking out your pistols, if you have any ; for if he won't be content with a look at us, we'll have to fight.'

I hurriedly took my fowling-piece and pistols from their cases, for I fortunately had both ; and though I somehow refused to allow myself to believe there would be any occasion for their use, yet I loaded them all with ball, and in each of the pistols put a brace : this done, I went on deck, where I found the captain surrounded by his crew, telling them his suspicions, and his plan of action. ' But,' said he, ' maybe we'll have to fight ; if our devils have a mind to try us, they'll send a boat on board, and I want to know if you'll help me to keep 'em off. You see it's most likely they'll make you walk the plank, whether you fight or not, if they get on board ; and I calculate, if you do just as I tell you, we'll frighten 'em.' There was a hearty ' Ay, ay, sir,' to this short and dry harangue. ' Thankee, thankee, boys,' said the captain ; ' now, we'll not shew another stitch of canvas, ; seem to take no more notice of that fellow than if we

didn't see him ; and if he does try to come aboard, then we'll shew 'em what we can do.'

Our captain was about fifty years old, rather short and stout, but muscular ; his face was bronzed with time and tempest, and his locks, which had once been black, were grizzled by the same causes. He was an old sailor, and a staunch republican ; and as some of his men told tales of fight in which their captain had borne a part, I presumed he had served when a young man in the navies of the States.

The crew were busy, in obedience to his orders, cutting up a spare foretop-gallant-mast into logs of about four feet long ; these were immediately painted black, with a round spot in the centre of one end, so as to bear a tolerable resemblance to pieces of cannon, and, with two old six-pounders, were placed, one at each port, on our deck, five on a side ; but the ports were to be kept closed until the captain gave the order to open them, when they were to be raised as quickly as possible, and the logs thrust out about a foot. A platform was then made on the top of the long-boat, which was fixed between the fore and main masts, and the carronade, or fourteen-pounder, was hoisted up. These things being arranged, the captain went below, and the crew mustered in knots, to wonder and talk of what was to be done.

In the meantime, we had been standing on our course, and had not shifted or hoisted a single sail, but were as if perfectly regardless of the schooner. Not so with her, however ; for besides a large square-sail and square-top-sail on the foremast, she had run out small fore-topmast studding-sails, and onward she came, right before a pretty smart breeze, yawing from side to side, at one moment sinking stern foremost into the trough of the sea, as an enormous wave rolled out from under her, and at the next forced headlong onwards by its successor, while a broad white sheet of foam spread out around her, giving beautiful relief to the jet-black colour of her hull, testifying how rapidly she was going through the water. I could not help thinking of the captain's expression, for she certainly

did 'walk up to us like nothin';' and as there appeared to be not much time to lose, I went down to the cabin to assume my weapons. The captain was there arranging some papers, and a bottle was before him, into which he had put a letter. 'Maybe,' said he, 'something 'll happen to me; for if them 'ere bloody devils won't be cheated, I will be the first to suffer; and natural enough too, for all the mischief they'll suffer will be by my orders, just because I didn't like to be overhauled like an old tarpaulin by every rascal that chooses to say heave-to in the high seas. But never mind; only, should you escape, just drop the bottle and letter overboard, if you think you can't deliver it yourself.'

Now, I had never seriously considered the probability that I might also be killed in an approaching mêlée, for I thought that the captain intended to throw open his ports and shew his sham guns, and that, of course, the schooner would take fright. But when he began to talk about death in such a serious strain, I began to feel very uncomfortable; and not being naturally a warrior, I wished myself anywhere else than on board the *Patrick Henry*. There I was, however, without a chance of escape; and I suggested to the captain, that it would be as well for me to put a letter into the bottle also, in case of any accident to both of us, which was agreed to; and we arranged that if either survived, and had the opportunity, the letter of the unfortunate should be safely forwarded to its destination. After this little piece of preparation, the captain took me by the hand. 'Tis well,' said he; 'are you willing to share with me the post of danger? Do not suppose I am unaccustomed to the perils of a sea-fight: no, young man; I've supported the glory of the thirteen stripes in many a gallant action, and have witnessed the death of those honoured and esteemed as the sons of liberty. Yet they were fighting for their country, and it was their duty to hold their lives cheap; but you are a passenger, and should be under my protection—yet I ask you to share my danger. I wish some one to stand by me on the platform, and help me to manage the swivel.

Hands are scarce, and I don't know where else to place you.' The hardy fellow's eyes glistened as he made the proposal, to which I of course instantly agreed. 'Thankee, thankee,' he replied, and relapsed into his former character. 'Twas strange; he had always appeared on board his vessel as a common Yankee captain, with little to say, and with a rough uncouth manner but little removed from his men. Yet he at once, though evidently inadvertently, assumed the air and manner of a polished gentleman; and it certainly struck me that the latter character appeared more natural to him than the former. There was evidently a mystery about him, and I determined to find it out when more opportune circumstances should occur.

We went on deck, and the men were still hanging about waiting for the orders of their captain to make them start. These were soon given. The cooper and the carpenter were ordered to bring up all hatchets, and other offensive and defensive weapons, and with the muskets and rifle they were distributed among the crew, who received their orders to use them in repelling any attempt to board.

The schooner had now come down within half a mile of us, when she suddenly took down her square-sail, and hauled her wind, to have a look at us. I daresay she did not know what to make of our seeming indifference. Presently a cloud of smoke burst from her side, and a ball came skipping over the water, and passed astern of us. 'I thought so,' said the captain; 'now, lads, show her our stripes.' A ball of bunting flew up to the end of our mizen-peak, rested an instant, and fluttered out into the American ensign. The smoke drifted away from the schooner, and she ran up at her gaff the ensign of the Colombian Republic. 'That's 'ternally the way with them blackguards; they're always making a fool of some republic.' Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when another column of smoke burst from the schooner, and another ball came skip—skipping along towards us, but, catching a swell, it plunged in, and we saw no more of it. 'That fellow now, I take it, is a good shot, so we'll

not wait for another. Clue up the main-sail, boys; haul aft the weather main-braces; clue up the foresail; luff her, man, luff her a little more—steady,' burst from our captain's mouth: the orders were obeyed with the quickness of a well-disciplined crew, and our ship was hove to. 'Now, my lads, take your stations, four to each port on the weather-side, but do nothin' till I tell ye.' The men took their stations, as directed; round each log on the weather-side, and I followed the captain to the platform where our carronade was mounted. It was loaded to the muzzle with bits of iron, musket-balls, lumps of lead, and various other missiles, for the captain had conjectured truly—there were no balls on board. The schooner hove to, and a boat was lowered, and crowded with men. It approached rapidly, pulled by eight rowers. The muzzle of our carronade was depressed as much as possible, and made to bear on the water about fifty yards from the ship. The captain stood with his speaking-trumpet in one hand, and a handspike, with which he shifted the position of the gun as required, in the other. The schooner's boat approached, and was pulling rapidly to get alongside.

'Now, sir, keep steady, and obey my orders coolly,' said the captain in an under-tone. 'Boy, fetch the iron that's heating in the galley—run.' The boy ran, and returned with the iron rod heated at one end, which was handed to me. 'When I tell you to fire, fire, as you value your life and those on board.' The captain now put his speaking-trumpet to his mouth, and hailed the boat, which was within a hundred yards of us. 'Stop—no nearer, or I'll blow you all out of the water—keep off, keep off, or, I say, I'll'—— At that instant the man at the bows of the boat, who appeared to take the command, gave an order, and a volley from several muskets was fired at us. I heard the balls hit about me, and turned to look for the captain, to receive my order to fire. He was on one knee behind the cannon, and holding it by the breech. 'Why, captain! what's the matter! are you hit!' He rallied. 'Nothing—they're coming.' He gave another hoist to the gun, cast his eye hurriedly along its barrel—'Fire, and

be quick!' I needed not a second bidding, for the boat was close alongside. The smoke burst from the touch-hole with a hiss, and for an instant I thought the gun had missed fire, but in the next it exploded with a tremendous report, that deafened me. 'Throw open your ports, boys, and shew them your teeth,' roared the captain through his trumpet, and his voice sounded hideously unnatural. In an instant every port was up, and our guns protruded their muzzles. I had fancied that I heard a crash, followed by wild screams, immediately upon the discharge of the cannon; but the report had deafened me, and the smoke, which was driven back in my face, had so shrouded me, that I could not see; the unearthly shout of the captain had also for the moment driven the idea from my mind, and I now grasped my gun to repel boarders. But my hearing had not deceived me; for, as the smoke was borne away to leeward, the whole scene of destruction burst upon my sight. The cannon had been most truly pointed, and its contents had shivered the hapless boat, killing or wounding almost every person in her. The longest lifetime will hardly efface that scene from my mind. The stern of the boat had been carried completely away, and it was sinking by the weight of the human beings that clung to it. As it gradually disappeared, the miserable wretches straggled forward to the bows, and with horrid screams and imprecations battled for a moment for what little support it might yield. The dead and the dying were floating and splashing around them, while a deep crimson tinge marked how fatal had been that discharge. Ropes were thrown over, and everything done to save those that were not destroyed by the cannon-shot, but only three out of the boat's crew of twenty-four were saved—the greater part went down with the boat to which they clung.

The whole scene of destruction did not last ten minutes, and all was again quiet. The bodies of those who had been shot did not sink, but were driven by the wind and sea against the side of the ship. From some the blood was gently oozing, and floating around them; others,

stiff in the convulsion in which they had died, were grinning or frowning with horrible expression. One body, strong and muscular, with neat white trousers, and a leathern girdle in which were stuck two pistols, floated by, but the face was gone; some merciless ball had so disfigured him, that all trace of human expression was destroyed. He was the pirate captain.

But where was the schooner? She lay for a few minutes after the destruction of her boat; and whether alarmed at our appearance, or horrified at the loss of so many of her men, I know not, but she slipped her foresail, and stood away as close to the wind as possible. We saw no more of her.

The excitement of the scenes we had just passed through, prevented our missing the captain; but so soon as the schooner bore away, all naturally expected his voice to give some order for getting again under-way. But no order came. Where was he? The musket discharge from the boat, with the unearthly voice that conveyed the orders for the ports to be thrown open, flashed across my mind. I ran to the platform. The captain was there, lying on his face beside the gun that he had pointed with such deadly effect. He still grasped the speaking-trumpet in his hand, and I shuddered as I beheld its mouthpiece covered with blood.

'The captain's killed!' I cried, and stooped to raise him.

'I believe I am,' said he; 'take me to the cabin.'

A dozen ready hands were stretched to receive him, and he was taken below, and carefully laid on a sofa. 'Ay,' he said, 'I heard the crash; my ear knows too well the crash of shot against a plank to be mistaken, and my eye has pointed too many guns to miss its mark easily now. But, tell me, is any one else hurt?'

'No, thank God,' I said; 'and I hope you are not so badly hit.'

'Bad enough. But cut open my waistcoat—'tis here.' A mouthful of blood stopped his utterance, but he pointed to his right side. I wiped his mouth, and we cut off his waistcoat as gently as possible. There was no blood

but on removing his shirt, we discovered, about three inches on the right of the pit of the stomach, a discoloured spot, about the size of half-a-crown, darkening towards its centre, where there was a small wound. A musket ball had struck him, and from there being no outward bleeding, I feared the worst. We dressed the wound as well as circumstances would permit; but externally it was trifling—the fatal wound was within. The unfortunate sufferer motioned for all to leave him but me; and calling me to his side: ‘I feel,’ said he, ‘that I am dying; the letter, promise me that you will get it forwarded—’tis to my poor widow. Well, I’ve tempted this death often, and escaped, and ’tis hard to be struck by a villain’s hand. But God’s will be done.’ I promised that I would personally deliver the letter, for that I intended returning to New York from Curaçoa. ‘Thank you truly,’ said the dying man; ‘you will then see my Helen and my child, and can tell them that their unfortunate husband and father died thinking of them. This ship and cargo are mine, and will belong to my family. Stranger, I was not always what I now seem. But I could not bear that the Yankee skipper should be known as he who once’—— A sudden flow of blood prevented his finishing the sentence. I tried to relieve him by change of posture, but in vain; he muttered some incoherent sentences, by which his mind seemed to dwell upon former scenes of battle for the republic, and of undeserved treatment. He rallied for one instant, and with a blessing for his family, and the name of Helen on his lips, he ceased to breathe.

The body of our unfortunate captain was next day committed to the waves amidst the tears of us all. Our voyage was prosecuted to an end without further interruption. I did not forget the wishes of the dying man: how faithfully I fulfilled them, and how I have been rewarded, or how satisfactory to me was the previous history of the poor captain, need not be told. Suffice it to say, that I am settled in Elm Cottage, Bloemendaal, and am the happiest son-in-law, husband, and father in the United States.

DROLL EPITAPHS.

THE following is in St Alban's church-yard, Wood Street,
London :—

Hic jacet Tom Shorthose,
Sine tombe, sine sheets, sine riches ;
Qui vixit sine gowne,
Sine cloake, sine shirt, sine breeches.

In Herne church-yard, near Canterbury—

Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,
A vein of gold, a china dish that must
Be used in heaven, when God shall feed the just.

On Purcell, the celebrated composer, in Westminster
Abbey—

Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq.,
Who left this life, and is gone to that blest place,
Where only his own harmony can be exceeded.*

On Edward Bond, of Armagh, who ordered L.100 to
be given to the poor, instead of a pompous funeral to
himself—

No marble pomp, no monumental praise ;
My tomb this dial, epitaph these lays.
Pride and low mouldering clay but ill agree ;
Death levels me to beggars ; kings to me.
Alive, instruction was my work each day ;
Dead, I persist instruction to convey.
Here, reader, mark—perhaps now in thy prime—
The stealing steps of never-standing time :
Thou'lt be what I am ; catch the present hour ;
Employ that well, for that's within thy power.

On the Countess of Pembroke, by Ben Jonson—

Underneath this marble hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
Death, ere thou hast killed another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

* Purcell died November 21, 1695, aged thirty-seven.

On the Earl of Strafford, by John Cleveland—

Here lies wise and valliant dust,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and just ;
STRAFFORD, who was hurried hence,
'Twixt treason and convenience :
He spent his time here in a mist,
A Papist, yet a Calvinist.
His prince's nearest joy and grief
He had, yet wanted all relief ;
The prop and ruin of the state,
The people's violent love and hate,
One in the extremes loved and abhorred.
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies blood ! And let it lie
Speechless still and never cry.

On a dramatist, who was a plagiarist and a liar—

Here lies —
In truth you'll find beneath this ground,
One who ne'er yet in truth was found ;
Yet none on earth poor Tom deceived,
For, always lying, none believed.
But, strange !
By Fate despatched without his fill,
Below, the dog is *lying still*.

In St Leonards, Foster Lane, upon Robert Trappis, goldsmith, 1526—

When the bells be merrily rounç,
And the masse devoutly sounç,
And the meate merrily eaten,
Then sal Robert Trappis, his wiffe, and children, be
forgotten,
Whefor, Jesu, that of Mary sprounç,
Let their soulys, thy saints among.
Though it be undeserved on their syde,
Yet, good Lord, let them evermore thy mercy abyde ;
And of your charite
For their soulys say a Paternoster and Ave.

In Kinghorn church-yard, Fifeshire, upon the grave-stone of William Knox of Common, armiger, who died 1677—

Of terrors' king the trophies here you see ;
Frail man his days like to a shadow fle ;
Or like the path of eagle's wing on high,
That leaves no traces in the distant sky :
Fair as those flowers that fleeting fade away,
So does this life expand—then droop—decay !
But future springs shall renovate the tomb,
And we in gardens of th' Eternal bloom.

On a stone in the ruins of an old church near Broughton Green, Northamptonshire—

Time was, I stood where thou dost now,
And viewed the dead as thou dost me;
Ere long thou'lt lie as low as I,
And others stand and look on thee.

In Amwell church-yard, Herts—on Mr Thomas Monger, who died August 1773, aged sixty-four—

That which a being was, what is it? shew;
That being which it was, it is not now;
To be what 'tis—is not to be, you see;
That which now is not, shall a being be.

The following monument is of a nature to make the heart glad; it exists at Waisley, near Bradford, Wilts:—

Near this place lie the remains of Jane Sarfen: she spent the greater part of her life in nursing of young children; in which station she behaved with that faithful diligence and tenderness, that her example is highly worthy the imitation of all those who undertake so important a trust.

Elizabeth Oliver, who owes her life to the indefatigable pains and unwearied attendance of this good woman, thinks it her duty to pay this last grateful tribute to her memory.

In the Statistical Account of Scotland, published by Sir John Sinclair, the writer of the notice of the parish of Dunkeld, in alluding to a piece of burial-ground between the cathedral and the street, mentions that it contains no remarkable epitaph. 'One, however,' says he, 'should be mentioned, which has been frequently repeated as copied from a tombstone there. But though it was composed on the person to whom it relates, and who was an inhabitant of Dunkeld, it was never actually inscribed. One of her descendants is still [1796] alive, who recollects to have seen her, and reports that it was composed by Mr Pennycook.* She died in 1728. It is as follows, more remarkable for whimsical statement of chronological facts, than elegance of poetry:—

Stop, passenger, until my life you read;
The living may get knowledge from the dead.

* A tradesman in Edinburgh, who composed poetry in the style of Allan Ramsay.

Five times five years unwedded was my life;
 Five times five years I lived a virtuous wife;
 Ten times five years I wept a widow's woes;
 Now, tired of human scenes, I here repose.
 Betwixt my cradle and my grave were seen
 Seven mighty kings of Scotland and a queen : *
 Full twice five years the Commonwealth I saw ; †
 Ten times the subjects rise against the law.
 And, which is worse than any civil war,
 A king arraigned before the subjects' bar.
 Swarms of sectarians, hot with hellish rage,
 Cut off his royal head upon the stage.
 Twice did I see old Prelacy pulled down, ‡
 And twice the cloak did sink beneath the gown.
 I saw the Stewart race thrust out ; nay, more,
 I saw our country sold for English ore ; §
 Our numerous nobles, who have famous been,
 Sunk to the lowly number of sixteen.
 Such desolations in my time have been,
 I have an end of all perfection seen.

THE FREE TRAPPERS.

THE recital of the wild adventures of the American fur traders, given by Washington Irving in his *Astoria*, was followed up by an equally interesting account of the *Adventures of Captain Bonnerille*, a singular personage, who, with a trusty band of trappers and others, penetrated some years ago into the region of the Rocky Mountains, for the purpose of extending the American fur trade. In the last-named work, we have introduced to us, for the first time, a new order of vagrants, half-trader, half-

* These must have been James VI., Charles I., Charles II., James II., William III., Queen Anne, George I., and George II. ; which renders it necessary that her age should have been at least three years more than a hundred, in order to reach back to the year 1625, when James VI. ceased to reign.

† It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the Commonwealth lasted a comparatively short time. The poet has slumped all the various governments of the interregnum under this title.

‡ In 1638 and 1689.

§ At the Union, in 1707.

hunter, who have grown out of the system of exploratory journeys in the far west.

Formerly, the principal part of the company of travellers consisted of *voyageurs* or boatmen, and *coureurs des bois*. 'A totally different class,' says Mr Irving, 'has now sprung up, "the Mountaineers," traders and trappers, that scale the vast mountain-chains, and pursue their hazardous vocations amidst their wild recesses. They move from place to place on horseback. The equestrian exercises, therefore, in which they are continually engaged; the nature of the countries they traverse; vast plains and mountains, pure and exhilarating in atmospheric qualities; seem to make them physically and mentally a more lively and mercurial race than the fur traders and trappers of former days—the self-vaunting "men of the north." A man who bestrides a horse, must be essentially different from a man who cowers in a canoe. We find them, accordingly, hardy, lithe, vigorous, and active; extravagant in word, and thought, and deed; heedless of hardship; daring of danger; prodigal of the present, and thoughtless of the future. Accustomed to live in tents, or to bivouac in the open air, he despises the comforts and is impatient of the enjoyments of the loghouse. If his meal is not ready in season, he takes his rifle, hies to the forest or the prairie, shoots his own game, lights his fire, and cooks his repast. With his horse and his rifle, he is independent of the world, and spurns at all its restraints. The very superintendents at the lower posts will not put him to mess with the common men, the hirelings of the establishment, but treat him as something superior.

'There is, perhaps, no class of men on the face of the earth who lead a life of more continued exertion, peril, and excitement, and who are more enamoured of their occupations, than the free trappers of the west. No toil, no danger, no privation, can turn the trapper from his pursuit. His passionate excitement at times resembles a mania. In vain may the most vigilant and cruel savages beset his path; in vain may rocks, and precipices, and

wintery torrents, oppose his progress ; let but a single track of a beaver meet his eye, and he forgets all dangers and defies all difficulties.

‘At times he may be seen with his traps on his shoulder, buffeting his way across rapid streams, amidst floating blocks of ice : at other times he is to be found with his traps swung on his back, clambering the most rugged mountains, scaling or descending the most frightful precipices, searching, by routes inaccessible to the horse, and never before trodden by white man, for springs and lakes unknown to his comrades, and where he may meet with his favourite game. Such is the mountaineer, the hardy trapper of the west ; and such, as we have slightly sketched it, is the wild Robin-Hood-kind of life, with all its strange and motley populace, now existing in full vigour among the Rocky Mountains.’

The author, at a subsequent part of the work, gives a lively account of the appearance of these roystering blades. ‘They come and go when and where they please ; provide their own horses, arms, and other equipments ; trap and trade on their own account, and dispose of their skins and peltries to the highest bidder. Sometimes in a dangerous hunting-ground, they attach themselves to the camp of some trader for protection.

‘The wandering whites who mingle for any length of time with the savages, have invariably a proneness to adopt savage habitudes, but none more so than the free trappers. It is a matter of vanity and ambition with them, to discard everything that may bear the stamp of civilised life, and to adopt the manners, habits, dress, gesture, and even walk of the Indian. You cannot pay a free trapper a greater compliment, than to persuade him you have mistaken him for an Indian brave ; and, in truth, the counterfeit is complete. His hair, suffered to attain to a great length, is carefully combed out, and either left to fall carelessly over his shoulders, or plaited neatly, and tied up in otter-skins, or party-coloured ribbons. A hunting-shirt of ruffled calico of bright dyes, or of ornamented leather, falls to his knee ; below which,

curiously-fashioned leggins, ornamented with strings, fringes, and a profusion of hawks' bells, reach to a costly pair of moccasins of the finest Indian fabric, richly embroidered with beads. A blanket of scarlet, or some other bright colour, hangs from his shoulders, and is girt round his waist with a red sash, in which he bestows his pistols, knife, and the stem of his Indian pipe—preparations either for peace or war. His gun is lavishly decorated with brass tacks and vermilion, and provided with a fringed cover, occasionally of buckskin, ornamented here and there with a feather. His horse, the noble minister to the pride, pleasure, and profit of the mountaineer, is selected for his speed and spirit, and prancing carriage, and holds a place in his estimation second only to himself. He shares largely of his bounty, and of his pride and pomp of trapping. He is caparisoned in the most dashing and fantastic style; the bridles and crupper are weightily embossed with beads and cockades; and head, mane, and tail, are interwoven with abundance of eagles' plumes, which flutter in the wind. To complete this grotesque equipment, the proud animal is bestreaked and bespotted with vermilion, or with white clay, whichever presents the most glaring contrast to his real colour.

Such is the account given by Captain Bonneville of these rangers of the wilderness, and their appearance at the camp was strikingly characteristic. They came dashing forward at full speed, firing their fuses, and yelling in Indian style. Their dark sunburnt faces, and long flowing hair, their leggins, flaps, moccasins, and gaudily dyed blankets, and their painted horses richly caparisoned, gave them so much the air and appearance of Indians, that it was difficult to persuade one's self that they were white men, and had been brought up in civilised life. Captain Bonneville was delighted with the game-look of these cavaliers of the mountains, welcomed them heartily to his camp, and ordered a free allowance of *grog* to regale them, which soon put them in the most *braveurd sniffs*.

The following sketch of an encampment in a retreat among the mountains, recommended as a good winter spot by some of Bonneville's Indian allies, finishes the picture of the free trapper :—'They were now in a natural fastness of the mountains, the ingress and egress of which was by a deep gorge, so narrow, rugged, and difficult as to prevent secret approach or rapid retreat, and to admit of easy defence. Captain Bonneville soon found that the Indians had not exaggerated the advantage of this region. Beside numerous gangs of elk, large flocks of the ashanta or bighorn, the mountain-sheep, were to be seen bounding among the precipices. These sensitive animals were easily circumvented and destroyed. A hunter may surround a flock, and kill as many as he please. Numbers were daily brought into camp, and the flesh of those which were young and fat was extolled as superior to the finest mutton. Here, then, there was cessation from toil, from hunger, and alarm. Past dangers and dangers were forgotten. The hunt, the game, the song, the story, the rough though good-humoured : made time pass joyously away, and plenty and security reigned throughout the camp.'

While at this place, one of the free trappers applied to Kowsoter, an Indian chief, to seek him a wife : among his tribe ; and the chief complying with the request brings the lady who is to be so favoured, along with her band of her relations, to the trapper's lodge. The scene which ensued is described in Mr Irving's best manner. 'The trapper received his new and numerous family connections with proper solemnity ; he placed his pipe beside him, and, filling the pipe, the great symbol of peace, with his best tobacco, took two or three whiffs, then handed it to the chief, who transferred it to the father of the bride, from whence it was passed on : hand to hand and mouth to mouth of the whole circle of kinsmen round the fire, all maintaining the most profound and becoming silence. After several pipes had been smoked and emptied in this solemn ceremonial, the chief addressed the bride, detailing at considerable length the duties

a wife, which, among Indians, are little less onerous than those of the packhorse; this done, he turned to her friends, and congratulated them upon the great alliance she had made. They shewed a due sense of their good fortune, especially when the nuptial presents came to be distributed among the chiefs and relatives, amounting to about 180 dollars. The company soon retired, and now the worthy trapper found indeed that he had no green girl to deal with; for the knowing dame at once assumed the style and dignity of a trapper's wife, taking possession of the lodge as her undisputed empire; arranging everything according to her own taste and habitudes; and appearing as much at home, and on as easy terms with the trapper, as if they had been man and wife for years.

The free trapper, while a bachelor, has no greater pet than his horse; but the moment he takes a wife—a sort of brevet rank in matrimony occasionally bestowed upon some Indian fair one, like the heroes of ancient chivalry, in the open field—he discovers that he has a still more fanciful and capricious animal on which to lavish his expenses. No sooner does an Indian belle experience this promotion, than all her notions at once rise and expand to the dignity of her situation; and the purse of her lover, and his credit into the bargain, are tasked to the utmost to fit her out in becoming style. The wife of a free trapper to be equipped and arrayed like any ordinary and undistinguished squaw! Perish the grovelling thought! In the first place, she must have a horse for her own riding; but no jaded, sorry, earth-spirited hack; such as is sometimes assigned by an Indian husband for the transportation of his squaw and her papooses: the wife of a free trapper must have the most beautiful animal she can lay her eyes on. And then as to his decoration: head-stall, breast-bands, saddle and crupper, are lavishly embroidered with beads, and hung with thimbles, hawks' bells, and bunches of ribbons. From each side of the saddle hangs an esquimoot, a sort of pocket, in which she bestows the residue of her trinkets and *nick-knacks*, which cannot be crowded on the decoration

of her horse or herself. Over this she folds great care a drapery of scarlet and bright-calicoes, and now considers the caparison of her complete.

As to her own person, she is even still more exact. Her hair, esteemed beautiful in proportion to its is carefully plaited, and made to fall with seemly grace over each breast. Her riding-hat is stuck with party-coloured feathers; her robe, fashioned so after that of the whites, is of red, green, and son gray cloth, but always of the finest texture that procured. Her leggins and moccasins are of the beautiful and expensive workmanship, and, fitting to the foot and ankle, which with the Indian wear generally well-formed and delicate, look extremely. Then as to jewellery: in the way of finger-rings, earrings, necklaces, and other female glories, nothing within of the trapper's means is omitted that can tend to impress the beholder with an idea of the lady's high estimation. To finish the whole, she selects from among her various dyes, one of some glowing colour, and throws over her shoulders with a native grace, vaults in the saddle of her gay prancing steed, and is ready to her mountaineer "to the last gasp with love and lo-

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